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ART. I. *Ta Tsing Leu Lee; being the Fundamental Laws, and a Selection from the Supplementary Statutes of the Penal Code of China*; originally printed and published in Pekin, in various successive editions, under the sanction, and by the authority, of the several Emperors of the Ta Tsing, or present dynasty. Translated from the Chinese, and accompanied with an Appendix, consisting of authentic Documents, and a few occasional Notes, illustrative of the subject of the work. By Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. F.R.S. 4to. London. Cadell and Davies. 1810.

THIS is an extraordinary book in every point of view. Whether considered as to the materials of which it is composed, or the numerous difficulties which must have occurred in putting them into an intelligible shape, it equally merits attention. It is also extraordinary as being the first book which has ever been translated immediately from the Chinese character into the English language.

The translator of books, like the compiler of dictionaries, is usually considered, 'not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths of learning and genius.' It would not be fair, however, to exclude those few from 'aspiring to praise' who, by successful application to the study of the living and dead languages of the East, have opened a new and extensive field of inquiry. In fact, no ordinary degree of talent and resolution, of patience and perseverance, will serve the purpose of him who is bold enough to venture into the dark and intricate windings of the oriental labyrinth. By qualities such as these, have Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Halhed been enabled to penetrate the mysteries of the

sacred language of Hindustan, and Sir William Jones so successfully to follow their steps, that, by their united efforts, the dumb oracle has been made to speak, and all that was left of religion, law and science among the people of this ancient country, revealed to the wondering nations of Europe. If we may be allowed to form an opinion from the work now under consideration, it is only by similar qualities that Sir George Staunton can have succeeded in presenting to the world 'The Laws of China,' as a suitable companion for 'The Laws of Menu.'

But, however great the difficulties may have been under which Sir William Jones laboured, we consider them as trifling in comparison with those which Sir George Staunton had to encounter, in his translation of the *Ta Tsing Leu Lee*. The different languages used on the peninsula of Hindustan were familiar to many of our countrymen. Sir William was himself acquainted with the Persian, the court language of India; the Sanscrit was known to the two gentlemen whose names we have already mentioned; and there was not the least unwillingness on the part of those who were entrusted with the sacred deposit, to instruct others in the knowledge of it. He had every facility of access to their books, and a learned Pundit at his side whenever he had occasion for him. This language too was found to bear much analogy to the Latin in its etymology and construction, a sufficient inducement to prosecute the study of it. The case is widely different with regard to Sir George Staunton. He had few of those advantages. The written character and spoken language of China are equally unknown to those few Europeans who are permitted, as the greatest of favours, to reside occasionally at the skirt of that vast empire, for the convenience of commerce. 'Other nations of Europe were known to the Chinese by their services; the English only by their broad-cloths and their bravery; for the very first of their connection with China was brought about by forcing their way, in spite of forts and ships of war, to the city of Canton.*' Beyond this extreme outpost, after a lapse of a century and a half, they have hitherto gained no access; they cannot even extend their walk a few hundred yards from the limit of the factory, without danger of insult; the very lowest of the natives are, by law, prohibited from serving them; they have no communication, except on urgent cases, with the officers of government; they are, on the contrary, so much suspected, that their commercial concerns are placed under the exclusive superintendence of eight or ten persons, who are made responsible for the conduct of all foreigners. With these men and their

* Barrow's Life of Lord Macartney, Vol. I. p. 352.

deputies, the servants of the East-India company condescend to use a jargon, which the former have found an advantage in learning, and by which the latter transact concerns of the first importance to their employers; it is something which is neither English, French, Portuguese, nor Chinese, yet partaking of them all; it speaks of *cas*, *catties* and *candarins*, *maes*, *tales* and *peculs*, with a variety of similar barbarisms necessary for those whose business it is to barter congo for camblets, and broad-cloths for bohen. When a Chinese says, 'he no can catchee lice,' an Englishman knows that he means to say, 'he can get no rice,' and probably will reply, 'no hab got.'

In such a state of communication, it will not excite much surprise that, in the course of more than a century, we should have made so little progress in Chinese literature; while, in less than half that period, so much has been done in Hindustan. The fact will be easily explained by a cursory view of the different circumstances under which we are placed in the two countries. A young man destined for India, whether in a civil or military capacity, has the means of storing his mind with much useful information before he sets his foot in the country. Its history he can collect from Dow, Orme, Scott, and others; of its laws, religion, and general literature, he may obtain ample information from Wilkins, Jones, Halhed, Colebrooke, and from the various and valuable documents contained in the several volumes of the Asiatic Researches. On his arrival, whether at Calcutta or on the coast, he will find some of the natives speaking the English language, and most of the English conversant with Hindustanee and Bengalee; dialects which he soon acquires by means of his Dubash, his palanquin-bearers, his domestic servants, and last, though not least on the establishment, from his cushbee of 'dusky bue.' Marched into the interior, he immediately discovers that, to carry on the public service and forward his private interest, the laws, the character and the customs of the people must be studied; that, without a competent degree of knowledge on those points, neither the administration of justice, the collection of the revenues, the distribution of lands, the levying of troops, nor, in short, any of the measures of government, can effectually be accomplished; that before he can be invested with the office of resident at any of the courts of the princes of India, he must make himself master of the language in use at that court. But even to those who are not invested with a public character, nor solicitous about their private interests, inducements are not wanting to the study of the literature of Hindustan. The curious structure of the Sanscrit, its close analogy with a language already familiar to the student, its great antiquity, and its presumed connection with the religion, the arts and the sciences of Greece

and Rome, are all well calculated to excite a fond and anxious research into its literary remains.

It is just the reverse with regard to the young writer destined for China. The utmost he can obtain in England of the language will be a superficial acquaintance with the 214 elementary characters to be found in an imperfect state in the *Meditationes Sinicae* of Fourmont, or still more imperfectly in the *Museum Sinicum* of Bayer. The best information he can collect respecting the real character of the government, the administration of the laws, and the habits of the people, is but trifling, and even of this some is doubtful. Cooped up, on his arrival at Canton, within the limits of the factory for six months in the year, and banished to the confined promontory of Macao for the other six; equally cut off, in both situations, from all but those with whom, as we have already observed, he communicates on business through the medium of a jargon intelligible only to themselves,—perceiving that the concerns of his employers can be carried on without much exertion on his part, and that, in a given number of years, he is sure of acquiring a given sum of money, he feels but little inducement, either on public or private grounds, to extend his knowledge respecting the Chinese, or to study a language not easily acquired, and if acquired, apparently of little use. No blame on this score can therefore fairly attach to those young men who have the good fortune to be sent, when boys, to China. Their ignorance must be attributed to their employers, who, having adopted a bad system, want the resolution to amend it. In a former number we distinctly pointed out a remedy, which we conceive to be simple and effectual. But the truth is, that the chartered sovereigns of the East consider China as a sort of appanage for the younger princes of the House of Leaden-Hall. No alteration therefore is likely to take place, unless, indeed, some untoward circumstance should make it necessary to change the system. Such an event has, in fact, occurred. The Chinese, have stopped the Company's ships in consequence of an outrageous attack on Macao, concerted, it seems, between the government of Bengal and the supracargoes at Canton, not only without the concurrence, but in direct opposition to the orders, of his Majesty's government. The concessions which will be required for this aggression, are likely to be of so humiliating a nature, as to make it expedient for his Majesty's government to take the business out of the hands of those who have so completely mismanaged it, and, by sending a conciliatory mission to the court of Peking, to endeavour to place our connections with the Chinese at Canton upon a more respectable footing.

If, in the translator of the *Leu Lee*, we meet with a solitary exception to these remarks, we would not wish to be understood as ascribing

ascribing to him any particular merit on that account. It should be remembered that he had peculiar and very superior advantages. At eleven years of age he accompanied Lord Macartney on his embassy to the court of Peking; he was regularly instructed in the language by two natives; he transcribed many of the official papers of the embassy, and, with the assistance of the interpreters, composed others; he brought back with him to England several Chinese attendants; and, since his return to China, various events have occurred at Canton to keep alive and enlarge his knowledge of the written character; events that first directed his attention to the work in question, the translation of which has afforded a satisfactory proof that, difficult as this language may be, a competent knowledge of it is by no means unattainable. In fact, a good dictionary, with the explanation of the characters in some European language, would do much to facilitate it. But who will undertake such a work? The libraries of the Royal Society, of the British Museum, and of the East-India House, are all furnished with manuscript Chinese dictionaries, and they are also to be met with in those of private individuals; but the vast sacrifice of time and labour, to say nothing of expense, which such a publication would require, can scarcely be expected to come from a private hand; and the attention of public bodies is not easily drawn to subjects not immediately pertaining to their particular departments. We scarcely venture to hope therefore that England, great as her interests and concerns with China actually are, will be the first to give the world a Chinese dictionary:—that honour, we greatly fear, is reserved for the ruler of the French; who, without any real regard for the interests of literature, knows, at least, how to make the occasional advancement of them subservient to his own. Some years ago, in fact, many thousand characters were prepared for this purpose, and a literary quack of the name of Hagar, not entirely unknown in this country, was selected to superintend the publication; but he fell into disgrace, and fled from Paris much in the same way as he had previously stolen from London, after publishing some unintelligible trash which he called Chinese, and something equally contemptible on the Babylonian bricks. The design, however, we venture to predict, will not be abandoned for the defection of this man: indeed, we have heard that the execution of it has just been committed to the care of Messrs. Langlés and De Guignes.

We would not be understood to say that the possession of the most copious dictionary would alone render the attainment of the Chinese language an easy task; nothing however can be done without one, and a great deal may be done with it. What the peculiar difficulties of this singular language are, will best be explained by a general outline of the extraordinary contrivance adopted by

the Chinese for communicating ideas through the medium of a written character. We feel the more disposed to enter into this detail, as the subject is extremely curious, and little known in this country; so little, indeed, that even Sir William Jones, who is supposed to have translated some Chinese odes, has inserted, in his own hand-writing, on one of the blank pages of a Chinese MS. dictionary presented by him to the Royal Society, the following observation: 'If the letters A and B can be supplied, the work will be inestimable.' The defect was in Sir William's knowledge, not in the dictionary. The Chinese have no word beginning with A, nor does B enter into any word in their language. A brief account therefore of this singular language may not be unacceptable to our readers, whilst it will enable them to appreciate the labours of the translator of the *Leu Lee*, and of others who may follow in the same line.

The Chinese philologists, who have always been very numerous, seem to agree in opinion that, in the dawn of civilization, their countrymen had no other mode of writing than what the pictures or representations of sensible objects afforded; that the figure of a man, rudely sketched, that of different animals, of plants, mountains, rivers, lakes, &c. served as the representations of those respective objects; that as man became more civilized, and the state of society more enlarged, the inconvenience of communicating ideas in this awkward way was necessarily felt; that to remedy this inconvenience, the most obvious method which suggested itself was that of retaining only the most prominent parts of the picture, as the representatives of the several objects. Other signs, bearing perhaps some remote relation to the objects by which they were generated, would most likely be adopted to represent abstract ideas, or the qualities of those objects. Of such representations of sensible objects, and such signs or symbols (whether arbitrary or imitative) of ideas or qualities, the elementary characters of the Chinese language are composed. Their number amounts only to two hundred and fourteen; and the various combinations of which they are capable, constitute the whole of a written character, which, in the opinion of a French missionary, is well adapted 'pour peindre la parole et pour parler aux yeux;' and which, to apply to it an expression of Bacon, may be called the *numismata rerum intellectualium*. 'I define,' says Père Amiot, in his letter to the Royal Society of London, 'the Chinese characters, such as I conceive them to have been in their origin, pictures and symbols which speak to the mind through the eyes; pictures of sensible objects, symbols of intellectual ones; pictures and symbols, unconnected with any sound, but capable of being applied to all languages.' By Sir George Staunton it is thus characterized:—

'Among

Among the languages of Europe several agree to a considerable extent, even in their phrascology, and all are connected by their various analogies. The languages of Asiatic nations are indeed radically different from those of Europe, and their study is to Europeans proportionately difficult; but in one point, at least, all the languages of the world coincide, that of the Chinese only excepted.—In all, ideas are expressed by a combination of letters representing, not the ideas themselves, but certain particular sounds with which those ideas, either by accident, or convention, have become identified. It is exclusively in the Chinese language that the seemingly visionary scheme of a philosophical character, immediately expressive, according to an established and received classification of the ideas as they arise in the mind, under an entire disregard of the sounds employed to give them utterance, has ever been generally adopted as the universal medium of communication, a plan, of which it may justly be said, that the practice is no less inconvenient and perplexing, than the theory is beautiful and ingenious.—(Pref. p. 14.)

The various combinations, to which the two hundred and fourteen elementary characters have been carried, are generally supposed to amount to 80,000. This, however, is not quite correct; in point of calculation the number may greatly exceed this; in point of fact, it falls much beneath it. If, by their combinations, the 24 letters of the alphabet are sufficient to write down all the words of all the known languages of Europe, how much farther might be carried the combinations of 214 characters, in all the variety of composition in which they may be employed? The *Great Dictionary* of China, so called *par excellence*, consists of more than two hundred volumes,* and contains above 60,000 characters; that of the Emperor *Kang-shee*, is scarcely less voluminous.

The characters of the Chinese language are usually arranged in their own books under the following general classes, to which they give the name of *Lieou-ye*.†

1. *Siang-shing*, The simple figure of the object, or sign of the idea.
2. *Tché-ché*, Indication of the object or idea.
3. *Hoei-ye*, Combination of the object or idea.
4. *Kiai-in*, Explanation by the sound.
5. *Kia-tsié*, Conversion of the thought by metaphor.
6. *Tchuan-tchou*, Extension of the original meaning.

A few examples will best explain this system of classification.

Class 1. The *Siang-shing* consists of the 214 elementary or primitive characters, some of them the representatives, and originally the pictures, perhaps, of perceptible objects, and others the arbi-

* Mem. Chin. tom. viii. p. 227.

† Lett. de Pekin, p. 10. Mem. Chin. tom. ix. p. 225.

trary signs of intellectual ones. As the whole system of the language is founded on these primitives, it may not be uninteresting to record about one half of them, and such as are found to occur most generally in the composition of characters.

man	reptile	gem	javelin	solidity
woman	fish	stone	drum	extension
child	bullock	metal	jar	—
father	sheep	brick	spade	one
mother	tiger	earth	spoon	two
—	tortoise	—	—	eight
head	—	wind	black	ten
hair	feathers	rain	purple	—
face	claws	water	white	comparison
teeth	hide	ice	yellow	conjunction
mouth	horn	fire	red	separation
heart	—	sky	blue	negation
hand	wood	sun	—	ascent
foot	plant	moon	great	descent
eye	rice	—	small	—
ear	reed	corpse	young	to fly
nose	millet	spirit	old	to run
tongue	hemp	—	—	to go
skin	melon	gate	sweet	to speak
bone	—	door	bitter	to stand
blood	mountain	ship	good	to enter
flesh	hillock	carnage	bad	to produce
—	field	bow	—	to err
horse	river	spear	length	to embroider
dog	valley	shield	weight	—
bird	—	—	—	—

The following may serve as specimens of the primitive characters:

人 女 口 心 日 一 八 木 水

jin neu koo sin ge ye pa moo sweet
man woman mouth heart sun one eight wood water

山 手

shan shoo
mountain hand

It may be observed, that although the 214 characters are usually considered as primitives, two thirds of them at least are, in fact,

compounds; the last radical, for instance, on the list 彳 *yo*, a

species

species of musical instrument, consisting of *man*, *unity*, *mouth* three times repeated, a *cover*, and *ten* twice repeated.

Class 2. The *Tché-ché* comprehends those compounded characters, which follow the simple and obvious sense of the primitives of which they are compounded; for example, the character *old* combined with that of *woman* will compose a third, which literally signifies an *old woman*; that of *one* and *heart*, *one heart*, or *unanimity*; that of *little* compounded with that of *strength* will signify *weakness*. Thus, also, a character composed of *weeds* and *water* placed above a *field* will represent *waste and swampy ground*; the character of *tree* implies a *single tree*; twice written, a *thicket*; thrice, a *forest*. Thus, also, *man* implies an *individual man*; twice written, a *crowd*; and thrice, a *multitude*: it may be observed, that a repetition of a character always implies force or plurality. We shall insert a few as specimens:

佃 *tien*, a farmer, } is compounded of 亻 *jin*, man, & 田 *tien*, field.

信 *sin*, to confide in, — 亻 *jin*, a man, & 言 *yen*, word.

林 *lin*, a thicket, — 木 *moo*, wood, repeated.

歪 *vai*, perverse, bad, — 不 *poo*, not, & 正 *ching*, right or straight.

Class 3. The *Hoei-yé* are generally used in a sense which has no immediate relation to the pictures or signs of which they are compounded, when considered separately, but which is capable of being traced from their combination either by inference, relation or analogy. Thus the combination of the primitives *mouth* and *bird* form a third character which signifies *the singing of birds*; a *mouth* and *maternal bosom*, *tender admonition*; a *mouth* and *gold*, *smoothness and volubility of speech*;—we have all heard of St. Chrysostom, and some of us remember Counsellor Silvertongue; *—to *bark* is a compound of *mouth* and *dog*; *writing* is composed of *knife*, *string* and *bamboo*, being anciently performed on slips of bamboo tied together by a string. A *man* placed over a *field* signifies a *village*; *great* united to *fire* is a *conflagration*; the character *self* placed over that of *sovereign* is *master of all things*. In this class may also be included characters when taken in an allegorical sense;

* Barrow's Travels in China, p. 255.

thus the character *mouth* joined with that of *joy* signifies *rice*, which in China is 'the staff of life,' the *joy of the mouth*: thus, also, *night* is composed of *darkness*, to *cover* and *man*; and *wood*, *fibres of silk*, and *sound*, form a compound which signifies *music*. Strictly speaking, however, these belong to the 5th Class. The following will serve as examples:

男 <i>nan</i> , mas- culine, }	is compound- ed of	田 <i>tien</i> , field, &	力 <i>lee</i> , strength.
耻 <i>chee</i> , shame,	—	耳 <i>eul</i> , ear, &	止 <i>tchee</i> , to stop.
吟 <i>kin</i> , volubility of speech,	—	口 <i>koo</i> , mouth, &	金 <i>kin</i> , gold.
詩 <i>shee</i> , poetry, verses,	—	言 <i>yen</i> , word, &	寺 <i>shee</i> , temple
貧 <i>pin</i> , poverty,	—	分 <i>sen</i> , to divide, &	貝 <i>pei</i> , valuable possessions.
跌 <i>tie</i> to fall,	—	足 <i>tsoo</i> , foot, &	失 <i>shee</i> , to lose.
囚 <i>cheu</i> , prisoner,	—	口 <i>yu</i> enclosure, &	人 <i>jin</i> , man, within it.

Class 4. The *Kiai-in* may be considered as a systematic classification of subjects in natural history, implements of husbandry and mechanics, household furniture, &c. by making one general picture or character to represent the genus, and distinguishing the species by an additional character placed by the side of the former, which has no particular signification, being meant only to give a sound or name to the individual species. A few examples will explain this method. If to the primitive character *bird* be added another which is pronounced *go*, the new compound is named *go*, and signifies the individual bird, a *goose*: the same primitive with that of *ya* will be called *ya*, and signifies a *duck*. Thus, also, the elementary or general character *tree*, with the appellative character *pe*, will be named *pe*, and signify a *cypress*; with *tao*, a *walnut-tree*, and with *lieou*, a *willow*. In this class may also be comprehended all foreign appellatives. In writing these the Chinese employ such characters as come nearest the sound of the foreign word, and to divest them of all meaning, but sound, the character *mouth* is placed close on the left side of each. For instance, the English name *Strong* would require three Chinese characters, *se*, *te*, *lung*,
and

and on the left side of each would be placed the character *mouth*.

Thus, 士 *se*, 得 *te*, 龍 *lung*, without the 口 *koo*, would signify *magistrate, to obtain, dragon*; but with it, the name *Strong*.

鵝 *go*, a goose, is compounded of 我 *go*, & 鳥 *niao*, bird.
鴨 *ya*, a duck, — 甲 *ya*, & 鳥 *niao*, bird.

Class 5. As there is probably no language existing which deals so much in metaphor as that of China, the *Kia-tsié* is a most extensive class, and may, in fact, be said to comprehend all the characters in the language, as all of them are occasionally used in a figurative sense: this indeed is implied by the very nature of their origin and construction; and it is this frequent use of metaphor which causes so much difficulty to strangers. Those figurative allusions, to which the Chinese attribute a peculiar degree of beauty and energy, will best be explained by a few examples. The character *sun* combined with that of *moon* composes a third which is called *ming*, and signifies, in a physical sense, *brightness, brilliancy, splendour*; and morally, *noble, illustrious, famous, &c.* To *forget* is composed of *dead* and *heart*; to *be gallant* is composed of the characters *joy* and *girl*; a *bad affair* is composed of a *girl* and an *evil spirit*; *fickleness* of a *girl* and *thought*. The character *whole* added to that of *heart* signifies *application* or *attention*; that of *ten* to that of *mouth*, *antiquity*. To *flatter* is a compound of *word* and to *lick*; *friendship*, of two equal pearls, because perhaps they are supposed to be rarely met with. To *boast*, is to *speak* and *mountain*; to *remember*, is to *speak* and *one's self*; to *mutter*, is to *speak* and the *negative*. The *wife of a magistrate* is used metaphorically for an *accomplished lady*; a *wild boar* for *courage*; and a *tiger* for *ferocity* or *terror*. Thus, also, a *house* is sometimes used figuratively for the *master* of it; the *door of the women's apartment* for a *virgin*. Some of these are sufficiently obvious, but others are not so clear. We shall presently have occasion to take notice of some, of which the signification could not possibly be guessed at without much reading and a competent knowledge of the history, customs, and peculiar modes of thinking of this people. The character of *woman* thrice repeated signifies *adultery, criminal intercourse*; and the same character without any alteration also signifies the crime of *communicating with the enemy*. All the dictionaries give these two meanings, but without assigning the origin of the character; founded, perhaps, on some local incident or village

village story. A few examples will suffice to explain this class of characters.

明 *ming*, brightness, } is composed of 日 *gee*, sun, & 月 *yue*, moon.
 忠 *chung*, faithful, — 中 *chung*, middle, & 心 *sin*, heart.
 忿 *fen*, anger, — 分 *fen*, to divide, & 心 *sin*, heart.
 古 *koo*, antiquity, — 十 *shee*, ten, & 口 *koo*, mouth.
 依 *yee*, suitable, — 亻 *jin*, man, & 衣 *yu* a garment.

Class 6. The *Tchuan-tchou* comprehends a class of characters whose obvious or figurative signification varies either partially or wholly from the meaning implied either by the primitive characters taken singly, or the collective sense of the compound; and differs also as one character is placed with regard to the other, either above or below, to the right or the left: thus also they contrive to mark the qualities or modifications of objects and ideas. Whether this latitude of assigning different significations to the same character is founded on any fixed principle, or is wholly arbitrary, we cannot take upon ourselves to pronounce. We know

not why 東 *tung*, east, should be composed of 日 *gee*, sun, and 木 *moo*, wood; nor why 法 *fa*, law, of 氵 *swée*, water, and 去 *keu*, to go. Or why 笑 *siao*, to laugh, should be compounded of 竹 *choo*, a bamboo, and 天 *tien*, heaven; or why, as before observed, 姦 *kien*, composed of 女 *neu*, woman, three times repeated, should signify at one time *adultery*, and at another *holding communication with an enemy*: or why 獄 *yu*, a prison, should consist of 犴 *kiuen*, a dog, 言 *yen*, a word, and 犬 *kiuen*, a dog, also.

We have observed, that an intimate knowledge of the history of China and of the manners and customs of the people is essential to the developement of many of the compound characters. A few examples will place this in the strongest light. The *proper name* or *appellative* of a man is a compound of the two primitives *mouth* and *moon*. It would be difficult to conjecture what analogy there could possibly be between a *family name* and a combination of the *mouth* and the *moon*. It arises, it seems, from this circumstance: on the last day of every *moon*, when the guards are mounted, the *names* of those who are to be on duty the ensuing month are *called over*. Thus also the character signifying *marriage* is compounded of those of *wine* and *a seal*; because the *wine* presented on that occasion by the bridegroom to the bride is considered as the *seal* of their union. The character of *death* is made up of those of *sickness* and *woman*, because when the sovereign was *sick* and given over by the physicians, he was left in the hands of the *women*, in which case he was certain to die, as a matter of course. Thus too the character representing the *intercalary moon*, which returns seven times in nineteen years to make the solar accord with the lunar year, is comprehended of the character *king* placed in the middle of that of *door* or *gateway*, because it was anciently the custom, at the recurrence of every such intercalary moon, for the *sovereign* to stand in the *gate* of the temple to make his oblations, as high priest of the empire, instead of performing the ceremony, as on ordinary occasions, within the temple.* A *concubine*, or *second wife*, is composed of the characters *girl* and *upright*, because she is not allowed to *sit down* in the presence of her husband. The characters *tiger* and *fire* signify *hunting the tiger*, this being usually done by *torch light*. *Painting the tiger*, however, has a meaning much more obscure; a painter, famous for his spirited representations of an enraged tiger, was observed to succeed best when he drank most; hence *hoahoo*, literally to *paint the tiger*, became a common expression for *hard drinking*.†

These examples will be sufficient to shew the close connection which subsists between the construction of many of the compound characters, and the sentiments, customs, and traditions of the people. Similar analogies are indeed discoverable in all languages; but in the Chinese they occur more frequently than in any other. In the few attempts which the missionaries have made to analyse characters, they have in general stretched the metaphor far beyond the Chinese themselves. Thus Père Amiot, after many sober and

* Lett. de Pekin, p. 31.

† Grozier, Eng. edit. vol. 2, p. 325.

sensible observations, soars at once into the regions of fancy. In a figure of three lines he discovers the Trinity, and traces the chief events of Scripture from the creation to the deluge, and thence downwards, in combinations of Chinese characters. *Ship*, he observes, is compounded of *boat*, *mouth*, and *eight*, allusive probably to the *eight* persons saved in the ark. *Eight*, *mouth*, and *water*, he adds, make the character of a *prosperous voyage*. By another missionary this character is said to signify a *general inundation*.* As there are but thirteen combinations of the primitive *eight* in the Chinese Dictionary in our possession, we can venture to affirm that the explanation is more ingenious than correct. *To turn from evil* being compounded of *two trees* and *to shew*, 'may not those two trees,' asks Père Amiot, 'be the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the tree of life?' We might produce numerous instances of this kind, and, indeed, not a few, where a latitude of explanation, bordering very closely on deception, is given to a character, for the purpose of making out a Scriptural allusion:—but we forbear.

Such then is the language, which, to adopt the expression of a French missionary, may be considered as 'the alphabet of the human thoughts, the picturesque algebra of the sciences and the arts,' a language, however, which appears to us to have been put together rather by caprice than system. The plan of it is certainly admirable, and well calculated for the ground work of an universal language; but the Chinese have completely marred it in the execution. A mere glance at the primitives is sufficient to shew that there is a total want of those leading or general characters, under which alone a systematic classification of objects and abstract ideas could be effected: they seem indeed to have been successively adopted as chance or immediate necessity called for them; till, at length, the catalogue of their combinations became so extensive as to make it more advisable to continue the evil of a bad system, than to derange the whole fabric by attempting to repair it.

Another difficulty in studying the Chinese language arises from the many changes which the *form* of the character has at different periods undergone. When the late Emperor Kien-Long had completed his poem in celebration of Moukden, (the capital of Manchoo Tartary,) pleased with his performance, he ordered the most learned men in the empire to assemble, and cause it to be written out in all the various kinds of character which had, at any time, been in use.† The persons employed on this grand literary undertaking were two princes of the blood, two of the colao or cabinet ministers, two presidents of state departments, fourteen professed men

* Mem. Chin. tom. 9, p. 316.

† These were ascertained to be thirty-two.

of letters, fifteen Tartar and three Chinese secretaries, besides a host of inspectors and supervisors of the proof sheets.* The *Kang-shee-tse-tien*, or Dictionary of *Kang-shee*, has, however, in a great measure fixed the character; it being now considered as a want of taste, as well as of respect for the royal author, to alter or abbreviate a single character contained in that work.

Happy would it be for the student, if the difficulties already enumerated were all he had to contend with; for though the dictionaries are so well arranged that any character may be turned to with ease, yet whether it is to be used as a noun, adnoun, verb, or participle, is still left, together with every other point of syntax, to the exercise of the judgment, which receives little assistance from pronouns, adverbs, conjunctions, and all those auxiliaries of speech which are considered as indispensable in the languages of Europe. After all, this is but introductory to the language, not the language itself. If the power to discriminate a number of characters, together with a knowledge of their names and simple significations, be considered as a complete possession of the Chinese language, then, indeed, much might be accomplished through dint of application and a happy memory, by very ordinary minds: but, unless we deceive ourselves, an acquaintance of this nature with four or five thousand characters, will no more enable the student to understand a Chinese author, than a knowledge of the names of so many plants will qualify the botanist to decide on the physical properties of each individual. Indeed, it appears to us, that the Chinese primitives and their compounds may be just as easily discriminated and recollected as the genera and species of the Linnæan system of botany, to which they may not inaptly be compared.

As some illustration of our remarks on this extraordinary language we shall select a few sentences from the sixteen exhortations or instructions of the Emperor *Kang-shee*, giving first the Chinese words, i. e. the appropriate names of the characters, next their significations, then the sentence completed by the insertion of the necessary expletives in Italics, and last the translation as given by Grozier, vol. 2, p. 34.

EXHORTATION 1.

Tien	shiao	tee	y	chung	jin	lun.
Strong	parental duty	respect for	that	respect	man	rank.
		elder brothers				

Be ye strong in parental duty and in the respect due to elder brothers, that ye may shew your esteem for the rank established in society.

Grozier.—‘ You must carefully put in practice the duties prescribed by filial piety, and strictly observe that deference which is due from a

* *Eloge de Mouliden. Edit. de l'Emp. Kien-Lung.*

younger to an elder brother. By these means only can you learn to set a proper value upon those essential obligations which nature imposes on all men.

EXHORTATION 4.

Chung nung sang y yu shee ye.

Attend farm mulberry tree that enough food clothing.

Attend to your farm and mulberry trees that you may have plenty of food and clothing.

Grozier.—'Let the profession of those who cultivate the earth, and breed silk-worms, be esteemed and respected by the public; you will then want neither grain for your nourishment, nor clothing to cover you.'

EXHORTATION 7.

Shoo ye tuan y k'oung ching shio.

Reject false doctrines that honour true learning.

Reject false doctrines that ye may honour true learning.

Grozier.—'Let all religious sects be carefully extirpated, as soon as they spring up; it might be too late afterwards.'

EXHORTATION 15.

Lien pao kia y me tsai sao.

Make protect arms that contend with thieves robbers.

Prepare defensive weapons, that ye may oppose thieves and robbers.

Grozier.—'Be careful to act in concert with the magistrates of the district to which you belong, and to second their efforts in discharging the duties of their office; by these means they will be enabled to detect the guilty, and to prevent robbery and theft.'

From these, and similar passages, we may learn what degree of accuracy is possessed by the translations, as they are called, of the Catholic missionaries; they may be considered, in fact, as so many sermons, to which the Chinese furnish the text.

Surprise has been frequently expressed that the Chinese have not substituted an alphabet in the place of their awkward characters; but the fact is, that if you take them away, you leave the people without a language. Let us suppose the whole language to consist of 60,000 characters, each of them bearing a monosyllabic sound. We have apparently an accurate estimate by Barrow* of the total number of distinct sounds which, by the help of aspirates, inflexions and intonations, an European may be able to make out, after excluding those letters which the organs of a Chinese are not capable of pronouncing. This number amounts to 1331; it follows therefore, that on an average 45 characters must be called by the same identical name, and consequently cannot, by any possibility, be distinguished one from another; for it must be remembered that, however compounded the character may be, it is still a mere mono-

* Travels in China, p. 265.

syllable if sounded, differing for the most part from any of the sounds of the primitives of which it is formed; thus the characters *ge* the sun and *yué* the moon, in composition, are *ming*, splendour; thus also, *ye*, unity, *koo* a mouth, *shee* a guardian spirit, and *tien*, arable land, compose the character *felicity*, which is simply pronounced *foo*. Hence the equivoques which, notwithstanding the aid of expletives, so frequently take place in conversation, and to which a stranger must be perpetually liable. Indeed, the writings of the missionaries furnish abundant proofs of these mistakes; some of which are of a very ludicrous nature, and contribute not a little to the amusement of the Chinese.* The adoption of an alphabetical character must therefore necessarily alter the whole language, and the first step would probably be that of joining together the sounds as well as the characters which respectively represent them; thus, instead of *ming* for *splendour* would be written *ge-yué*, and instead of *foo* the compound word *ye-koo-shee-tien* would be used for *felicity*. Indeed, this is pretty much the case in colloquial language. Thus, in speaking of *foo*, a father, a Chinese will say *foo-tchin*, the latter syllable implying relationship; and by this addition it is easily distinguished among the 45 monosyllables bearing the sound of *foo*.† Thus, also, is *moo-tchin*, mother, used in conversation, to distinguish it from *moo*, wood, &c.

Having thus entered into a much longer detail of the nature of the language than we had intended, we deem it proper to say a word on the state of literature in China. This is in fact a subject as little known to us as the language. The specimens which have reached us through the medium of the Catholic missionaries, are not the best adapted to convey information respecting the present state of the Chinese. Their labours are sufficiently voluminous, but their choice of subjects is not always the most happy. We may find an apology for the Chinese in endeavouring to make sense of their ancient records; but we cannot conceive what interest a few insulated Europeans can possibly take in toiling to unravel the inextricable confusion of their *king*, or canonical books. Even from the intelligible portion of them, it would appear that they impart little of moment towards the knowledge of the country, either in its ancient or modern state; and the labours bestowed on them by the missionaries are just as rational and valuable as would be those of a Chinese in Europe who should attempt to turn *Doomsday-book* into the Chinese character, to give his countrymen an idea of the present distribution of landed property in England. With these men, as Sir George Staunton has justly observed, 'science and literature were objects only of a secondary consideration, sci-

* Bay. Mus. Sin. lib. i. p. 15.

† Barrow's Travels, p. 267.

nately inferior, in their estimation, to that sacred cause in which they were united, which they were bound to support, and to which all others were to be made subservient.' (Pref. p. 6.) For what they have done, they are entitled to our thanks; for what they have omitted to do, a sufficient excuse may probably be found in the foregoing observation. Their situation, moreover, has never been a pleasant one. 'We can do nothing of ourselves,' says one of them, 'and are obliged to have recourse to the people of the country for every thing. Besides, the Chinese have so completely settled their customs, and arranged the whole economy of their private as well as public transactions, that it is impossible to stir a single step without them, or to know what is going on in the world. Those who tender their services, and take our pay, are people of the lowest order, whose views, of course, are interested, or whose sentiments are conformable to the meanness of their condition.*' Hence it follows, that their communications are vague and contradictory, defective in most points, erroneous in many, and exaggerated in all. A sober and well-digested estimate of the Chinese character, drawn from facts and observations, would probably exhibit little to censure, and less to praise. After all, perhaps the literary labours of the good fathers, we mean those confined to translations, are best entitled to commendation. Of these, the version of the *Tong-kien-kang-moo*, or general history of China, by Père Mailla, in 14 quarto volumes, may fairly be ranked as the most important. Père Noël and Père Couplet deserve thanks for their respective labours in furnishing translations of the works of Confucius and Mencius, *Cong-foo-tsé* and *Men-tsé*; but neither of them is to be depended on for accuracy, and especially the latter, who was convicted of literary fraud, in endeavouring to ascribe to the Chinese the astronomical tables of Uleg Beg, which the missionaries themselves had imported into China. Pères Prémare and Gaubil have, each of them, sent to Europe a translation of the *Shoo-king*, one of the ancient classical books of China; that by the latter was put into decent French by M. De Guignes, to whom indeed the merit of the translation is very generally ascribed. The *Odes* of the *Shee-king*, another classical book of the Chinese, have also been attempted by Père Prémare, as has 'the Orphan of the House of *Tchao*.' 'But in all these translations,' says Sir George Staunton, 'there is engrafted so much of the European character and style upon the Chinese originals, that the authenticity of the latter, however unjustly, has been more than suspected.' (Pref. p. 6.) The most faithful version we possess is probably that of the '*Hao-kiou-tchuan*,' or 'Pleasing History,' rendered, as is supposed, from

* Mem. Chin. tom. vi. p. 323.

the Portuguese into English, and edited by Dr. Percy; it is also, in our opinion, the best selected work for conveying just descriptions of the manners, habits, and sentiments of the people, as far at least as regards the state of social and domestic intercourse.

The scanty catalogue of translations from Chinese authors cannot be said to arise from any want of books. The press in China is free to every one: no previous licence is demanded; no *imprimatur* is required as the passport for a literary work; no restrictive regulations are enforced; the printer and the vender have only to be careful not to offend the government, and they may sin with impunity against decency and morality. In the year 1779 a doctor of physic was imprudent enough to publish his calculations on the duration of the reigning dynasty, and to prophesy the death of Kien-Long. The book was examined, and the author sentenced to be cut into ten thousand pieces; the Emperor however pardoned him for that part of it which related to himself, but confirmed a sentence of decapitation for having disrespectfully introduced the name of his progenitor *Kang-Shee* into his book. We do not, however, conceive either this instance of severity, or the statute annexed to the common law 'on sorcery and magic,' sect. 256, which says, 'whoever is guilty of editing wicked and corrupt books, with the view of misleading the people, and whoever attempts to excite sedition by letters or hand-bills, shall suffer death,' (App. p. 548) to be more hostile to the liberty of the press in China, than the punishment of two or three years solitary confinement for a libel is destructive of that liberty in England.

Thousands of novels and moral tales, amusing or laughable stories and comedies, moral precepts from ancient sages, and exhortations from existing Emperors; popular songs, fables and romances; receipts for diseases, and receipts for cookery; predictions of the weather, and of good or bad fortune; manuals of medicine, and of devotion, of rites, ceremonies and good-breeding; almanacks and court calendars, with a variety of other productions which we cannot pretend to enumerate, pour monthly from the press in the capital of China, and are abundantly circulated through the provinces. The Chinese, in fact, are great readers, and it is a luxury in which all ranks of society may indulge. A mere trifle will purchase works of the common sort; and those of a more expensive kind, as history, philology, jurisprudence, &c. are not unusually published by subscription.*

The *Tai-tsing-y-tung-tsé*, published under the sanction, and by the authority, of the Emperor Kien-Long, is a complete encyclo-

* P. Mailla ou P. D'Anthon, Lett. 12. Hist. Gen. de la Chine.

pedia of the arts and sciences, extended to 200 volumes. But the work that would unquestionably throw most light on the whole machinery of the government of this vast empire is the *Ta-tsing-hoei-tien*, which may be regarded as the Institutes of China. It contains a compendium of the existing laws, with all the forms and regulations established for the several departments of state, in the civil and military establishments; it describes minutely the rites and ceremonies of the empire; the system of revenue and finance; the administration of justice; the regulations concerning public edifices, &c. &c. Those who are desirous of a more detailed account of Chinese books may consult the *Hist. de l'Acad. des Ins. et Belles Lett.* tom. 36, and *Fourmount's Gram. Sin.* where a catalogue is given of such as are found in the king's library at Paris. We may add, that most of the books mentioned in these accounts, as well as all those which we have enumerated, together with many others, are to be met with in London.

These, however, are not the works which would be found most apt to compensate the student in the Chinese language. It has been ascertained that innumerable volumes, translated from the Sanscrit into the Chinese language, are to be met with in several of the temples dedicated to Fo. Of many of these it is not unreasonable to suppose the originals to have utterly perished in that general dispersion and devastation of Hindu literature which immediately followed the irruption of the Mahomedans into India. De Guignes was at great pains to collect information on this subject,* and the result of his inquiries was, that the Chinese are more capable, from these ancient documents, than any other nation, to throw new light on the language and literature of the Hindûs. Indeed Sir William Jones was pretty nearly of the same opinion, and had commenced his study of the Chinese language with the view of its assisting him in his inquiries into the ancient history of Hindustan. It appears that, so early as the sixth century of the Christian era, the Bonzes (priests of Fo, improperly so called) were possessed of 5,400 volumes on the religion of Hindustan.† There is a work in China, in the Chinese character, which treats on the origin of the Sanscrit alphabet, said to have been composed in the reign of *Jin-tsong*, who ascended the throne in the year 1023 of the Christian era.‡ It is well known that the religion of Fo scarcely differs from that of Buddha; and as the terms used in the dogmata of the latter, with the names and attributes of the Deity and his subordinate agents, are preserved in the former, they are

* *Hist. de l'Acad.* tom. xl. p. 188.

† *Hist. de l'Acad. et des Bell. Lett.* tom. xl. p. 189.

‡ *Ibid.* tom. xl. p. 188.

invariably marked with the sign of foreign appellatives, namely, the character of *mouth* affixed to the left of each general character. A priest of Fo, who travelled into India in the fourth century, translated into the Chinese language twenty-three different books on the religion of Hindustan, which were lodged in the library of the temple of *See-gan-foo*. About the same period, a company of pilgrims set out from this city on their travels; they reached Benares, whence they proceeded to Ceylon, and returned by sea to Canton. One of these pilgrims published a relation of his travels, under the title of *Fo-quo-kee*, or 'a history of the kingdom of Fo,' a copy of which is said to have been in the king's library in Paris. It contains a curious account of the religion of Buddha, and of the temples which the pilgrims visited in the different parts of India. The writer notices the horrible sounds made by evil spirits, for the purpose of frightening and bewildering the traveller, in the great desert of *Sha-moo*; a fable repeated by Marco Polo on his passage through the same desert nine hundred years afterwards. This coincidence is not a little remarkable.

In the year of Christ 687, a priest of the name of *Ye-tsing* travelled into India to collect books on the subject of religion, and, on his return to China, published 'a history of the illustrious *Ho-shang* (priests of Fo) who had journeyed in quest of the faith.' This work contains the lives and adventures of fifty-eight priests who at different periods had visited India from China.* Whatever restriction, therefore, might be imposed on physical or political grounds, it is sufficiently clear that a religious intercourse subsisted between India and China; and it further appears that the visits to the former country were productive of others to the latter. It is recorded, indeed, as an historical fact, and universally credited in China, that in the 65th year of the Christian era, the Emperor *Ming-tee*† invited the priests of Buddha to settle in China, for the express purpose of propagating their religion among his people. In 440, we are told by P. Gaubil; a famous Indian astronomer was kindly received at the Chinese court; and, about the same time, a Faquir found his way to the capital, where, to impress the Emperor with a due sense of his zeal for the cause, he remained in one posture for nine years with his eyes fixed on a dead wall. 'I admire your devotion,' said the Emperor; 'and your religion, for aught I know to the contrary, may be a very good one; but if all my subjects were to profess it, what would become of my empire!'

Although we have thus ventured to point out a class of books which, in our opinion, might throw much light on many points of

* Mem. de l'Acad. &c. tom. xl. p. 317.

† *Tang-kien*, *Kang-moo*, and all the other Histories of China.

interest concerning the two countries, and gratify the researches of the student in Chinese literature, we are far from seeking to disparage such works as exhibit the practical policy adopted to restrain and keep in order the greatest mass of people that was ever known to be united under one government and one general system of laws. Of this kind is the *Leu Lee*, to the consideration of which we feel it high time to return.

The *Leu Lee* are two characters with two distinct significations; *Leu* in its strict sense is *law*, and implies here the fundamental or permanent law of the land—the *common law*, handed down in a written character from a period long antecedent to the Christian era, and printed in each successive edition without either alteration or amendment. The *Lee* may be considered as the *statute law*, or, as Sir George explains it,

‘The *Lee*, or supplementary laws, are the modifications, extensions, and restrictions of the fundamental laws, which, after undergoing a deliberate examination in the Supreme Councils, and receiving the sanction of the Sovereign, are inserted in the form of *clauses*, at the end of each article or section of the Code, in order that they might, together with the fundamental laws, be equally known and observed. They are generally, however, revised every fifth year, and subjected to such alterations as the wisdom of government determines to be expedient.’—(Pref. 30.)

The *Leu Lee* is a popular and easy work; it unites a comparatively simple style with a compendious form; the characters are mostly employed in their plain and obvious meaning, and when a metaphor occurs, a glossary is added to explain the sense in which it is to be taken. It is held in the highest degree of veneration by all. ‘The magistrates and the people,’ says the Emperor *Sun-chee*, in his preface, ‘look up with awe and submission to the justice of these institutions.’ An European, however, will peruse them with very different feelings: it will appear to him that the mass of Chinese population, like a great school, to which it may not inaptly be compared, is kept in order entirely by flogging. The frequency and undistinguished severity of corporal punishments, however, are not so great as the text would seem to imply.

‘Although,’ says Sir George, ‘every page of the following translation may seem at first sight to bear testimony to the universality of corporal punishments in China, a more careful inspection will lead to a discovery of so many grounds of mitigation, so many exceptions in favour of particular classes, and in consideration of peculiar circumstances, that the penal system is found, in fact, almost entirely to abandon that part of its outward and apparent character.’—(Pref. 27.)

The common and summary mode of punishment for petty crimes and misdemeanors is unquestionably with the bamboo; but in more serious

serious offences, the number of blows may be considered rather as the measure or scale, than as the mode or practice, of punishment. The law, moreover, in denunciation is extremely severe, in execution lenient. Thus 10 blows of nominal punishment are reduced to four, and 100 blows to 40; and those, in many cases, and in certain descriptions of persons, are redeemable by fine. Few capital offences, however, are thus redeemable, though they may be commuted into a sentence of perpetual banishment on reference to the Supreme Court of Judicature of Peking; or be otherwise mitigated by order of the Sovereign. The different degrees of turpitude under which the same offence may be committed, are always considered, and nicely discriminated; every shade of aggravation or palliation of the degree of individual guilt is taken into the account. An indiscriminate sentence of death is never passed, unless in cases of treason and rebellion.

The only document we have been able to trace, which affords the least information respecting the numbers actually executed in the course of a year, is given by Père Amiot, in one of the latter volumes of '*Mémoires concernant les Chinois*;' from this it appears, that the list presented to the Emperor in 1784, and ratified by him, amounted to 1348 persons, and this, he observes, was considered to be unusually great. Supposing the whole population to be two hundred millions, which is probably rather under than over the mark, the proportion of criminals sentenced to death will be one in one hundred and forty-eight thousand, or at the rate of about one hundred in the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland.

Sir George Staunton introduces his subject by a well written preface, in which a general view is taken of our first intercourse with China—of its antiquity, history, language, literature, and system of legislation. In this preface he has also made an ingenious attempt to defend the Chinese against those writers who have not held up their moral character as a model for imitation. We suspect, however, that his argument, like their morality, is more theoretical than substantial; and that, as himself acknowledges, 'their virtues were found (by the English in Lord Macartney's embassy) to consist more in ceremonial observances, than in moral duties; more in profession than in practice.'—(*Pref. p. 9.*)

A critical examination into the merits of the laws of China, or into all the shades of difference which Chinese legislators have minutely studied, would lead us far beyond any reasonable bounds; we shall therefore content ourselves with giving an analysis of the work, which, with a few brief remarks and occasional extracts, will, in our opinion, convey a more ample knowledge of the system of the penal code of China, than any other plan we could adopt.

The *Leu Lee* is arranged under Seven General Divisions, com-

posing 30 Books, and divided into 436 Sections. The titles of the divisions and books are as follow:

FIRST DIVISION,	GENERAL LAWS.
Containing 1 Book entitled - - - - -	Preliminary Regulations.
SECOND DIVISION,	CIVIL LAWS.
Containing 2 Books entitled - - - - -	System of Government.
	Conduct of Magistrates.
THIRD DIVISION,	FISCAL LAWS.
Containing 7 Books entitled - - - - -	Enrolment of the People.
	Lands and Tenements.
	Marriage.
	Public Property.
	Duties and Customs.
	Private Property.
	Sales and Markets.
FOURTH DIVISION,	RITUAL LAWS.
Containing 2 Books entitled - - - - -	Sacred Rites.
	Miscellaneous Observances.
FIFTH DIVISION,	MILITARY LAWS.
Containing 5 Books entitled - - - - -	Protection of the Palace.
	Government of the Army.
	Protection of the Frontier.
	Military Horses and Cattle.
	Expresses and Public Posts.
SIXTH DIVISION,	CRIMINAL LAWS.
Containing 11 Books entitled - - - - -	Robbery and Theft.
	Homicide.
	Quarrelling and Fighting.
	Abusive Language.
	Indictments and Informations.
	Bribery and Corruption.
	Forgeries and Frauds.
	Incest and Adultery.
	Miscellaneous Offences.
	Arrests and Escapes.
	Imprisonment, Judgment, and Execution.
SEVENTH DIVISION,	LAWS RELATIVE TO PUBLIC WORKS.
Containing 2 Books entitled - - - - -	Public Buildings.
	Public Ways.

It may be observed, however, that for this division of the code, and especially for the sub-division and enumeration of the sections, we are in some measure indebted to Sir George Staunton; and were we disposed to find fault with an arrangement which greatly facilitates a reference

a reference to any particular subject, we should venture no farther than merely to suggest that, as the whole of the First Book, entitled 'Preliminary Regulations,' is confined to definitions and general explanations, it can scarcely, in strictness, be considered as a systematic division of the code of laws. The objection indeed becomes still stronger, from the circumstance that the following six divisions have each of them a reference to that particular department of state, under whose cognizance the matters contained in them respectively fall. Thus the *Lee-pou*, under whose controul are placed all the civil officers and magistrates of the state, takes cognizance of all matters contained in the second division; the *Hoo-pou*, or financial department, corresponds with the third division; the *Le-pou*, or board of rites and ceremonies, answers to the fourth; the *Ping-pou*, or military department, to the fifth; the *Hing-pou*, or criminal tribunal, to the sixth; and the *Cong-pou*, or board of works, to the seventh. In any other point of view, the Chinese arrangement of the code might be considered as irregular, confused, and totally unsystematic: whereas the classification, according to departments, is perfectly consistent. Thus it is easy to explain, why the regulations concerning marriage should be arranged under the *Fiscal Laws*: marriage, not being in China a religious but a mere civil institution, is made subject to the regulations of the financial department, which has also under its charge the registry of families and the enrolment of the people.

FIRST DIVISION—GENERAL LAWS. *Book I. Preliminary Regulations.—Description of the ordinary Punishments.*

'The lowest degree of punishment is a moderate correction inflicted with the lesser bamboo, in order that the transgressor of the law may entertain a sense of shame for his past, and receive a salutary admonition with respect to his future conduct. Of this species of punishment there are five degrees.'

The first degree is 10, the fifth, 50 blows, which are, in fact, reduced to 4, and never exceed 20 blows. The second class of punishments extends from 60 to 100 blows, of which only from 20 to 40 are actually inflicted. The third division is that of temporary banishment to any distance not exceeding 500 *lee*, (about 150 miles,) 'with the view of affording opportunities of repentance and amendment.' Of this there are also five gradations, extending from one to three years banishment, accompanied with a corporal punishment, nominally from 60 to 100 blows, but actually reduced as above.

'Perpetual banishment, the fourth degree of punishment, is reserved for the more considerable offences, and extends to the distance of 2000, and even 3000 *lee*, in addition to 100 strokes of the bamboo.

'The fifth and ultimate punishment, which the laws ordain, is death, either by strangulation or decollation.

The

The second section relates to *offences of a treasonable nature*, which are, 1. *Rebellion*, or an attempt to violate the divine order of things on earth. 2. *Disloyalty*, or an attempt to destroy the imperial temples, tombs, or palaces. 3. *Desertion*, or the offence of undertaking to quit or betray the interests of the empire, in order to submit or adhere to a foreign power. 4. *Parricide*, or the murder of a father or mother, uncle, aunt, grandfather, or grandmother. 5. *Massacre*, or the murder of three or more persons in one family. 6. *Sacrilege*, or stealing from the temples any of the sacred articles, or purloining any article in the immediate use of the sovereign. 7. *Impiety*, or disrespect or negligence towards those to whom we owe our being, and by whom we have been educated and protected. 8. *Discord in families*, or a breach of the legal or natural ties which are founded on connexions by blood or marriage. 9. *Insubordination*, or the rising against, or murdering a superior magistrate by an inferior; or any insurrection against the magistrates in general by the people. 10. *Incest*, or the cohabitation, or promiscuous intercourse of persons related in any of the degrees within which marriage is prohibited.

'The crimes here arranged, and distributed under ten heads, being distinguished from others by their enormity, are always punished with the utmost rigour, and, when the offence is capital, it is excepted from the benefit of any act of general pardon; being likewise in each case, a direct violation of the ties by which society is maintained, they are expressly enumerated in the introductory part of this code, that the people may learn to dread, and to avoid the same.' (p. 5.)

Sects. 7 and 8. *Offences committed by Officers of Government*, whether of a public or private nature, which are punishable, in ordinary cases, by the infliction of corporal chastisement, are commutable for fine or degradation, according to the number of blows of the bamboo to which they are nominally liable. Thus, if they offend in their public capacity, instead of receiving 60 blows, they forfeit a year's salary; and instead of 100, lose four degrees of rank, or are removed from their situation. When the offence is of a private nature, the punishment is doubled; the last degree is entire degradation, and dismissal from the service of government. (p. 11.) Those who are enrolled under the Tartarian banners, are punished with the whip instead of the bamboo; and, in cases of banishment, they are, in lieu thereof, sentenced to wear the *cangue*, or moveable pillory, for a specified number of days.

Sect. 16. *Extent of an Act of Grace, or General Pardon*.—This is usually passed at the accession of a new Emperor, or on certain anniversaries; the ten treasonable offences, however, already mentioned, are excluded from the benefit of it, as are

Embezzlement of government stores; robbery or theft; wilful

house-

house-burning; unlawful grave-opening; bribery, whether the object be lawful or unlawful; forgery and fraud; incest, adultery; kidnapping; swindling; exciting to commit murder—and, in general, all those cases wherein the laws have been transgressed by premeditation and design.' (p. 18.)

Parental authority being the basis on which the government of China is supported, every favourable consideration, as may easily be imagined, is given to the aged and infirm. No offender under sentence of death, being the only male descendent of parents or grandparents, who are infirm, or of the age of 70 years, can be executed until a special report of the case has been submitted to the Emperor; and, if the sentence, under such circumstances, is that of perpetual banishment, it is redeemable by a fine, and 100 blows of the bamboo. (p. 20.) Astronomers also (more properly astrologers) have this last indulgence granted to them; and artificers and musicians, instead of being sent into temporary banishment, are detained, during the legal period of such banishment, in the employment of government. Women also, when sentenced to banishment, may have that part of the sentence remitted on payment of a fine, and on receiving the legal number of blows.

'Women convicted of offences, punishable with the bamboo, are permitted to retain a single upper garment while the punishment is inflicted, except in cases of adultery, when they shall be allowed the lower garment only.' (p. 22.)

SECOND DIVISION—CIVIL LAWS. *Book I. System of Government.*

The first book of this division is chiefly employed in defining and describing the regulations to be observed by the great officers of state, and in pointing out their relative situation to that of the subordinate magistrates. It consists of fourteen sections, the first of which lays down the rule of 'Hereditary Succession.'

'Every civil and military officer of Government, whose rank and titles are hereditary, shall be succeeded in them by his eldest son, born of his principal wife, or by such eldest son's surviving legal representative, chosen according to the general rule here provided.' (p. 49.)

In case of the decease or incapacity of the eldest, the second son or his representative is to succeed. In default of sons by the principal wife, the sons of the inferior wives are called to the succession according to seniority. All appointments of great offices, whether civil or military, depend solely on the authority of the Emperor; any great officer of state, presuming to confer any appointment without such authority, is declared to be guilty of a capital offence. (p. 51.) If an officer quits his station without leave, or delays

lays in repairing to it; if he fails to attend the Court, or is found guilty of intriguing or caballing with his colleagues, he renders himself liable to very severe penalties: in the last case, if the cabal tends to impede and obstruct the measures of government, his offence is capital; his wives and children become slaves, and his property is confiscated. (p. 61.)

Book II. also contains 14 sections, on the *Conduct of Magistrates*. The first injunction is that of studying diligently, and making themselves perfect in the knowledge of the laws, so as to be able to explain clearly their meaning and intent, and to superintend and ensure their execution. At the close of every year they are directed to undergo an examination; if found incompetent, they are fined a month's salary. And it is sufficiently remarkable, that an indulgence similar to that of our 'benefit of clergy,' is extended to 'all those private individuals, whether husbandmen or artificers, who are found capable of explaining the nature, and comprehending the objects of the laws; provided the offence was the result of accident, and the subject not implicated in any act of treason or rebellion.' p. 64.

THIRD DIVISION—FISCAL LAWS. *Book I. Enrolment of the People.*

Every master of a family is compelled to enter, on the public register, an account of his taxable property, and the names and number of the male individuals of full age for service, namely, from 16 to 60 years. The omission of such registry, or a fraudulent entry, is punishable with the bamboo according to the nature of the offence. Families and individuals are registered according to their professions. This book also inculcates impartiality in the levy of taxes and personal services, and in the allotment of those services; prescribes punishment and penalties for the evasion of personal service by concealment or desertion; for abuses of the magistrates in requiring personal services beyond the legal extent, or for private purposes; and enjoins the taking care of the aged and infirm.

'All poor destitute widowers, and widows, the fatherless and childless, the helpless and the infirm, shall receive sufficient maintenance and protection from the magistrates of their native city or district, whenever they have neither relations nor connexions upon whom they can depend for support; any magistrate, refusing such maintenance, and protection, shall be punished with 60 blows. Also, when any such persons are maintained and protected by government, the superintending magistrate and his subordinates, if failing to afford them the legal allowance of food and raiment, shall be punished in proportion to the amount of the deficiency, according to the law against an embezzlement of government stores.' (p. 93.)

Book

Book II. of *Third Division*, is entitled *Lands and Tenements*, and consists wholly of regulations concerning the registry of lands, the payment and evasion of the land-tax, fraudulent returns respecting productive and unproductive lands; the personal visitation of lands that have suffered from any calamity; sales and mortgages of land, and the punishment of frauds committed therein; and a regulation by which officers of government are restricted from purchasing lands within the limits of their jurisdiction. The whole of this book is curious, and throws considerable light upon, though it does not finally settle, the doubtful question, whether the tenure of land in China is held in the nature of a freehold, or whether the sovereign is, in fact, the proprietor of the soil, while the nominal landholder is, like the Zemindar in India, no more than the steward or collector of rents for his master. That the rich merchants purchase landed property, which is transmitted to their posterity, and continued in the family for many generations, there can be no doubt whatever; yet it is evident from the *Leu-lee*, that the proprietorship of the landholder is but of a qualified nature, and

'Subject,' as Sir George observes, 'to a degree of interference and controul, on the part of government, not known or endured under the most despotic of the monarchies of Europe. By the 78th section, the proprietors of land seem to be almost entirely restricted from disposing of it by will. By the 88th section, it appears that the inheritors must share it amongst them in certain established proportions. By the 90th section, those lands are forfeited which the proprietors do not register in the public records of government, acknowledging themselves responsible for the payment of taxes upon them.' (p. 527.)

Book III. of *Third Division*. This book relates wholly to the law respecting marriage; and as it in some degree illustrates the state of domestic life among this curious people, it will be found very interesting.

'When a marriage is intended to be contracted, it shall be, in the first instance, reciprocally explained to, and clearly understood by, the families interested, whether the parties, who design to marry, are or are not diseased, infirm, aged, or under age, and whether they are the children of their parents by blood, or only by adoption. If either of the contracting families then object, the proceedings shall be carried no further; if they still approve, they shall then in conjunction with the negociators of the marriage, if such there be, draw up the marriage-articles, and determine the amount of the marriage-presents. If, after the woman is thus regularly affianced by the recognition of the marriage articles, or by a personal interview and agreement between the families, the family of the intended bride should repent having entered into the contract, and refuse to execute it, the person amongst them who had authority to give her away shall be punished with 30 blows, and the marriage shall be completed agreeably to the original contract; although the marriage-articles should not have been drawn up in writing,

ing, the acceptance of the marriage-presents shall be sufficient evidence of the agreement between the parties.' (p. 108.)

The remaining clauses of this section provide, in every possible way, against the infraction of a marriage-contract, whether on the part of the man or woman affianced, or of their respective relations. Lending a wife on hire is punishable with 80 blows; lending a daughter with 60: those who receive the wives or daughters on hire for a limited time, are to participate equally in the aforesaid punishment, and the parties are to be separated; the pecuniary consideration for such loan to be forfeited to government. (p. 110.)

As polygamy is allowed in China, it has been found necessary to settle, by law, the rank and priority among wives. The first wife is usually chosen by the parents out of a family equal in point of rank to their own; the ceremony is conducted with a certain degree of splendour and notoriety, and the lady is entitled to all the rights and privileges of the mistress of the family. After this the husband may espouse other wives, but without the same ceremony, and without consulting his friends; he may take them from any class of society, and bring them into his house as inferior wives, or concubines, or handmaids, or by whatever name he may please to call them; these inferior wives are equal in rank among themselves, but all of them subordinate to the first wife. He who degrades his first wife to the condition of an inferior wife, is liable to a punishment of 100 blows; and if, in the life-time of his first wife, he raises an inferior wife to the rank and condition of a first wife, he is punished with 90 blows; in both cases the wives are replaced in their original situations: if a man takes a second principal wife, while the first is living, he incurs a punishment of 90 blows; the marriage is void, and the woman must be returned to her parents. (p. 111.)

Whoever marries, while his or her parents are in prison charged with a capital offence, incurs a penalty of 80 blows; if, however, the marriage is consummated by desire of the parents, no punishment is incurred, provided the usual feast and entertainments are omitted. (p. 116.)

Officers of government, prohibited from purchasing lands in the district under their care, are also restricted from marrying into families subject to their jurisdiction.

¹ If any officer of government marries the wife or daughter of any person having an interest in the legal proceedings at the same time under his investigation, he shall be punished with 100 blows, and the member of the family of the bride, who gave her away, shall be equally punishable. The woman, whether previously married or not, shall be restored to her parents, and the marriage-present forfeited, in every case, to government. When the marriage is a compensation for some unjust decision, on a subject under the magistrate's investigation, the punishment

punishment shall be increased as far as the law, applicable to such a deviation from justice, may authorize.' (p. 117.)

Sect. 116. contains the *Law of Divorce*.

'If a husband repudiates his first wife without her having broken the matrimonial connexion by the crime of adultery, or otherwise; and without her having furnished him with any of the seven justifying causes of divorce, he shall, in every such case, be punished with 80 blows. Moreover, although one of the seven justifying causes of divorce should be chargeable upon the wife, namely, 1. Barrenness; 2. Lasciviousness; 3. Disregard of her Husband's Parents; 4. Talkativeness; 5. Thievish Propensities; 6. Envious and Suspicious Temper; 7. Inveterate Infirmary: yet if any of the three reasons against a divorce should exist, namely, 1. The wife's having mourned three years for her husband's parents; 2. The family's having become rich after having been poor previous to, and at the time of marriage; 3. The wife's having no parents living to receive her back again. In these cases, none of the seven aforementioned causes will justify a divorce, and the husband who puts away his wife upon such grounds, shall suffer punishment two degrees less than that last stated, and be obliged to receive her again. If the wife shall have broken the matrimonial connexion by an act of adultery, or by any other act which, by law, not only authorises, but requires that the parties should be separated, the husband shall receive a punishment of 80 blows, if he retains her.'

Book IV. of *Third Division*, is entitled *Public Property*, and relates almost wholly to the receipt and expenditure of the revenue; the misapplication of public property; the responsibility of revenue officers, who are made reciprocally answerable for each other; the rules of receiving and issuing public stores; responsibility for the loss or damage of public stores; the rule of forfeiture and restitution,—all of which appear well calculated to secure the subject against extortion, and the government against speculation and fraud. The embezzlement of public property, under certain circumstances, and to a certain amount, which is very trifling, (1000 ounces of silver,) is punishable with death; and under all cases, restitution to the full amount is an indispensable obligation. (p. 131.) Similar punishment is also incurred by privately lending or employing the public revenue. We are inclined to think that several of the regulations laid down in this book of the code might be adopted with great advantage in some of the governments of Europe, notwithstanding the contempt in which that of China may be held, or affected to be held by them.

FOURTH DIVISION—RITUAL LAWS. *Book I. Sacred Rites.*

It has been said that there is no state religion in China; perhaps it would be more correct to say that the established religion is vested solely in the state. The Emperor is the high priest, and the state officers are his ministers of religion. The priests of *Fo* and *Tao*

tse, who are merely tolerated, are prohibited from imitating the imperial rites, under a penalty of 80 blows, and expulsion from their own order of priesthood. (p. 174.)

* All the officers of government, whose province it is to superintend the grand imperial sacrifices, and oblations to Heaven and Earth, and to the spirit presiding over the productions of the earth, and the generations of mankind; and those likewise who have the direction of the sacred rites, which are performed in the temple of the Imperial Family, shall prepare themselves for every such occasion by abstinence.' (p. 170.)

Then follow the various penalties for every species of neglect, irregularity, or disorder which may take place previous to or during the performance of the sacred rites. The animals, precious stones, and other oblations must be of a proper quality and quantity. An officer, having taken the oath of abstinence, must neither put on mourning, nor visit the sick, nor take cognizance of capital offences, nor partake of a feast, nor pass the night with his family, till the sacred rites have been performed. To damage or destroy the altars, mounds, or terraces, consecrated to the sacred and imperial rites, is punishable with 100 blows, and perpetual banishment. Whoever feeds cattle, cuts wood, or ploughs the ground, where the remains of ancient emperors, kings and princes, faithful ministers, sages, or other illustrious persons, have been deposited, is liable to 80 blows. Magicians, leaders of sects, and teachers of false doctrines, are liable to very severe penalties. Among the teachers of false doctrines are included the Roman Catholic Missionaries, who, however, are caressed or persecuted as it may suit the convenience or the caprice of the reigning Emperor. Their opinion of Christianity, as taught by the Catholics, may in some measure be collected from an edict of the emperor *Kia-King*, published in the year 1805, and of which the reader, we think, will not be displeased to find a translation.*

Book

* IMPERIAL EDICT.

It having been discovered that the European residents at Peking have maintained a correspondence with our Tartar subjects, for the purpose of instructing them in the doctrines of their religion, and have likewise caused books to be printed in the Chinese and Tartar languages, with a view to facilitate the propagation of their tenets: we issued an Edict, strictly prohibiting the same, and also directed that all the books containing their doctrine, which should be found in the different European establishments at Peking, should be immediately seized for the purpose of being destroyed. The contents of several of their books have been already investigated by our council for state affairs, and having, by our desire, been submitted to our inspection, we think fit to notice some particular passages.

In 'the useful introduction to the doctrine,' it is said, '*Tien-chu* (i. e.) the Master of Heaven, is the great king of all the nations; but in the '*Calendar of Saints*,' it is said, that '*Jesus the incarnate is the great king of the earth, and of all creatures.*' Again,

* Infidelity

Book II. is entitled *Miscellaneous Observances*. If the physician and cook who prepare the medicines and repasts of his Imperial Majesty, introduce any new or prohibited ingredients, they are liable to be punished with 100 blows, 'and shall be compelled to swallow the same.' (p. 178.) This book relates principally to the rules and ceremonies to be observed at Court; respecting the trans-

'Infidelity is the left-hand road; without meditation it is hardly possible to pursue the strait road, and obey the will of the Lord.' Is this truth or good sense? Again, 'The Master whom I adore is the true Master of Heaven and Earth, and of all created things; through him is the way to the kingdom to come; but the ways of this world are the ways of the flesh. Holy men were desirous of embracing the opportunity of propagating the doctrine in China.' In the 'Instructions concerning the Institution of Marriage,' it is said that 'those who are not of the religion are no better than slaves of the devil.'

The foregoing passages are sufficiently absurd and extravagant; but this is not all; there are other observations still more false and irrational, making light of the obedience due to parents, and declaring that 'the highest degree of impiety consists in disobeying the will of Tien-chu.' A story is related of a Saint Ursula, 'who refusing to obey a command, was killed by the hands of a cruel father, whereupon the Tien-chu being incensed, struck him dead with lightning; and this is announced as a warning to all parents, relations and friends, who attempt to obstruct the designs of their children.'

This is surely as contradictory to reason and social order as the wild fury of a mad dog.

In another place we are told, that there was a 'Pei-tse (i. e. a Tartar prince) who used to commit many bad actions, and never attend to the expostulations of the Fo-tsen (i. e. Tartarian princess) his wife, who endeavoured to dissuade him from his wickedness. One day a legion of devils seized the Pei-tse, and carried him to hell, and the Tien-chu, seeing that the Fo-tsen was a good and virtuous woman, privately informed her, that her husband was suffering everlasting torments in a sea of fire.' From which it is inferred, that those who neglect pious exhortations, cannot possibly escape the everlasting punishment inflicted by the Tien-chu.

Now this is absurd and extravagant in the highest degree. Where did the Europeans become acquainted with the appellatives *Pei-tse* and *Fo-tsen*? Certainly in their interviews with the natives of Tartary, from whom they adopted them in order to fabricate this idle tale!

We do not now mean rigorously to investigate what has been done heretofore; but, it is obvious, that this account of a *Pei-tse* carried to hell by devils, is given without any kind of evidence, and does not possess the least shadow of truth or credibility. It would appear, in short, to be a tale which their ingenuity has contrived; and, upon this principle, what is there that we may not readily expect them to say or to write! If, instead of an early prohibition, we suffer them to go on diffusing their tenets, and fabricating their stories, still more egregious falsehoods and absurdities will be obtained upon us.

Nothing, indeed, but a severe and exact execution of the laws, can prevent the most dangerous consequences; it is better, therefore, to take salutary and efficient precautions; and we have thought fit to direct *Loo-kang*, the noble officer superintending the European establishments at Peking, to deliberate with his colleagues on an adequate mode of procedure, as well as to examine and strictly investigate every case of the kind that may occur. In the mean time we have selected the preceding passages out of their books for general information.

For the future, we earnestly exhort our Tartar subjects, to attend to the language and admonitions of their own country and government; to practise riding and archery; to study the works of the learned and virtuous, and to observe the social duties. If the sects of *Fo* and *Tao-tse* are unworthy of belief, how much more so is that of the Europeans? Let it be their care to wash away this foul stain, and to beware of giving ear to those sinister and fallacious doctrines.

mission of imperial presents; the observance of festivals or days of ceremony; the mode of addressing the Emperor personally, and on public affairs. Sumptuary laws relative to dress, houses, carriages, furniture, &c. to be used by the officers of government, and by the people; dress of the priests; punishment of conjurors and fortune-tellers who pretend to foretell public events; punishment for evading the duty, or concealing the cause, of mourning; regulations concerning funerals, and country festivals; punishment of officers who neglect their parents.

‘If any person, in order to hold an office under government, absents himself from a father, mother, paternal grandfather or grandmother, who is either upwards of 80 years of age or totally disabled by any infirmity, while such near relation has no other male offspring above sixteen years of age to perform the duties of filial piety; or if, on the contrary, any person being in office, solicits permission to retire to his family, upon a falsely alleged pretext of the age or infirmity of any such near relation as aforesaid, the offender in either of these opposite cases, shall suffer a punishment of 80 blows.’ (p. 189.)

FIFTH DIVISION—MILITARY LAWS.

Book I. of this Division, entitled *Protection of the Palace*, relates wholly to the duties of the guards of the imperial palace, and the penalties attending any irregularity or neglect thereof. All persons are forbidden to approach the imperial temple, burying-ground, hall of oblations, or any part of the imperial palace or gardens. To enter any of the apartments in the actual occupation of the Emperor is punishable with death. The most strict regulations are laid down with regard to those who are occupied in the grounds and about the palace. Their names are to be inserted on a list in entering and returning through the several gates. No one is allowed to walk or ride on the roads and bridges over which the Emperor is to pass. All labourers, messengers, and artificers, must be provided with personal passports before they can enter any of the gates of the imperial palace: they are not to stay after their work is done; they are counted in going in and coming out, to ascertain that none remain behind. At the end of every month the lists are examined, to see how often any of the attendants have passed the gate. None of the relations of persons convicted of crimes can be employed about the palace. During the journeys of the Emperor, the people must make way for the approach of his Majesty, and not come within the lines of his guard; when approaching a place unexpectedly, so as not to allow time for the people to retire, they are to fall prostrate until the retinue shall have passed. Notwithstanding all these precautions however, the present Emperor *Kia-king* narrowly escaped assassination within the

the precincts of his palace, by the hand of a single intruder. We shall extract the official report of the circumstances. The appeal of the Emperor to the public we consider as singularly curious.

'The extraordinary council of great officers of state, appointed by our command on the 20th of the intercalary 2d moon, to try the atrocious malefactor *Chin-te*, have concluded their investigation.

'When we returned to the palace by the gate *Sun-ching*, on the 20th instant, in order to observe the solemn fast appointed for that day, it is unquestionably true that some person rushed forth; although we, being in our palanquin, and already considerably advanced towards the inner court, did not distinguish his features, and only learned the circumstances that had occurred, through the eunuchs of the palace, whom we sent to obtain information on the subject.

'On the same day, we directed the members of the supreme court of judicature, and of the council for state affairs, to institute a strict and judicial inquiry upon the case; but the confession which was made to them by the criminal, on that occasion, was highly inconsistent and unreasonable.* On the following day we directed the ministers of state, and the presidents of supreme tribunals, to assist in the investigation; but the criminal pertinaciously refused to swerve from his original deposition. We, lastly, added the officers of the nine departments, and the presidents of the subordinate tribunals, forming with the other officers of the court a full council of state; before this council he repeated, without any variation, his original confession.

'In a case of this treasonable nature, which both excited our attention and provoked our resentment, we were naturally desirous to discover, by every method of investigation, the original contriver, the confederates, and the nature of the conspiracy, if any, which had been formed on the occasion. The scrutinizing inquiries of the council, and their earnest desire to obtain information, did not certainly exceed a faithful and patriotic discharge of their duty; a duty which required of them to spare no exertion, and to proceed without reserve; and which acquitted them of any imputations arising from the implications or disclosures their inquiries tended to produce.

'We, indeed, who hold the universal sovereignty of the earth, have surely governed with candour and integrity. That our actions are neither equivocal nor suspicious, must be obvious to all our subjects, the nearest as well as the most remote from our presence. During these last eight years, though we make no claim to the perfection of political virtue, at least we have not dared to so far to forget ourselves, as to take away a life unjustly. Where, therefore, is there a ground for malice, or an excitement to revenge? The nobles and magistrates who compose our court are esteemed by us with fraternal regard. Our sons and nephews are united to us by the closest ties of blood. Shall we allow

* He charged some of the principal officers of state, and members of the imperial family, with a treasonable conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, declaring himself to be merely their agent.

a wretched criminal to injure them by his wicked aspersions? In fact, we do not fear or harbour a suspicion against any one. Among the inhabitants of the earth there may surely be some who rush on wildly like mad dogs, and who commit acts of violence which no one had previously suggested or contrived. The bird *chee-kiao* even devours its mother, yet who are its confederates?

'If, in consequence of the confession extorted from this criminal, we were to proceed against those whom, with the fury of a mad dog, he has charged with criminality, they would hardly escape with life. We renounce therefore, altogether, an investigation of such a malignant tendency. Our chief mortification at present arises from observing, that the influence of our government and example is not more effectual; and this leads us to infer that we have been guilty of some failure in our duty, which we must endeavour to rectify, that there may be no blemish in our conduct to render it inconsistent with our affection for our people.

'With regard to the atrocious criminal *Chin-té*, and his two sons, we direct that the council do pronounce the sentence of the law respecting them, and report the same for our ratification: but we direct, at the same time, that all other persons who may have been detained on the same account, be set at liberty, lest the innocent should be in any manner made to participate in the punishment of the guilty.

'On the other hand, the conduct of *Mien-gen*, prince of *Ting-ching*, who first laid hold of the criminal, and whose clothes were torn while exerting himself to repel his onset; the exertions of *La-vang-to-ur-chee*, prince of *Ku-lun-ge-fee*, and of the officers in waiting, *Tan-pa-tu-ur-chee*, *Chu-ur-kang-go*, *Cha-ka-tu-ur*, and *Sang-kee-sa-tu-ur*, by whom the criminal was ultimately secured, especially that of *Tan-pa-tu-ur-chee*, who received three wounds in the struggle, all deserve our warmest admiration and praise. On the last of these we confer the dignity of *Pei-le*; and on the two princes, and the above-mentioned officers in waiting, we shall not omit to bestow distinguished marks of our favour and approbation.

'But, at the time of this accident, the officers in waiting, together with the other individuals in our train, were certainly not less than one hundred persons; among whom six only, regardless of danger, stepped forward, in order to seize the villain. It is true that the princes *Mien-gen* and *La-vang-to-ur-chee*, and the four officers in waiting, have long enjoyed our distinguished favour; but among so many who calmly looked on with their hands in their sleeves, were there none whom we had in like manner favourably distinguished? The prince *Mien-gen* is indeed our nephew, and the prince *La-vang-to-ur-chee* our cousin by marriage, and the exertions of those who are so nearly connected with us by kindred or alliance is highly grateful to our feelings; but were there not many of the unmoved by-standers as nearly related to us? Is it thus they testify their gratitude and affection to the sovereign and to the state? If, on such occasions as this, we experience these tokens of indifference and insincerity, we can have but little reason to hope that on more ordinary occasions they will exert themselves for the good of their country.

'It is *this* and not *that* (i. e. the dagger of the assassin) which fills us with apprehension and uneasiness. Heaven has given worth and understanding to our nobles and magistrates; let them inquire of their own hearts, whether they ought not to feel shame and remorse on this occasion? This edict we issue for general information.

'SENTENCE. By his Majesty's command. *Chin-té* to suffer death by a slow and painful execution; his sons *Lou-cur* and *Fong-cur*, being of a tender age, to be strangled; and the decision of the council to be observed in all other respects.' p. 539.

Book II. of Fifth Division, is entitled *Government of the Army*, and may be considered as the Articles of War, or the Mutiny Act, of China. The regulations on every point connected with the army appear to be well conceived and arranged, and any neglect or disobedience is punished with the greatest severity. If supplies of arms, ammunition, or provisions, are not regularly transmitted; if any deficiency appears; 'if the commanding officers of the troops, who have received orders to co-operate, lose time and wait the issue of events; if those entrusted with the orders for assembling the troops do not execute their commissions in due time; any error or failure that may arise from such causes shall subject the offending parties to the punishment of death.' p. 215.

SIXTH DIVISION—CRIMINAL LAWS.

Book I. entitled Robbery and Theft. The first article is '*high treason*;' all persons convicted of which, whether principals or accessories, 'shall suffer death by a slow and painful execution;' which, Sir George Staunton tells us, is described as amounting to 'a licence to the executioner to aggravate and prolong the sufferings of the criminal by any species of cruelty he may think proper to inflict.' p. 269. All the male relations in the first degree, and their sons, are indiscriminately to be beheaded; all under the age of sixteen, and the females in the first degree, to be distributed as slaves to the great officers of state: their property of every description to be confiscated to the public. Rebellion, sacrilege, stealing the seals or stamps of office, stealing from the imperial palace, are all capital offences. It would appear, from the clauses annexed to sect. 255, entitled '*Rebellion and Renunciation of Allegiance*,' that there are in China certain brotherhoods or associations, formed by a particular and secret initiation of tasting blood and burning incense, which give considerable alarm to the government; and it is enacted, that the principal or chief of any such association, when discovered, shall suffer immediate death by strangulation. The whole of these clauses, inserted in the Appendix (No. 23), will be found curious and interesting.

In the law concerning robbery there are many nice distinctions
and

and shades of gradation, and the punishment is different for different persons concerned in the same robbery, according to the share each individual appears to have taken in the violence committed; all are, however, guilty of a capital offence, when the robbery is actually committed by violence:—the *attempt* to commit robbery is punishable by perpetual banishment. A single person taking openly and by force the property of another is sentenced only to 100 blows and three years banishment; but if the plundered individual be wounded, the offender in that case must suffer death. An attempt to steal is punishable with 50 blows. Actual stealing to the amount of 120 ounces of silver is a capital offence; but there is reason to believe that this severe sentence is never enforced. Stealing from relations and connections by marriage, in the first degree, incurs a punishment less by five degrees than in ordinary cases; because, as Sir George observes, this is not a violation of an exclusive right, but only of the *qualified* interest which each individual has in his share of the family property. p. 287. Extorting property by threats is punishable one degree more severely than in ordinary cases of theft. Swindling is punished in the same manner as theft, in ordinary cases, excepting that the offender is not liable to be branded. Kidnapping and selling free persons as slaves are punished with 100 blows and perpetual banishment; and where force is used, and wounds inflicted, by death. From a very long section (276), entitled *Disturbing Graves*, it would seem, that even the dead require to be protected from the vengeance and rapacity of the living. This subject, however, is evidently connected with some superstitious practices in use among the Chinese. Entering without authority a dwelling-house by night is punishable with 80 blows. The master is justified if, in the moment of entering, he puts the intruder to death; but not so, if he kills him after having seized his person.

Book II. of Sixth Division, entitled Homicide. This book is perhaps the most curious in the whole work, and strongly marks the abhorrence of the Chinese from the indiscriminate punishment of death, or banishment, for offences of the same nature committed under different degrees of atrocity. There are no fewer than five and twenty additional clauses to the section entitled 'Killing an Adulterer,' which are so many statutes that have been adopted, from time to time, according to the differences which have taken place in the situation and circumstances of the offending parties. p. 307.

In every case of preconcerted homicide, the original contriver is to suffer death by decapitation; the accessaries, by being strangled: accessaries, but not contributing to the act, are punishable with 100 blows and perpetual banishment. Those who commit murder
for

for the sake of plunder are to be beheaded, without distinction between principals and accessaries.

The *design* to commit parricide subjects all the parties, principals as well as accessaries, to the punishment of being beheaded; if actually committed, they must all suffer death by a slow and painful execution. Slaves designing to murder, or actually murdering, their masters, are subject to the same degree of punishment.

If a principal or inferior wife is discovered by her husband in the act of adultery, he is authorized to kill the adulterer, or adulteress, or both, at the moment. The rearing of venomous animals, and the preparing of poisons, for the destruction of man, are capital offences, although it may not appear that any person has been actually killed by means of such drugs or animals. p. 310.

Killing or wounding in play, by error, or purely by accident, is liable to the same punishment as is provided in ordinary cases of killing or wounding in an affray; but the offender is permitted to redeem himself from the capital part of the punishment, by the payment of a fine to the family of the person deceased or wounded, p. 314.

‘By pure accident is understood a case of which no sufficient previous warning could be given, either directly by the perceptions of sight and hearing, or indirectly by the inferences drawn by judgment and reflection; as, for instance, when lawfully pursuing and shooting wild animals, when throwing a brick or a tile, and in either case unexpectedly killing any person; when, slipping and falling down, so as to hurt a comrade or by-stander; when sailing, and being driven involuntarily by the winds; when riding, and unable to stop or govern your horse; or, lastly, when several persons jointly attempt to raise a great weight, and the strength of one of them fails, so that the weight falls, and kills or injures his fellow-labourers:—in all these cases there could have been no previous thought or intention of doing an injury, and therefore the law permits such persons to redeem themselves from the punishment provided for killing or wounding in an affray, by a fine to be paid to the family of the deceased or wounded person.’ p. 315.

We incline to think that the nice discrimination which is aimed at in ascertaining the precise degree of turpitude in cases of homicide, and the punishment assignable accordingly, are frequently productive of unjust severity; we are the more confirmed in this opinion, from the case of an offender charged with homicide by gun-firing (Appendix, No. 30.)

A and B, hunters by profession, neighbours and good friends, went out, with two others, to kill deer. An animal being started, the two friends fired their muskets without success; the deer, on approaching the skirts of a thicket, was fired at by A, who missed the deer, but shot B, who was pursuing it; in consequence of

which he almost immediately expired. It appeared, on examination, that B was killed by pure accident; 'that the aim had taken effect before sight or hearing could notice, or any thought or consideration ward off the fatal blow.' The viceroy, therefore, of the province found A guilty of homicide by mischance, which is punishable in the same manner with homicide committed in an affray, and redeemable by a fine (equal to 4l. 2s. 10d.) to the relations of the deceased, in order to defray the expences of his burial. This decision appears to be just, and conformable to the spirit of the law;—but what says the supreme court of Peking?

'The trial of A for mortally wounding B, by the firing of a musket, having been revised by us, members of the supreme court of judicature, we amend the sentence conformably with the law in cases of homicide committed by shooting with bows and arrows or otherwise; which law directs a punishment of 100 blows of the bamboo, and banishment for three years.'

This may be law, but it is certainly not justice. The case, however, may have been attended with circumstances not entered on the record; for, in general, it may be observed that a reference to the Emperor and the supreme tribunal of justice is followed by a mitigation of punishment.

Practitioners in medicine, performing any operation, or administering any drugs contrary to the established rules and practice, and thereby killing the patient, are considered as guilty of homicide; but if, on examination, it shall appear to have been simply an error, the doctor may redeem himself by a fine; but must quit his profession for ever.

'If the patient dies, the medical practitioner who is convicted of designedly employing improper medicines, or otherwise contriving to injure his patient, shall suffer death by being beheaded.' (p. 320.)

Book II. of *Sixth Division*, is entitled *Quarrelling and Fighting*. It enters into a minute and circumstantial detail of blows given under every conceivable circumstance, and takes into consideration every possible relation in point of rank or connection between the parties, and prescribes the punishment accordingly. It fixes the periods of responsibility for the consequences of a wound. A slave who strikes his master is liable to the punishment of death by decapitation. Also,

'Any person who is guilty of striking his father, mother, paternal grandfather or grandmother; and any wife, who is guilty of striking her husband's father, mother, paternal grandfather or grandmother, shall suffer death by being beheaded;—but, 'if a father, mother, paternal grandfather or grandmother, chastises a disobedient child or grandchild

in

in a severe and uncustomary manner, so that he or she dies, the party so offending shall be punished with 100 blows.' (p. 347.)

Upon this law Sir George Staunton observes, that

'Parents are not in any case absolutely entrusted with a power over the lives of their children, and that accordingly the crime of infanticide, however prevalent it may be supposed to be in China, is not in fact either directly sanctioned by the government, or agreeable to the general spirit of the laws and institutions of the Empire.'

If, however, a parent has the authority of the law to punish a grown up disobedient child, in an unusual manner, so that death ensues, incurring thereby the mere penalty of 100 blows, which in reality are but 40; we see no reason to doubt the fact of his being authorized to throw an infant into the street without subjecting himself to the slightest degree of punishment.

Book VIII. of *Tenth Division*, is entitled *Incest and Adultery*. From the state of Society in China, it may be supposed that cases of criminal intercourse between the sexes are not very frequent. Whether real or imaginary, however, the legislature, on this, as well as all other subjects, has provided against every possible contingency; and the marked inferiority, in point of consideration, in which the sex are held throughout the whole code, is less visible in the class of crimes specified in this book than in most of the others.

'Criminal intercourse by mutual consent with an unmarried woman shall be punished with 70 blows; if with a married woman, the punishment shall be 80 blows. Deliberate intrigue with a married or unmarried woman shall be punished with 100 blows. Violation of a married or unmarried woman, that is to say, a rape, shall be punished with death by strangulation. An assault with an intent to commit a rape shall be punished with 100 blows, and perpetual banishment to the distance of 3000 *lee*. Criminal intercourse with a female under 12 years of age shall be punished as a rape in all cases. In cases of criminal intercourse by previous agreement, or by any intrigue, the man and woman shall be esteemed equally guilty; and if any male or female child be the fruit of such connexion, it shall be supported at the expence of the father; the mother shall either be sold in marriage or remain with her husband, according to his choice; but if the husband is guilty of selling his wife in marriage to the adulterer, the parties shall be respectively punished with 80 blows; the woman shall be sent back to her family, and the price paid for her forfeited to government. The woman upon whom a rape is committed shall not be liable to any punishment. When a woman is found with child, she shall be liable to the penalties of this law, though the father should not be discoverable.' (p. 404.)

A criminal intercourse between relations within the fourth degree is in most cases a capital offence. Criminal intercourse between officers of government and females under their jurisdiction is an aggravation

gravation of the offence, in all cases, and of the punishment due in ordinary cases; it is also an aggravation of this offence, when committed during the period of mourning.

Book X. contains specific rules and regulations in all cases of imprisonment and procedure, delay in executing the sentence of the law, and treatment of prisoners in general. Exemptions from torture are confined to the eight privileged orders, to persons of 70 years and upwards, children under 15 years, and those who labour under permanent disease or infirmity. We here find also (what we scarcely expected) a consideration for female offenders, who are not to be committed to prison, except in capital cases, or in cases of adultery, but suffered to remain with their husbands or relatives till the day of trial.

Having thus, in a cursory manner, gone over the several divisions of the penal code, it may be necessary to say a word on that part of the laws, which is not the least important—the manner in which they are carried into execution.

In the several prefaces to the code, written by the Emperors of the present dynasty, a laudable solicitude is expressed that the magistrates should administer impartial justice, and that the people should know the laws that they may obey them. The pains and penalties, however, to which the officers of government are subject, whether for ignorance, negligence, oppression or corruption, are so very severe, and the restrictions under which they labour so numerous, that they may be said to operate in a manner directly the reverse of what was intended by the legislator; and to be not only unfavourable to an honourable discharge of the magisterial duties, but to produce a tendency to encourage oppression and extortion, by way of compensating the evils to which those officers are liable even at the risk of incurring greater. Certain it is, that a more corrupt and profligate government than that of China does not exist in the universe; and that, however pure the source may be, the streams become foul and muddy in proportion as they increase their distance from the fountain head. A case fortunately falls within our own knowledge, the statement of which, the proceedings of the provincial government of Canton held thereupon, together with the decision of the Supreme Court of Peking, will furnish a tolerable good criterion of the mode in which justice is administered in China.

In February, 1807, fifty-two seamen belonging to the East India Company's ship *Neptune*, being on shore at Canton, got into a general scuffle with some hundreds of Chinese, when one of the latter received an unfortunate blow on the head with a stick, and died in consequence of it. The Chinese merchant, who had given security for the good conduct of the ship's company, being called upon by the magistrates, applied to the English factory to deliver

up

up to justice one of the seamen, no matter whom, engaged in the affray. As it was impossible however to ascertain whether any, or which, of the Neptune's men had given the blow, the supercargoes very properly resisted the demand. The chief of the factory was threatened with imprisonment until a man should be given up, and the security merchant was actually imprisoned, hand-cuffed, and menaced with corporal punishment. The cargoes for the company's ships were withheld. These measures not succeeding, the magistrates next demanded that those who were most active, who were known to be drunk, and who carried sticks, should be examined, and confession extorted from them by the application of the torture. This demand was of course rejected. After more than a month lost in threats, edicts, proclamations, and daily conferences, the security merchant was allowed to send his agents to all the Company's ships in the river, to offer a reward of 20,000 dollars to any person who would point out the individual who had struck the deceased. To the honour of British seamen, they resisted the temptation, great as it was, to a man. The magistrates then assented to examine the fifty-two men in the ordinary way; the British factory was fitted up as a court of justice; the great officers of state, and the judges attended, and the result was the singling out of eleven men as having been the most active in the affray. On a re-examination of these men, they endeavoured to prevail on some one to plead guilty under an implied promise that he should not be punished. This failing, it was suggested that the affair might be got over, if the officers of the Neptune would depose, that they had seen a sailor carrying a bamboo stick over his shoulder, against which, in the hurry and confusion, a Chinese had accidentally run his head. The proposal of so ridiculous and pitiful an expedient met with the contempt it deserved. The next suggestion was, that some one of the sailors should be prevailed on to state that, finding an attempt made on his pocket, he had struck behind him and might thus have wounded the deceased. This expedient meeting with no better success, they proceeded in their examination, and dismissed all except two, Julius Caesar and Edward Sheen. It appeared that Julius Caesar had a small cane in his hand on the day of the riot, but was not outside of the factory, and that Edward Sheen was on the outside of the factory, but did not carry a stick; he confessed however that he had a Chinese tobacco pipe in his hand, the tube of which was of bamboo; the court therefore decided that he carried a stick, and consequently that he was the culprit. Having got thus far over the ground, a long negotiation took place as to the disposal of Edward Sheen, until the final decision on the case should be received from Pekin, and it was at length agreed that he should be left behind in charge of the supercargoes.

Having

Having thus briefly stated the leading facts, we shall now see in what manner the case was represented to the supreme court at Peking, and its decision thereupon. It is contained at full length in No. 11, of the Appendix, p. 521.

The Viceroy of Canton states, for the information of the Supreme Court, that Edward Sheen, an Englishman, being in an upper story of a warehouse which overlooked the street, and in which there was a window opening with wooden shutters, did, on the 18th day of the 1st moon, employ a wooden stick in an oblique direction to keep open the shutter, and that in doing this the wooden stick slipped and fell downwards; that *Leao-a-teng*, a Chinese, passing at the moment, was struck and wounded by the falling of the said stick upon his left temple, and that on the evening of the following day, he died in consequence of the wound. That repeated orders had been given to the chief of the English factory to deliver up the man to justice; that in reply it was alleged the said criminal was sick of an ague and fever, and under medical treatment; that on his recovery he was confronted with the relations of the deceased; that after repeated examinations, the said criminal Edward Sheen had acknowledged the truth of all the facts here stated without reservation; that he had consequently been proved guilty of accidental homicide, and ought therefore to be sentenced to pay the usual fine, to redeem himself from the punishment of death by strangulation.

Upon this report the Supreme Court observes, that the case appears to be one of those acts, of the consequences of which neither sight, hearing, or reflexion could have given a previous warning; that the said Edward Sheen should, therefore, be allowed to redeem himself from the punishment of death by strangulation, by the payment of a fine (amounting to about £4.3 sterling) to the relations of the deceased, to defray the expenses of burial, and then be dismissed to be governed in an orderly manner in his own country.

Sir George Staunton seems to think, that some palliating circumstances might be adduced to account for this 'mockery of justice,' and some apology offered for the fabrication of 'a story, in which the Europeans did not concur, though asserted to have done so; which, in fact, the Chinese magistrates invented; which the Chinese witnesses, knowing to be false, adopted, and in which, lastly, the sovereign himself appears to have acquiesced, without examination;' because, in the first place, the case, being unparalleled, cannot be made the ground-work of any general inference. Secondly, because the security-merchant is said to have purchased the acquiescence of the parties interested by the division of a bribe little short of £50,000. Thirdly, because the facilities for effecting the subornation of the witnesses, and corruption of the judges, were greater

greater and the danger of detection less, in the case of a foreigner, than of a native; and lastly, because the falsehood, though base and criminal in itself, neither produced, nor was intended to produce, the slightest deviation from substantial justice, in respect to the person accused: and he adds, that the Emperor's acquiescence in an acquittal, founded on so plausible and well concerted a story, cannot be fairly considered as any impeachment of the judgment and impartiality of his government.

We cannot subscribe to the apology offered for the Canton Government by Sir George Staunton: their sole object was evidently directed to the bribe of £50,000, and for this alone there can be little doubt the string of lies was invented. The subsequent promulgation of such impudent falsehoods, in the face of thousands who had it in their power to contradict them, affords an additional proof of the corruption and profligacy of the Chinese government.

We must now close our general survey of this interesting publication. To those who are anxious to know in what manner the great mass of population which this extensive empire contains, has for ages been kept in due order and submission to the laws; and desirous to investigate the minute discrimination by which each individual class of offences is distinguished from those that are analogous to it, we recommend a perusal of the whole work, in which, we can venture to promise, they will find much information and ample matter for reflexion.

It remains only to add a few words on the manner in which we conceive the translator has performed his bold undertaking—and here candour requires us to avow our incompetency to enter fully and critically into the merits of the work in this respect. To say the truth, we are but in the rudiments of the language from which it is translated. With a manuscript Chinese dictionary in one hand, and the *Leu Lee* in the other, we have endeavoured however to follow Sir George Staunton through a translation which appears to us as literal as the difference in the nature, construction, and idiom of the two languages will allow. It may easily be supposed that we have not compared many sections; but in every instance of such comparison we have found the version so close and accurate, and the style so uniform and consistent, that we do not hesitate (tyros as we are) to pronounce it a true and faithful transcript of the sense and meaning of the original. For the satisfaction of our readers, however, we shall conclude this article with a few sentences copied from the original Chinese, adding a mere verbal translation of those sentences, and subjoining the version of them as given by Sir George Staunton. The difficulty of obtaining the characters compels us to be more sparing in this respect than we could have wished.

Fan

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
凡 犯 罪 已 發 未 論 決 又 犯

Fan fan tsui yee fa vee lun quee yeu fan

11 12 13 14 15 16
罪 者 從 重 科 斷

tsui chee tsung chung ko twon.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Every one committing offence, already ascertained, not yet determined
8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
sentence, again committing offence, this, according to heavy scale,
16
judged. Thus translated by Sir G. Staunton: 'When any person, after having been charged with an offence, commits another offence before the infliction of punishment due to the former, the punishment of the greater offence shall always supersede that of the lesser.' Sect. 23.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
凡 犯 罪 時 未 老 疾 而 事 發

Fan fan tsui se vee lao tsié ur se fa.

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
時 老 疾 者 依 老 疾 論

se lao tsié che yee lao tsié lun.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
Every one committing offence, when (or time) not yet old, infirm,
8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
and the affair discovered when old, infirm, this according to old, infirm,
18
rule. Sir G. Staunton: 'Whoever is ascertained to be aged or infirm at the period of trial for any offence, shall be allowed the benefit of such plea, although he may not have attained the full age, or laboured under the alleged infirmity, at the time the offence was committed.' Sect. 24.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
凡 盜 京 城 門 鎗 皆 不 分 首

Fan tao king tching men yo kai poo fen sheu

11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
從 杖 一 百 流 三 千 里 雜 犯

tsung chang yee pé lieu san tsien lee tsa fan

Every

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Every one stealing Imperial City gate key, all, not separately,
10 11 12 13 14 15
principal, accessory, blows with the bamboo one hundred, perpetual
16 17 18 19 20
banishment three thousand lee, mixed offence. Sir G. Staunton: 'All persons found guilty of having been principals or accessories to the crime of stealing the key of the gate of the Imperial City, shall be sentenced to suffer one hundred blows, and perpetual banishment to the distance of three thousand *lee*; but this offence shall be ranked among those in which the punishment of perpetual is commutable for that of temporary banishment.' Sect. 261.

The last sentence, we presume, must be explained in the commentary to be the meaning of *tsa fan*, literally, 'a mixed offence.'

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
盜府州縣鎮城關門牆皆
tao foo tchoo sien tchin tching kuan men yo keai
11 12 13 14 15 16
杖一百徒三年
tchang yee pe too san nien.

1 2 3
Stealing a city of the first order, a city of the second order, a city of
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
the third order, a fortress, a walled town, a barrier gate, key, each,
11 12 13 14 15 16
blows with the bamboo one hundred, temporary banishment three years.
Sir G. Staunton: 'The crime of stealing the key of the gate of any other city, or of any town, fortress, or barrier station, shall be punished with one hundred blows and banishment for three years.' *Ibid.*

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
凡男婦誣執親翁及弟婦
Fan nan too too shée tsing ung kee lee foo
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
誣執夫兄欺姦者斬
too shée foo shiung kee kien che shan.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Every man wife, accuse false statement, relation father, and younger
10 11 12 13 14 15
brother wife, accuse false statement, husbands elder brother, compel to
16 17 18
commit adultery, the said (wife) cut off head. Sir G. Staunton: 'When a wife falsely accuses her father-in-law, or her elder brother-in-law, of having obliged her to consent to an incestuous intercourse, she shall suffer death by being beheaded.' Sect. 369.

ART. II. *A Letter on the Genius and Disposition of the French Government, including a View of the Taxation of the French Empire.* By an American recently returned from Europe. Philadelphia, printed; London, reprinted for Longman and Co. 1810. pp. 253. 8vo.

THIS tract is, for many reasons, entitled to very particular notice. The subject is of great importance; the author (we believe Mr. Walsh) has displayed, in the investigation of it, an acute and comprehensive mind, improved by much previous study; and his disclaimer 'of all party feelings or views,' and of every wish but 'to promote the cause of truth,' is the less liable to suspicion, because his work is addressed, not to the British but to the American public, and is principally occupied in discussing American interests. As the native of a country which was secured, by its republican form of government, against the poison of French revolutionary principles, and by the intervening ocean against the immediate danger of French invasion, he has been enabled to survey from the proper point of distance, and to estimate with an attention unclouded with the mist of European passions and prejudices, the successive increments and final mass of that tremendous power which now threatens the subjugation of mankind. As the subject of a friendly state, he has been permitted, during a long residence at Paris, minutely to inspect, and to examine in all its parts, that new and curious scheme of society, in which the whole population of a vast and hourly increasing empire conspires to one object, and becomes an individual instrument in the hand of one mighty master.

Some important results of an inquiry thus advantageously prosecuted have already been communicated to the world in the shape of a critical examination of the French '*Code of Conscription*;' and the letter now before us is intended still farther to develop the practical tendency of that formidable system. We learn, however, from a prefatory advertisement, that the author's design is not yet completed; that the present pamphlet is little more than a hasty 'outline of a much larger work which he now has in a state of forwardness;' but that he has been induced to present to the public what he considers as an imperfect sketch, by the 'belief that, if destined to be at all useful, it must be particularly so at this moment.' For the same reason we have been unwilling to defer our examination of his opinions, until we should possess the elaborate and extensive work in which the subject will be more amply discussed.

Though the author professes to have chosen the epistolary form

of

of writing, as 'exacting a less scrupulous adherence to method than any other shape into which his ideas could have been thrown,' he has, in fact, very scrupulously adhered to the general distribution of his materials announced in the commencement of his letter; and we shall therefore, in our abstract, and remarks, accommodate ourselves to the same division. 'The well-intentioned part of our citizens (says he) should be taught to understand, that it belongs to the nature, as it is the systematic plan of the government of France, to grasp at universal dominion;—that the evils which this gigantic despotism entails upon France herself are no less galling than those to which the conquered territories are subject;—and that we not only share with the British in the hatred which is cherished against them by the cabinet of St. Cloud, but are equally marked out for destruction.' (p. 3.) These three positions are successively discussed.

That France is better fitted than any other country in Europe for the attainment of universal empire, has long been the opinion of all political writers; an opinion deduced from her many physical and moral advantages; from her central position, from the excellence of her soil and climate, and from the number, compactness, and character of her population. The opinion is also confirmed by experience. The history of the last two centuries is a constant record of the growing strength of France, of the universal jealousy which it excited, and of the contrivances by which the policy of the surrounding nations endeavoured to arrest her progress and to curb her ambition. These purposes were, in part, accomplished by the combined efforts of a well-organized confederacy against the designs of Louis XIV.; and since that time the whole sagacity of politicians has been directed to the application of an artificial counterpoise to the natural preponderance of French influence, and to the establishment of a permanent *balance of power* in Europe. But our author observes, that the stability of this balance has always depended on what he calls '*an equilibrium of weakness* in the military constitutions' of the several independent governments.

The principal cause of this weakness is, probably, to be traced to those events which, on the decline of feudal tyranny, imperceptibly led to the civilization of mankind. A few towns, having gradually emancipated themselves from the general slavery, and obtained a free government, had, by the natural consequence of that freedom, so rapidly increased their population, and acquired so much wealth and power through the exertion of commercial and manufacturing industry, that the neighbouring states had been gradually led to similar pursuits, and had attempted to acquire an increase of revenue through the medium of the arts of peace, at the expense of their military establishments.

It followed that the means, whether of defence or offence, which any country was able to exert, began to depend, not on its whole numerical population, but on that excess and superfluity which remained after providing for all the demands of productive labour. The numerous wants of an army can only be supplied, in time of peace, at the expense of the state by which it is raised; during peace, therefore, the amount of that army must depend on the opulence of the country, and must consequently be reduced to the lowest scale which is compatible with the public safety. The project of maintaining a permanent military establishment on the resources of an invaded enemy was obviously impracticable, whilst the science of tactics was cultivated, by all the nations of Europe, with almost equal success; whilst plunder was checked by the fear of retaliation; whilst war had its peculiar code of morality; and whilst, in every appeal to arms, the surrounding nations were considered as forming a species of tribunal, to whose opinion the contending parties usually affected to defer the justice of their respective pretensions. In fact, the several wars antecedent to the French revolution exhibit little more than a spectacle of successive military manœuvres, executed with more or less skill by small bodies of men, whose contentions were beheld by the inhabitants of the countries in which they fought, with nearly as much indifference and impartiality as the achievements of the knights of romance were contemplated by the spectators of a tournament; and the demeanour of the combatants towards each other was usually marked by a similar mixture of hostility and courtesy.

Had this state of things continued; it would certainly have been impossible for France to effect what she has so rapidly accomplished since her revolution. But by that event, as our author observes, 'while the other states of the continent continued to revolve in the orbits in which their maxims and habits retained them, France was loosened, as it were, from the political firmament, and prepared to pursue any direction, or to receive any impulse which her new rulers might chuse to give; and was endued with a distempered energy far more formidable than any degree of strength of which the constitution of their states was, at any time, susceptible.' He thinks that, to endue her with this formidable energy, to plunge her into incessant war, and to compel and goad her on to universal conquest, was the fixed and deliberate project of the first revolutionary leaders; a project successively adopted by the directory and the consulate, and now steadily pursued and nearly completed by the Emperor. He affirms that this design was unequivocally avowed to him by all the actors in the scene of the revolution with whom he had occasion to converse at Paris. He records, in confirmation of this, the exulting exclamation of General Jourdan in the convention, that 'by decreeing the compulsory levy en masse, they had decreed the power of

of the republic to be imperishable:' and he notices a prediction to the same effect in the *Essai de Tactique* of Guibert, who, from an attentive study of the military establishments of modern Europe, was led to the persuasion 'that the continent would be speedily enslaved, should a nation possessing the resources of France break through the forms and trammels of the civil constitutions of the period; shake off fiscal solicitudes by a general bankruptcy; turn her attention exclusively to military affairs; and organize a regular plan of universal empire.'

That a design of this kind was earnestly recommended by many of the democratic writers; that the parallel between the Roman and French republics was their daily and favourite theme; and that the successful ambition of the former was always represented as a sure presage of the future triumphs of the latter, is in the recollection of our readers; and we are disposed to think, with our author, that the circumstances under which the French Convention began their career of conquest were far more favourable than those which attended the Roman senate. The elevation of Rome was slow and gradual; it was obtained after a long and arduous struggle; it was the result of a spirit equally patient and enterprising; of wise and consistent and persevering policy; and of a military system matured by experience and perfected by the adoption of whatever was excellent in the theory or practice of her enemies. France, when she entered upon her grand conflict, had attained her full vigour, and possessed resources which Italy never enjoyed. A frontier naturally strong, and defended by a triple line of fortifications constructed with consummate skill, rendered her nearly invulnerable; and her revolutionary leaders, indifferent to the sufferings of their own subjects, callous to the indignation of mankind, and guiding at their will the whole mass of a martial, enthusiastic, and almost numberless population, were enabled to overwhelm and desolate, in the course of a single campaign, the whole resources of the kingdoms which they inundated. The same leaders, in consequence of the general diffusion of the French language, and consequently of French principles, found themselves at the head of a great confederacy which pervaded all Europe; which enabled them, every where, to undermine the ancient foundations of society; to substitute, in the countries which they successively overran, a new order of things analogous to that of France; and, after enriching themselves with the spoils of their conquered enemies, to enlist their victims in the conquering army, and to impel the constantly increasing multitude to new scenes of conquest and plunder. That the final subjugation of the continent was for a time retarded, was owing to the frequent changes in the government of France; to the caprices of the various factions; and to the conflicting vices of the directory; much more than to the resistance of the surrounding

sovereigns. The plan of deriving a compensation for internal misery by foreign plunder, and of attaining wealth through conquest, had been adopted from the first, and invariably followed through every stage of the revolution; and nothing was wanting to fix the destinies of Europe but that the destructive energy of the French empire should receive, under the guidance of a competent chief, a settled and uniform aim and direction.

‘It is not (says the author) to the character and talents alone of the present ruler, however well adapted to his station, that we are to ascribe the career which France has run since his accession. I insist the more on this consideration, because it leads to important conclusions. The “swing and impulse” were already given. He did but move in concert with the regular march, and can scarcely be said to have outstripped the inherent alacrity of the system which he was selected to administer. He has, indeed, adjusted all the parts, strengthened the springs, and monopolized the government of this colossal engine of conquest, with a degree of skill and energy like that with which the Jupiter of the fable is said to have usurped and wielded the empire of Saturn. But he, and his immediate predecessors, were conquerors from necessity as well as from choice. To disband the armies would have been an effect of political suicide, and was in itself utterly impossible. It was no less impossible to maintain them within the limits of the French territory. Exclusive of other considerations, the state of their finances presented an insuperable obstacle to the latter alternative. The regular receipts of the treasury were altogether insufficient for the expense. They had irretrievably deprived themselves of the resources of credit and of a paper circulation; and although, according to an idea of Mr. Burke, a savage and disorderly people will suffer a *robbery* with more patience than an impost, the expedients of violence could not have been available in a country completely ruined and exhausted. It is easy to show, from the representations of their own financiers, that no device of fiscal alchemy would have furnished the means of supporting the armies in the interior; and that foreign plunder was, therefore, a necessary resource. It will be seen, from what I shall state hereafter on the subject of the finances of the empire, that the same connection continues to subsist between them and the military system.

“A prince,” says Machiavel, “should have no other design, nor thought, nor study, than war.” The extraordinary being who now governs France is compelled to adhere to this maxim; not only by the efficacy of habit and predilection, but from a consciousness that he cannot otherwise preserve his dominion. As the supremacy of the French power depends upon the military organization of the empire, the existence of an emperor hangs upon the support of the armies. With Buonaparte, therefore, every measure of internal administration is but collateral to the main object. To be beloved in the interior is not his aim; and unfortunately not his chief interest. He knows that in a monarchy, from which the principle of honour is banished, the tie of obligation is miserably weak, unless strengthened by the apprehensions of fear. At this moment, the only measure of authority throughout the whole empire, is force. I was in no respect more astonished than

than in observing how completely the revolution has extinguished every principle of civil subordination.

‘His personal character is well suited to the difficulties of his station. His military renown has an effulgence brighter than that of any of his generals, and has acquired for him the entire confidence of the soldiery. He has no scandalous undisguised vices, or periodical weaknesses, calculated to diminish with the armies the force of his reputation, or to counteract the ascendancy of his genius. The restless activity of his ambition, the comprehensive boldness of his plans, and the uninterrupted succession of great enterprises in which he is engaged, serve to remove domestic perils, in adding to the strength and majesty of the throne. No leisure is given for machinations in the interior; no scope for ambitious projects amongst the leaders of the army. His subjects are kept in constant admiration and suspense; splendid achievements and undistinguishing pillage constitute the necessary policy, as well as the natural and favourite pursuit, of the modern Charlemagne.’—(pp. 19—24.)

It is unnecessary for us, at a moment when the fate of Austria has been finally submitted to Buonaparte, and when the Junta of Spain is besieged in Cadiz, to dwell any longer on the first part of this pamphlet; the remainder of which is employed in proving, by a comparison of the actual power of France with that of the European continent, the insufficiency of the means which the latter, even if capable of being united in a permanent confederacy, would be able to exert for their common defence. That ‘Holland can never be what she was; that Switzerland, which remained free, by a kind of prescription, under the old system, is now but an entrenched camp of France; that Germany is open on all sides; and that Russia, standing alone in the midst of ruins, with all the ramparts overthrown which ministered to her security,’ is wholly unequal to the dreadful conflict which may probably await her; are positions which, we presume, will be admitted without difficulty.

The next point which the author proposes to prove is, that the French themselves have suffered, from the successive modes of despotism to which they have been subject since the destruction of the monarchy, the same miseries which they have inflicted on the conquered countries; that the expenses of their actual government so much exceed their actual resources, as to necessitate the continued exaction of an increasing tribute from abroad; and, consequently, that to provoke new hostility as a pretext for new confiscation, must be the fixed object of Buonaparte’s policy. To establish this opinion, it was requisite to enter into a minute examination of the present state of taxation and revenue in France; and accordingly a very considerable part of the pamphlet is devoted to this important inquiry, of which we will endeavour to present to our readers a short and intelligible abstract.

The insufficiency of the revenue having been the real, and the complication and inequality of the taxes the pretended cause of the revolution, the national assembly of France were incited, by the joint motives of interest and vanity, to form a new system of taxation, more uniform and equitable, and at the same time more conformable to the modern principles of political economy. The French monarchy, like many others, had been formed by the successive aggregation of many little states, originally differing in their laws and constitution, and continuing to preserve, as provinces of the kingdom, some parts of these distinctive peculiarities. Consequently, the financial nomenclature of France was extremely copious and complicated; the same tax being known in two adjoining provinces under different names, and different taxes by the same name; besides which, the imposts which were most universal were not very exactly distributed nor justly assessed. There was therefore much room for real improvement; but the assembly did too much. The most essential part of their system has, however, remained unaltered to the present day, so that it becomes necessary to take a short survey of their labours.

A very few words will suffice to give a general idea of the taxes paid under the monarchy, which may be arranged under the five classes of direct taxes; monopolies; duties of excise; customs and transit duties; and stamps.

The produce of the direct taxes amounted to about one third of the whole revenue. One of these, the capitation tax, which yielded about one fifth of *this* sum, was complained of, by the great majority of the country, as a most unequal and oppressive tax; because it fell very lightly on the nobility, and not at all upon the clergy. The other direct taxes were, the *vingtièmes*, which nearly resembled the English land-tax at three shillings in the pound; and the *taille*, another species of land-tax, so unequally levied that its pressure fell almost exclusively on the poorer proprietors.

The monopolies were, that of salt, which, under the name of *la gabelle*, was exercised by government in about two thirds of the kingdom; that of snuff, which it carried on throughout almost the whole country; and that of brandy and other spirits, which only affected certain provinces. Under the same head might be classed the sums received by the treasury for *les jurandes* (a qualification to exercise certain trades, as in the case of our *sworn* brokers and appraisers) and *les maîtrises*, or exclusive privileges granted to companies, or incorporated bodies of artisans, to carry on their trades within a certain district.

The excise comprehended taxes on leather, on the manufacture of starch and of cards, on iron, oil, &c.; a duty levied by *les inspecteurs de boucheries*; and *les droits d'aides* on spiritous liquors, paid, under different names, by the greatest part of the kingdom.

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In the class of transit duties were included, besides the customs payable on the export and import of merchandize at the sea ports, those which were levied at the gates of the towns, and a variety of tolls of different kinds which shackled the intercourse between the several provinces of the kingdom.

Lastly, the stamp duties, under the denominations of *contrôle*, *greffe*, *formule*, and many others, were levied on almost all kinds of contracts, and affected all changes of property.

In these five classes of duties the assembly found much to criticise and little to adopt. The taxes of excise were (to use their own words) proscribed by the holy law of *domiciliary liberty*; these therefore were totally suppressed; though the no less holy law of necessity has since caused them to be renewed and much extended. The transit duties were reduced to the single article of customs. The monopolies of salt and snuff were abolished. In lieu of the *jurandes*, *maitrises*, &c. they substituted the more comprehensive *droit des patentes*, (licences), a tax which, having been at last extended to every species of profession and occupation, is become a most productive source of revenue. The numerous varieties of stamp duties were, at the same time, reduced to three; namely, *le droit d'enregistrement*, a tax on the registers of all leases, marriages, bonds, and other contracts, proportionate to the sums contracted for, and accompanied by a book of rates; *le droit de timbre*, an additional tax imposed, principally with a view to facilitate the collection of the former; and the *droit d'hypothèque* (tax on mortgages) intended, partly as a measure of finance, and partly as a security for creditors. Thus were the indirect taxes materially simplified.

But much of this simplicity was obtained by the mere suppression of old duties; a process sufficiently obvious, which required little more than a determinate sacrifice of revenue. To extend the reform to the direct taxes; to divest them of their inequality and injustice, and to render them, at the same time, less oppressive, and more productive, was a problem which the assembly undertook to solve by the imposition of two taxes only, a *contribution foncière*, and a *contribution mobilière*.

The *contribution foncière*, which still subsists, was a universal land-tax, the principles of which were, that it should be assessed in exact proportion to the net produce of all lands whatever; that is to say, to the net income remaining to the proprietor after subtracting from the gross produce the expenses of culture, of seed, and of repairs; that this net income should be estimated on the average of a determined number of years; that the tax should be levied in money and not in kind; and that its whole amount should be annually fixed by the legislature. The assembly declared that the assessment ought in no case to exceed one sixth of the income of any individual;

dual; and that its total amount ought to bear a certain determinate ratio (two fifths) to the whole sum of the national burthens.

As the taxation of lands, in proportion to their net revenue is, in some cases, impossible, because certain wastes and marshes afford no returns; and in some cases injurious to agriculture, by discouraging attempts to reclaim and improve what is unprofitable; the contribution on waste lands was little more than nominal, being imposed for the sole purpose of ascertaining their extent; and their future cultivation was encouraged by an immunity from any increase of assessment during a certain period which varied from fifteen to twenty-five years.

The modes of assessing and collecting this tax were the most popular that could be devised; all the officers employed for this purpose being elected by the people at large; and the quotas assigned to the several departments being, by subsequent repartitions, distributed to the several districts, *communes*, and sections. The right of appeal was also admitted in every stage of the process, and a sort of sinking fund, called the *Fonds des Non-valeurs*, was created by an additional tax of one shilling in the pound, for the purpose of indemnifying all those who should prove themselves to have been injured, through any inadvertence, by an excessive assessment. At the same time the regular payment of the prescribed sums was enforced from the collectors, who were empowered to recover from the defaulters, by distraining their goods, and ultimately by seizing their persons.

The other direct tax, *la contribution mobilière*, was formed upon the principle, that a large proportion of the public burthens being exclusively laid on landed property, while the tax on licences (*patentes*) affected only the manufacturer, it seemed more equitable to levy a proportionate rate on such capitals as were neither employed in agriculture nor in manufactures, by means of a direct tax, than by any duties on consumption: because the latter must fall indiscriminately on *all* consumers, instead of attaching to those only who had in no other way contributed their share to the general treasury. The difficulty was how to obtain the approximate value of capitals which the proprietors would, of course, be studious to conceal; and then to determine the portion of income, accruing from such capitals, which might in equity be claimed for the public service. The expedient adopted for this purpose affords a curious instance of that love of theory which, at this time, animated the French legislature.

It is evident, that every individual must be lodged; and that the rent of such lodging must detract from the total means of subsistence of the poorer, a much larger proportion than from those of the wealthier citizen. But no man can be compelled to sacrifice, for this single object, so much as one half of his annual earnings; so that

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that if we multiply by two the sum which he pays for rent, we must greatly undervalue his real income. This rate of valuation therefore was adopted in estimating the annual gains of the lowest class, that is, of those whose rent did not amount to more than one hundred livres. From this sum, to that of 10,000 livres, the rents were formed into eighteen classes, and multiplied by a series of numbers, gradually increasing from two to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, the highest income being assumed to be 150,000 livres; and the quota levied on each person was one twentieth of the income thus estimated.

But as the assembly were aware that a tax which attached only on a particular species of capital, and was calculated from these fanciful data, might very possibly fail to yield the revenue expected from it, they thought it necessary to assist this impost by some certain provisions. These were, 1st. A fixed tax, of the value of three days labour on all persons qualified as active citizens. 2d. A progressive tax on all menial servants, male or female. 3d. A tax on all horses and mules not employed in husbandry; and, 4th. A universal habitation tax.

The *contribution mobiliare*, consisting of these five taxes, was intended to yield one fourth of the amount of the *contribution foncière*; so that the public burthens were equally divided between the direct and indirect taxes; and thus was completed a system of finance which the constituent assembly, on the 28th of July, 1791, offered to the criticism of the nation.

This criticism was not long delayed; for in August, 1792, the second or legislative assembly proposed an entirely new organization of the taxes, accompanied by many severe strictures on the absurdity of their predecessors. They observed that the net revenue of the country was incapable of being ascertained with even tolerable accuracy, because it was composed of elements which every individual in the community was interested in misrepresenting; that the calculations built on this faulty basis were wholly erroneous, though invested with all the pomp and affectation of scientific precision; and that the direct and indirect taxes were, in this system, totally unconnected, whereas they might easily have been employed to verify each other. This might have been accomplished by taking the *whole venal value*, instead of the *annual net rents* of land as the basis of taxation. Every where, estates are usually sold at a certain number of years purchase of their net income; and this number is always sufficiently notorious. Now the *droit d'enregistrement* was an old tax; and, by referring to the register of sales in each department, it would be easy to ascertain the sums paid for each estate which had changed masters, which, the number of acres, &c. being also specified, would afford a correct term of comparison for those lands which had not been alienated. Thus, where the usual rate of sales is at thirty years purchase, it is evident that $\frac{1}{30}$ th of the whole

whole equivalent paid must be $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the annual net rent; at 90 years $\frac{1}{10}$ th, and so on. The same reasoning will apply to houses; and consequently the *contributions foncière et mobiliare* might be assessed with a great degree of exactness; they would be naturally connected with the *enrèglement* and *hypothèques*; and the different parts of the system would check and verify each other. This project was printed and dispersed, but was never adopted by the national convention to whom it was bequeathed by the legislative assembly.

Indeed, from September 1792, to the end of June 1795, all the financial operations of the convention appear to have been measures of destruction. During this interval they suppressed the *patentes*, which, however, have been since revived and extended: and they altered and reduced, and finally rendered almost nugatory the *contribution mobiliare*. At length, however, the depreciation of their paper money, the discontents of the people, and their own divisions and weakness compelled them to seek for the means of securing a regular and permanent revenue. They therefore, by a law of the 25th of July 1795, established a new tax called the *contribution personnelle & somptuaire*, exactly the same in principle, and levied on the same capitals as the *contribution mobiliare* which it was intended to supersede. It contains, however, a considerable extension of the subsidiary taxes annexed to that contribution, viz. a tax on male servants, a capitation tax, a tax on horses, carriages, &c. All of these, excepting the capitation, are progressive in a pretty high proportion, and consequently operate as sumptuary laws. In lieu of the *cotte mobiliare* and *cotte d'habitation*, the former of which was founded on a very fanciful, and perhaps absurd basis, it substitutes the more simple expedient of hearth money, increasing from 5 to 10, 15, 20, &c. livres, according to the number of chimnies.

Our readers will, we trust, forgive the length of this historical retrospect, by which we have attempted to illustrate the reasoning, and to confirm the conclusions of the work before us. Mr. Walsh has justly remarked that Buonaparte, by contriving to wrest from the tribunate the right of appropriating the revenue to particular services, and by thus placing the whole of the public treasury at his own disposal, has united the extremes of fiscal and military tyranny; a union which Montesquieu had considered as impossible. It would indeed have been impossible under the old government. Fiscal rapacity, when only aided by the avowed agents of a tyrant, has its limits; and much may be secreted from the severest temporary scrutiny: no talent, no inflexibility of character, no ascendancy over the military, could have placed the resources of France under that complete controul which is exercised by its present sovereign. But the foundations of a despotism, far more absolute than any which

which had yet been exhibited to the world, were deeply and firmly laid by an assembly, delegated for the purpose of creating a free constitution; enthusiastic in the cause of freedom, and zealous for the reform of old abuses. The forms of liberty have survived the substance; under those forms, the faculties of every individual are subjected to the permanent inquisition of all his neighbours; and thus the people, whose agency throughout the revolution was employed in the commission of every violence, and alleged as the excuse of every crime, are rendered the active instruments of their own oppression.

Mr. Walsh has explained, with great ability, the many practical evils arising from every part of the new financial system. From the *patentes*, to which near 1,800,000 heads of families are subject, of whose industry the precarious profits are thus severely lessened, whilst the public functionaries, paid by the treasury, are alone exempted;—from a land-tax, the weight of which is annually increasing, in consequence of the progressive depreciation of real property, and which is annually accompanied by a new scrutiny and new assessment, so that it operates as an insuperable bar to agricultural improvement;—from the *enrégistrement* which, under the wretched administration of justice in France, has the effect of increasing beyond all bounds the extent and expenses of litigation;—from the almost daily recurrence of lotteries, and the dreadful excess of gambling to which they give rise;—from the complicated inquisition of the imperial post-office, ‘which tends to destroy all spirit and confidence in individuals, and to disorder the whole frame of society;’ from the multiplied vexations of a most merciless excise, &c. &c.

We have not leisure to examine minutely, or even to enumerate all the articles of the formidable list; but some general idea of the extent of misery produced by the new fiscal system may be derived from the three following observations. In the first place, by the original constitution of the system, every *commune* in France had its separate collector of the land and mobiliary tax; consequently, between forty and fifty thousand collectors (this being the number of the *communes*) were required for the direct taxes only. The indirect, which (though they did not include the excise) were levied on a much greater variety of objects, must have demanded at least an equal number. Now, if to these 100,000 collectors we add the ‘immense multitude of directors, sub-directors, inspectors, sub-inspectors, clerks, verifiers, visitors, controllers, excisemen, *préposés*, and *simples employés*, *huissiers*, *régisseurs*, &c.’ required in the subsequent stages of the process, it will appear probable that the fiscal army of France bears no small proportion to its formidable military establishment.

Secondly, we know from Necker that, under the monarchy, the whole revenue of the kingdom was raised at the expence of 10½ per cent.

cent. whereas it is apparent, from all the modern budgets, that the collection of the present revenue costs between 15 and 16.

Thirdly, the only burthen to which the people of France were subject under the old government, and which has not been revived by the new, is that of the *corvées* (statute labour); but, as Mr. Walsh justly observes, 'the labour to which the refractory conscripts are condemned on the high roads, is at least an equivalent.'

The author concludes this part of his subject by an estimate of the permanent revenue of France, which he values (p. 170) at 1200,000,000 of francs, *nearly*, as (he says) 60,000,000*l.* sterling, and afterwards swells (p. 175) to 1400,000,000 millions of francs.—He appeals to the budget of 1806, in support of his calculations.

Now we presume that the difference between the two sums here specified, must be a mere error of the press; but we suspect that Mr. Walsh has inadvertently fallen into two mistakes which have led to a considerable exaggeration. In the first place, the total 'receipts of the treasury at Paris, during the year 1806,' are represented, in the budget to which he refers, as comprising various items which he has afterwards added to the general amount. In the second place, he seems to have forgotten that, for the purpose of discarding the revolutionary calendar, it was decreed that the financial year 1806 should commence on the 1st Vendémiaire of the 14th republican year (22d September 1805). so that it included, up to the 31st of December, 465, instead of 365 days. Consequently the sums received during this period, which he has correctly stated as 1133,233,691 francs, ought to be diminished in this proportion, for the purpose of forming an average annual estimate. In fact, we believe the real amount of the revenue raised by taxes, to be a little more than 1000 millions; since it appears, in the budget 1808, that the national or public receipts were *net* 710 millions; those of the departments, municipalities, and communes, with those called *special* and *local* 200; and the expenses of collection about 140; making together 1050 millions. And the enormity of this sum, if compared with the revenue of 585 millions which, when France was possessed of *ships, colonies, and commerce*, was with infinite difficulty extorted from its industrious and thriving population, will appear sufficiently exorbitant.

But whether the estimate, which we have here given our reasons for believing to be erroneous, and which, if it could be established, would perhaps tend to disprove the opinions which it is adduced to confirm, originated in the author's momentary inadvertence, or in the mistake of a hasty transcriber, or in some blunder of the American or English printer is, we think, of no great importance; because we are not much disposed to rely on the amount of pounds, shillings, and pence levied in taxes on any people, as a certain or very intelligible criterion of their miseries or powers of endurance; and

would

would much more willingly trust to arguments deduced from real experience and observation. Mr. Walsh, who had anticipated the 'fragility' of all the continental powers, and was convinced that the final struggle must take place between the French and British empires, determined, for the satisfaction of his own mind, and for the purpose of conveying such information to his countrymen, to examine minutely the state of these rival countries. We will extract, from the parallel which he draws, as much as is compatible with our limits.

'Whatever may be the representations of those who, with little knowledge of facts, and still less soundness or impartiality of judgment, affect to deplore the condition of England,—it is nevertheless, true, that there does not exist, and never has existed elsewhere,—so beautiful and perfect a model of public and private prosperity;—so magnificent, and at the same time, so solid a fabric of social happiness and national grandeur. I pay this just tribute of admiration with the more pleasure, as it is to me in the light of an atonement for the errors and prejudices, under which I laboured, on this subject, before I enjoyed the advantage of a personal experience. A residence of nearly two years in that country, during which period I visited and studied almost every part of it, with no other view or pursuit than that of obtaining correct information, and I may add, with previous studies well fitted to promote my object, convinced me that I had been egregiously deceived.' pp. 181, 182.

'It appears something not less than impious to desire the ruin of this people, when you view the height to which they have carried the comforts, the knowledge, and the virtue of our species: the extent and number of their foundations of charity; their skill in the mechanic arts, by the improvement of which alone, they have conferred inestimable benefits on mankind; the masculine morality, the lofty sense of independence, the sober and rational piety which are found in all classes; their impartial, decorous and able administration of a code of laws, than which none more just and perfect has ever been in operation:—their seminaries of education yielding more solid and profitable instruction than any other whatever: their eminence in literature and science—the urbanity and learning of their privileged orders,—their deliberative assemblies, illustrated by so many profound statesmen, and brilliant orators. It is worse than ingratitude in us not to sympathize with them in their present struggle, when we recollect that it is from them we derive the principal merit of our own character—the best of our own institutions—the sources of our highest enjoyments—and the light of freedom itself, which, if they should be destroyed, will not long shed its radiance over this country.

'The state of France, as it fell under my observation in one thousand eight hundred and seven, exhibited quite another perspective.—Combined with the evils which I have already had occasion to notice, various other causes conspired to heighten the national calamity. The extinction of all public spirit, and of the influence of public opinion,—the depopulation and decay of the great towns,—the decline of agriculture and manufactures,—the stagnation of internal trade,—the stern dominion

minion of a military police,—incessantly checked the exultation, natural to the mind, on viewing the profusion of bounties, with which the hand of Providence has gifted this fine region. The pressure of the taxes was aggravated by the most oppressive rigours in the collection. The peasant or farmer who was delinquent in paying his taxes, had a file of soldiers, under the name of *garnisers*, quartered upon him, who consumed the fruits of his industry, as a compensation for the loss sustained by the state. The grape, in numberless instances, was permitted to rot on the vine, in consequence of the inability of the proprietor either to dispose of his wine when made, or to discharge the imposts levied upon every stage of the process of making it. I was credibly informed that families were frequently compelled to relinquish their separate establishments, and to associate in their domestic economy, in order to lighten, by dividing the burden of the taxes.' pp. 187, 8, 9, 190.

The author then proceeds to paint, with more minuteness, and in the most glowing colours, the various appearances of misery which every where arrested his attention; the ruined edifices; the broken roads on which he found himself a solitary traveller; the frightful extent of mendicity in the towns and villages; the effects of the conscription, which had consigned, almost exclusively, to female labourers, the severest toils of agriculture; the indolence, profligacy and irreligion which have taken place of the active and innocent gaiety which once distinguished the French character; and thence again reverts to the inference that the burthens imposed upon the people are incapable of further increase, because they are already such as effectually to prevent the growth of future resources. He thinks the French people 'absolutely saturated with taxes.' He contends that they cannot support those immense armies with the existence of which that of the government is indissolubly united; that these armies must therefore be employed in wresting from foreign nations their necessary subsistence; in exhausting the resources of the present, and consuming the hopes of the future. Hence he anticipates a succession of more dreadful miseries than Europe has yet experienced. 'It was the boast of the Hun Attila (says he) that *no grass ever grew where his foot once trod*.' It is the passion of the ferocious conqueror of the present day, that no generous or independent feeling shall flourish within the baleful glare of his sceptre. The fruits of industry constitute his natural prey, as well as the riches of nature, and the most venerable fabrics of human policy.

'metuenda colonis

Fertilitas. Laribus pellit, detrudit avitis

Finibus, aut aufert vivis, aut occupat hæres.

Congestæ cumulantur opes—orbisque rapinas

Occupat una domus,—*Claud. in Ruf. c. III.*

A very few words will be sufficient to explain the third position inculcated by Mr. Walsh, namely, 'that the Americans not only share

share with the British in the hatred cherished against them by the cabinet of St. Cloud, but are equally marked out for destruction; because it is little more than a corollary from what has been already said. Admitting the state of France to be such as we have described, the policy and character of Buonaparte must tend to the same point. As the 'reign of terror' recruited the republican armies, the vexations of fiscal oppression will drive into the imperial legions successive multitudes of conscripts, and daily add to that power which he is chiefly solicitous to extend.

'If,' says Mr. Walsh, 'he permitted the state to thrive by the consequences of industry, his domestic power would be endangered, or its character undergo a radical change. He would render the mechanism of his administration so complex as to divide his strength and attention. The simple forms of polity, such as the Lacedemonian and the Roman, which, by proscribing all branches of industry, created the desire, as well as the necessity of incessant war, are by far the most firm and lasting. The same character of permanence has distinguished the oriental despotisms of the present day, which tolerate no such industrious pursuits as might enrich the mass of the people.' (p. 209.)

But independently of all considerations of general policy, and of the presumptions founded on the military education and continued habits of Buonaparte, we have the more direct testimony of his own conduct during the few intervals of tranquillity which his busy reign has afforded, and the authority of his own repeated declarations to prove his determined hostility to commerce in any shape. All commerce supposes a free intercourse of individuals; a free exchange of property; the secure possession of that property by all to whom it is successively transferred; commerce is alternately the effect and cause of liberty; and because it is so, he would wish to extinguish it throughout the world. Hence his inveterate hatred to Great Britain; hence the contempt and contumely with which he repels the remonstrances of his trading subjects; hence his avowal to a deputation of merchants at Hamburgh, 'that he detested commerce and all its concerns;' hence the new commercial code, destined to 'enjoy a universal influence, and to become the maritime law of *Europe*;' and hence the decrees for the blockade of the British isles which, Mr. Walsh contends, would be only 'ridiculous' if they had not been passed with a view of driving this country into measures of retaliation.

The American states, therefore, the children of freedom and commerce, must be no less than ourselves, the objects of imperial hatred. It will be, as it has hitherto been, to no purpose, that their government may appeal to their frequent and almost ostentatious display of hostility to Great Britain, and of amity to France, whilst the Americans continue to exhibit an example of republican manners; whilst they preserve a sense of independence; whilst they freely

freely canvas, instead of submissively adopting the measures recommended to them by the French emperor, and persevere in attempting to assist, by their shipping, the general intercourse of nations.

‘The inferences which I drew from the above general considerations, were early confirmed in my mind, during my residence in Paris, by the most positive testimony. I heard, from every man both in and out of office, who had any intimate connexion with the government, the same language of contempt and menace on the subject of the United States. The peculiar phraseology was—“that we were a nation of fraudulent shopkeepers,—British in prejudices and predilections, and equally objects of aversion to the Emperor, who had taken a fixed determination *to bring us to reason in due time.*” It was universally understood, that our sluggishness in acceding to all his wishes;—the bold strictures, in which we sometimes indulge, concerning his character and conduct—and the nature of our institutions;—were inexpressible offences—and to be finally retributed by the full weight of his resentment. The British he hates,—and dreads,—and respects. The people of this country he detests and despises. He detests us as the progeny of the British—and as the citizens of a free government. He despises us as a body of traders,—according to his view,—without national fame or national character;—without military strength or military virtues.

‘If we had thrown ourselves into his arms, he might have respected us more for some decision of character,—but he would not have hated us less. Our labours to steer a middle course—to moderate his violence by humble remonstrances and benevolent professions,—to entice from him the alms of an oppressed and precarious refuse of trade,—have only conduced to heighten his disdain and to embolden his insolence. We have squandered,—and do squander unavailingly,—our fund of submission. Every act of humiliation is not merely superfluous—but absolutely prejudicial. There is no extravagance of disgrace, which could render him placable. A war with England might soften his tone for some time, but as we have seen exemplified in the case of Austria and Prussia,—and shall soon see proved in that of Russia,—it would not produce an oblivion of past disgusts,—nor contract his immeasurable ambition,—nor extirpate his deeply-rooted hostility to trade and to popular institutions. When an attempt was to be made, to plunge us into the same abyss of ruin, which we had been assisting him to prepare for others, we should as in the instance of Prussia, be scornfully reproached and relentlessly punished for our original neutrality—for the symptoms of discontent or indignation, which we might have shown under the yoke of his own galling amity—for our very treachery to the cause we had abandoned in his favour, and which, as we should be told, our base fears alone prompted us to betray.’

The remaining pages being more particularly interesting to the American than to the English reader, we shall here close our account of a work which we have perused with great pleasure, and which we consider as equally creditable to the political sagacity, and to the patriotic and generous feelings of the writer. We sincerely

cerely wish that it may be received in America with the attention to which we think it entitled; and that there, as well as here, it may tend to disseminate a just sense of the great interests which require, on the part of both countries, a sincere spirit of conciliation, an oblivion of petty differences, and combined efforts for the preservation of so much of the liberty of the world as has hitherto escaped, and may be rendered inaccessible to the invasion of their common enemy.

But though we warmly approve the principles and tendency, and admire the general execution of this work, we must not be understood to assent indiscriminately to all the author's opinions. We will not stop to discuss minute shades of difference; but there are two points very closely connected with his general doctrine on which that difference is material.

In the first place, after describing those 'military propensities' of the French people which he very justly imputes to the artifices and ambition of the leaders of the revolution, he contends (pp. 71, &c.) that if another temporary anarchy should take place in France in consequence of the death of the present sovereign, the French would only become, after a short interval, and under some new leader, 'if possible still more formidable to Europe than they are at this moment;' and he founds this opinion on the increased energy which every country has been found to derive from domestic contentions. Now we admit that civil wars, whatever may be their other effects, are usually favourable to the expansion of talent, because, during the struggle, every mind rises or sinks to its natural level. The shock given to Europe by the late revolution in France, the ability displayed by numbers of political and military chiefs, and above all, the elevation of Buonaparte himself from an obscure situation to that throne which his genius has rendered so formidable, afford such striking illustrations of the doctrine, that it is needless to recur to historians or moralists for further examples. But after a conflagration so recent, in which so much talent has blazed forth and been extinguished, we cannot believe that the spark of discord would again kindle the few combustible materials which may remain uncrushed by the pressure of despotism. We think that a short conflict for power between a few veteran generals and armies, terminating in the success of one, and the defeat of his rivals, would tend to diminish, rather than to increase the military power of the nation. We doubt whether France or Europe would furnish a chief at all comparable to Buonaparte. But farther, we doubt the continued action of those military propensities which Mr. Walsh ascribes to the French people. Without at all questioning the lively picture which he has drawn of the exultation excited amongst the squalid and famished inhabitants of Paris at the intelligence of every fresh triumph of their armies, we may venture to observe that such

exultation is, every where, the usual concomitant of such events; that the gratification of national vanity is something, and that the festivities which victory brings with it may afford a pleasing dissipation to wretches who are perfectly free from any feelings of ambition. Our belief, indeed is, that these feelings are, at present, nearly confined to the breast of the great conqueror; and that amongst his subjects, we may almost say amongst his military officers and armies, the universal wish is for PEACE: and this brings us to our second point of difference.

The general tendency of all Mr. Walsh's arguments is to prove that (p. 204) 'no peace can be expected until France can yield a revenue to the Imperial Exchequer, sufficient both for the maintenance of her armies, and the charge of her vast domestic establishment; or until whatever spoil yet remains on the continent shall be either forcibly ravished or tamely surrendered. Her ruler *must of necessity*, wrest from the nations abroad that food for the troops which cannot be found at home.' Now, we are not at all more sanguine than Mr. Walsh in our hopes of peace; but we think that his reasoning proves too much. War is always a state of effort, and no nation can maintain in peace the same military establishment which that effort requires. That establishment is always reduced: the unproductive soldiers are refunded into the stock of productive labourers. We admit that, so long as the French government was pledged to assign to the armies, on the completion of their service, a portion of landed property which had been already diverted to other purposes, that government had no alternative but that of war. The impossibility of redeeming their pledge, constituted the impossibility of reducing their establishment. But it cannot surely be concluded that the restitution of the wretched conscripts to their families would be fatal to the security of the Imperial Napoleon, at whose name, even if his troops were reduced to one fifth of their present number, rebellion would turn pale, and against whom Europe can no longer furnish a hostile confederacy. That the prospect of returning peace is doubtful, and distant, and perhaps desperate, arises, as we conceive, not from political or financial difficulties, but solely from the character and taste of Buonaparte. It is because the complicated arrangements of a campaign, by which vast and distant armies are enabled to co-operate to some common purpose, afford constant occupation for his indefatigable activity of mind; because the regular and systematic docility of these disciplined masses of men, is constantly responsive to his will, and affords him the most lively consciousness of his unrivalled power; perhaps, because the casualties of war call forth the most striking display of those resources in which his genius is unrivalled; perhaps, because he dreads the languor of sullen and solitary greatness, that he persists in his career and forms new plans

of

of conquest. His ambition is apparently insatiable, because the pursuits in which it engages him excite the exercise of all his faculties, and exertion is never the cause of satiety. Age and sickness, jealousy of his more prominent generals, or the wish of securing to an hereditary successor the dominions which he has acquired, may perhaps ultimately lead him to wish for the pacification of the world; but we confess that in the mere embarrassment of his revenue, however insufficient it may now be, and however likely to decline from the diminishing supply of foreign spoil, we can discover no solid grounds either of hope or of apprehension.

ART. III. *Fatal Revenge; or, the Family of Montorio: a Romance.*
By Dennis Jasper Murphy. 3 vols. 8vo. London. Longman and Co. 1807.

J'APPRENDS d'être vif. Such was the noted answer of a German baron who had alarmed a whole Parisian hotel by leaping over joint-stools in his solitary apartment. This mode of qualifying himself for the lively conversation of the French was probably attended with some fatigue to the worthy *Frei-herr's* person, and perhaps some damage to his shins; with which we the more readily sympathise, as, in compliance with the hint of several well-meaning friends, we are just taking the pen after some desperate efforts *pour apprendre à être vif*. It was whispered to us, in no unfriendly voice, that we were respectable classical scholars, divines at least as serious as was necessary, tolerable politicians considering the old-fashioned nature of our principles, and as good philosophers as could be expected of persons obviously trammelled by belief in the tenets which, in compliance with ancient custom, are still delivered once in seven days to those who chuse to hear them. It seemed farther to be allowed, that we were indifferent good hands at a sarcasm, and displayed some taste for poetry; but still we were not lively—that is, we had none of those light and airy articles which a young lady might read while her hair was papering. To sum up all in one dismal syllable, it was insinuated that we were *dull*. To prove the futility of the charge, we resolved to extend the sphere of our inquiries; and to review not only the grave and weighty, but the flitting and evanescent productions of the times; for the purpose of giving full scope to our ingenuity, and evincing the vivacity of our talents, so wantonly called in question. The want of proper subjects for the exercise of our powers was the first dilemma. We had no friendly correspondent at the court of Paris who with a sentimental flourish on the peace which ought to subsist in the republic of letters, though war raged between the respective countries of the sages, might forward, through some kind neutral,

tral, the last new novel or the latest philosophical discovery of the Institute, and only expect us, in requital, to give the wit and learning and science of the Great Nation its reasonable and just precedence over those of our own country. What then was to be done? After some consideration, we sent to our Publisher for an assortment of the newest and most fashionable novels, hoping to find among the frivolous articles of domestic manufacture something to supply the want of foreign importation. It is from a laborious inspection into the contents of this packet, or rather hamper, that we are now risen with the painful conviction that spirits and patience may be as completely exhausted in perusing trifles as in following algebraical calculations. Before proceeding however to the novel, selected almost at random for the subject of a few remarks, we cannot but express our surprise at the present degradation of this class of compositions.

The elegant and fascinating productions which honoured the name of novel, those which Richardson, Mackenzie, and Burney gave to the public; of which it was the object to exalt virtue and degrade vice; to which no fault could be objected unless that they unfitted here and there a romantic mind for the common intercourse of life, while they refined perhaps a thousand whose faculties could better bear the fair ideal which they presented—these have entirely vanished from the shelves of the circulating library. It may indeed be fairly alleged in defence of those who decline attempting this higher and more refined species of composition, that the soil was in some degree exhausted by over-cropping—that the multitude of base and tawdry imitations obscured the merit of the few which are tolerable, as the overwhelming blaze of blue, red, green, and yellow, at the Exhibition, vitiates our taste for the few good paintings which show their modest hues upon its walls. The public was indeed weary of the protracted embarrassments of lords and ladies who spoke such language as was never spoken, and still more so of the see-saw correspondence between the sentimental Lady Lucretia and the witty Miss Caroline, who battledored it in the pathetic and the lively, like Morton and Reynolds on the stage. But let us be just to dead and to living merit. In some of the novels of the late Charlotte Smith we found no ordinary portion of that fascinating power which leads us through every various scene of happiness or distress at the will of the author; which places the passions of the wise and grave for a time at the command of ideal personages; and perhaps has more attraction for the public at large than any other species of literary composition, the drama not excepted. Nor do we owe less to Miss Edgeworth, whose true and vivid pictures of modern life contain the only sketches reminding us of the human beings, whom, secluded as we are, we have actually

tually seen and conversed with in various parts of this great metropolis.

When we had removed from the surface of our hamper a few thin volumes of simple and insipid sentiment; taken a moment's breath; and exclaimed 'O Athenians, how hard we labour for your applause!' we lighted upon a class of books which excited sterner sensations. There existed formerly a species of novel of a tragi-comic nature, which, far from pretending to the extreme sentiment and delicacy of the works last mentioned, admitted, like the elder English comedy, a considerable dash of coarse and even indelicate humour. Such were the compositions of Fielding; and such of Smollet, the literary Hogarth, whose figures, though they seldom attained grace or elegance, were marked with indelible truth and peculiarity of character. Instead of this kind of comic satire, in which, to borrow a few words of Old Withers, abuses, when whipped, were perhaps stripped a little too bare, we have now the lowest denizens of Grub-street narrating, under the flimsy veil of false names, and through the medium of a fictitious tale, all that malevolence can invent and stupidity propagate concerning private misfortunes and personal characters. We have our Winters in London, Bath, and Brighton, of which it is the dirty object to drag forth the secret history of the day, and to give to Scandal a court of written record. The talent which most of these things indicate is that of the lowest news-paper composition, and the acquaintance with the fashionable world precisely what might be gleaned from the footman or porter; while the portraits of Bow-street officers, swindlers, and bailiffs, are possibly drawn from a more intimate acquaintance. The shortness of our cruise has not yet permitted us to fall in with any of these picaroons; but let them beware, as Lieutenant Bowling says, how they come athwart our hawser; 'we shall mind running them down no more than so many porpoises.'

'Plunging from depth to depth a vast profound,' we at length imagined ourselves arrived at the Limbus Patrum in good earnest. The imitators of Mrs. Radcliffe and Mr. Lewis were before us; personages, who to all the faults and extravagancies of their originals, added that of dulness, with which they can seldom be charged. We strolled through a variety of castles, each of which was regularly called Il Castello; met with as many captains of condottieri; heard various ejaculations of Santa Maria and Diavolo; read by a decaying lamp, and in a tapestried chamber, dozens of legends as stupid as the main history; examined such suites of deserted apartments as might fit up a reasonable barrack; and saw as many glimmering lights as would make a respectable illumination—Amid these flat imitations of the Castle of Udolpho we lighted unexpectedly

perfectly upon the work which is the subject of the present article, and, in defiance of the very bad taste in which it is composed, we found ourselves insensibly involved in the perusal, and at times impressed with no common degree of respect for the powers of the author. We have at no time more earnestly desired to extend our voice to a bewildered traveller, than towards this young man, whose taste is so inferior to his powers of imagination and expression, that we never saw a more remarkable instance of genius degraded by the labour in which it is employed. It is the resentment and regret which we experience at witnessing the abuse of these qualities, as well as the wish to hazard a few remarks upon the romantic novel in general, which has induced us (though we are obliged to go back a little) to offer our criticism on the 'Fatal Revenge, or the House of Montorio.'

It is scarcely possible to abridge the narrative, nor would the attempt be edifying or entertaining. A short abstract of the story is all for which we can afford room. It is introduced in the following striking manner.

'At the siege of Barcelona by the French, in the year 1697, two young officers entered into the service at its most hot and critical period. Their appearance excited some surprise and perplexity. Their melancholy was Spanish, their accent Italian, their names and habits French.

'They distinguished themselves in the service by a kind of careless and desperate courage, that appeared equally insensible of praise or of danger. They forced themselves into all the *coups de main*, the wild and perilous sallies, that abound in a spirited siege, and mark it with a greater variety and vivacity of character than a regular campaign. *Here* they were in their element. But among their brother officers, so cold, so distant, so repulsive, that even *they* who loved their courage, or were interested in their melancholy, stood aloof in awkward and hesitating sympathy. Still, though they would not accept the offices of the benevolence their appearance inspired, they were involuntarily always conciliating. Their figures and motions were so eminently noble and striking, their affection for each other so conspicuous, and their youthful melancholy so deep and hopeless, that every one inquired, and sought intelligence of them from an impulse stronger than curiosity. Nothing could be learnt; nothing was known, or even conjectured of them.

'During the siege, an Italian officer, of middle age, arrived to assume the command of a post of distinction. His first meeting with these young men was remarkable. They stood speechless and staring at each other for some time. In the mixture of emotions that passed over their countenances, no one predominant or decisive could be traced by the many and anxious witnesses that surrounded them.

'As soon as they separated, the Italian officer was persecuted with inquiries about the strangers. He answered none of them; yet he admitted

mitted that he knew circumstances sufficiently extraordinary relating to the young men, who, he said, were natives of Italy.

'A few days after, Barcelona was taken by the French forces. The assault was terrible; the young officers were in the very rage of the fight; they coveted and courted danger; they stood amid showers of grape and ball; they rushed into the heart and crater of explosions; they literally "wrought in the fire." The effects of their dreadful courage were foreseen by all; and cries of recal and expostulation sounded around them on every side, in vain.

'On the French taking possession of the town, there was a general demand for the *brothers*. With difficulty the bodies were discovered, and brought with melancholy pomp into the commander's presence. The Italian officer was there; every eye was turned on him.' Introd. pp. ix—xiii.

The history of these mysterious brethren is told by the officer who had recognized them, and runs briefly thus: Orazio, Count of Montorio—for we begin our story with the explanation, which in the original concludes it—possessed of wealth, honours, and ancestry, is married to a beautiful woman, whom he loves doatingly, but of whose affections he is not possessed. A villainous brother instils into his mind jealousy of a cavalier to whom the Countess had formerly been attached. Orazio causes the supposed paramour to be murdered in the presence of the lady, who also dies: he then flies from his country with the feelings of desperation thus forcibly described:—

'My reason was not suspended, it was totally *changed*. I had become a kind of intellectual savage; a being that, with the malignity and depravation of inferior natures, still retains the reason of a man, and retains it only for his curse. Oh! that midnight darkness of the soul, in which it seeks for something whose loss has carried away every sense but one of utter and desolate privation; in which it traverses leagues in motion and worlds in thought, without consciousness of relief, yet with a dread of pausing. I had nothing to seek, nothing to recover; the whole world could not restore me an atom, could not shew me again a glimpse of what I had been or lost; yet I rushed on as if the next step would reach shelter and peace.' Vol. iii. p. 380.

In this maniac state he reaches an uninhabited islet in the Grecian archipelago, where, from a conversation accidentally overheard between two assassins sent by his brother to murder him, the wretched Orazio learns the innocence of his victims, and the full extent of his misery. He contrives to murder the murderers, and the effect of the subsequent discovery upon his feelings is described in a strain of language which we were alternately tempted to admire as sublime and to reprobate as bombastic.

Orazio determines on revenge, and his plan is diabolically horrid. He resolved to accomplish the murder of his treacherous brother,

brother, who in consequence of his supposed death had now assumed the honours of the family; and he farther determined that this act of vengeance should be perpetrated by the hands of that very brother's own sons, two amiable youths, who had no cloud upon their character excepting an attachment to mysterious studies, and a strong propensity to superstition.

We do not mean to trace this agent of vengeance through the various devices and stratagems by which he involved in his toils his unsuspecting nephews, assumed in their apprehension the character of an infernal agent, and decoyed them first to meditate upon, and at length actually to perpetrate, the parricide which was the crown and summit of his wishes. The doctrine of fatalism, on which he principally relied for reconciling his victims to his purpose, is in various passages detailed with much gloomy and terrific eloquence. The rest of his machinery is composed of banditti, caverns, dungeons, inquisitors, trap-doors, ruins, secret passages, soothsayers, and all the usual accoutrements from the property-room of Mrs. Radcliffe. The horror of the piece is completed by the murderer discovering that the youths whom he has taken such pains to involve in parricide are not the sons of his brother, but his own offspring by his unfortunate wife. We do not dwell upon any of these particulars, because the observations which we have to hazard upon this neglected novel apply to a numerous class of the same kind, and because the incidents are such as are to be found in most of them.

In the first place, then, we disapprove of the mode introduced by Mrs. Radcliffe, and followed by Mr. Murphy and her other imitators, of winding up their story with a solution by which all the incidents appearing to partake of the mystic and marvellous are resolved by very simple and natural causes. This seems, to us, to savour of the precaution of Snug the Joiner; or, rather, it is as if the machinist, when the pantomime was over, should turn his scenes 'the seamy side without,' and expose the mechanical aids by which the delusions were accomplished. In one respect, indeed, it is worse management; because the understanding spectator might be in some degree gratified by the view of engines which, however rude, were well adapted to produce the effects which he had witnessed. But the machinery of the castle of Montorio, when exhibited, is wholly inadequate to the gigantic operations ascribed to it. There is a total and absolute disproportion between the cause and effect, which must disgust every reader much more than if he were left under the delusion of ascribing the whole to supernatural agency. This latter resource has indeed many disadvantages; some of which we shall briefly notice. But it is an admitted expedient; appeals to the belief of all ages but our own; and

and still produces, when well managed, some effect even upon those who are most disposed to condemn its influence. We can therefore allow of supernatural agency to a certain extent and for an appropriate purpose, but we never can consent that the effect of such agency shall be finally attributed to natural causes totally inadequate to its production. We can believe, for example, in Macbeth's witches, and tremble at their spells; but had we been informed, at the conclusion of the piece, that they were only three of his wife's chamber-maids disguised for the purpose of imposing on the Thane's credulity, it would have added little to the credibility of the story, and entirely deprived it of the interest. In like manner we fling back upon the Radcliffe school their flat and ridiculous explanations, and plainly tell them that they must either confine themselves to ordinary and natural events, or find adequate causes for those horrors and mysteries in which they love to involve us. Yet another word on this subject. We know not if a novel writer of the present day expects or desires his labours to be perused oftener than once; but as there may be here and there a maiden aunt in a family, for whose advantage it must be again read over by the young lady who has already devoured it in secret, we advise them to consider how much they suffer from their adherence to this unfortunate system. We will instance the incident of the black veil in the castle of Udolpho. Attention is excited, and afterwards recalled, by a hundred indirect artifices, to the dreadful and unexplained mystery which the heroine had seen beneath it; and which, after all, proves to be neither more nor less than a waxen doll. This trick may indeed for once answer the writer's purpose; and has, we suppose, cost many an extra walk to the circulating library, and many a curse upon the malicious concurrent who always has the fourth volume in hand. But it is as impossible to re-peruse the book without feeling the contempt awakened by so pitiful a contrivance as it is for a child to regain his original respect for King Solomon after he has seen the monarch disrobed of all his glory, and deposited in the same box with Punch and his wife. And, in fact, we feel inclined to abuse the author in such a case as the watch do Harlequin, when they find out his trick of frightening them by mimicking the report of a pistol.

Faquin, maraud, pendard, impudent, temeraire,
Vous osez nous faire peur!

In the second place, we are of opinion that the terrors of this class of novel writers are too accumulated and unremitting. The influence of fear—and here we extend our observations as well to those romances which actually ground it upon supernatural prodigy as to those which attempt a subsequent explanation—is indeed a faithful

faithful and legitimate key to unlock every source of fancy and of feeling. Mr. Murphy's introduction is expressed with the spirit and animation which, though often misdirected, pervade his whole work.

'I question whether there be a source of emotion in the whole mental frame so powerful or universal as *the fear arising from objects of invisible terror*. Perhaps there is no other that has been, at some period or other of life, the predominant and indelible sensation of every mind, of every class, and under every circumstance. Love, supposed to be the most general of passions, has certainly been felt in its purity by very few, and by some not at all, even in its most indefinite and simple state.

'The same might be said, *à fortiori*, of other passions. But who is there that has never feared? Who is there that has not involuntarily remembered the gossip's tale in solitude or in darkness? Who is there that has not sometimes shivered under an influence he would scarce acknowledge to himself? I might trace this passion to a high and obvious source.

'It is enough for my purpose to assert its existence and prevalence, which will scarcely be disputed by those who remember it. It is absurd to depreciate this passion, and deride its influence. It is *not* the weak and trivial impulse of the nursery, to be forgotten and scorned by manhood. It is the aspiration of a spirit; "it is the passion of immortals," that dread and desire of their final habitation.' Pref. pp. 4 & 5.

We grant there is much truth in this proposition taken generally. But the finest and deepest feelings are those which are most easily exhausted. The chord which vibrates and sounds at a touch, remains in silent tension under continued pressure. Besides, terror, as Bob Acres says of its counterpart, courage, will come and go; and few people can afford timidity enough for the writer's purpose who is determined on 'horrifying' them through three thick volumes. The vivacity of the emotion also depends greatly upon surprize, and surprize cannot be repeatedly excited during the perusal of the same work. It is said, respecting the cruel punishment of breaking alive upon the wheel, the sufferer's nerves are so much jarred by the first blow, that he feels comparatively little pain from those which follow. There is something of this in moral feeling; nor do we see a better remedy for it than to recommend the cessation of these experiments upon the public, until their sensibility shall have recovered its original tone. The taste for the marvellous has been indeed compared to the habit of drinking ardent liquors. But it fortunately differs in having its limits: he upon whom one dram does not produce the effect, can attain the desired degree of inebriation by doubling the dose. But when we have ceased to start at one ghost, we are callous to the exhibition of a whole Pandemonium. In short, the sensation is generally as transient as it is powerful,

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ful, and commonly depends upon some slight circumstances which cannot be repeated.

The time has been our senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and our fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't. We have supped full with horrors;
And direness, now familiar to our thoughts,
Cannot once start us.

These appear to us the great disadvantages under which any author must at present struggle, who chuses supernatural terror for his engine of moving the passions. We dare not call them insurmountable, for how shall we dare to limit the efforts of genius, or shut against its possessor any avenue to the human heart, or its passions? Mr. Murphy himself, for aught we know, may be destined to shew us the prudence of this qualification. He possesses a strong and vigorous fancy, with great command of language. He has indeed regulated his incidents upon those of others, and therefore added to the imperfections which we have pointed out, the want of originality. But his feeling and conception of character are his own, and from these we judge of his powers. In truth we rose from his strange chaotic novel romance as from a confused and feverish dream, unrefreshed, and unamused, yet strongly impressed by many of the ideas which had been so vaguely and wildly presented to our imagination.

It remains to notice the pieces of poetry scattered through these volumes, many of which claim our attention: but we cannot stop to criticise them. There is a wild and desultory elegy, Vol. II. pp. 305—309, which, though not always strictly metrical, has passages of great pathos, as well as fancy. If the author of it be indeed, as he describes himself, young and inexperienced, without literary friend, or counsellor, we earnestly exhort him to seek one on whose taste and judgment he can rely. He is now, like an untutored colt, wasting his best vigour in irregular efforts without either grace or object; but there is much in these volumes which promises a career that may at some future time astonish the public.

ART. IV. *The History, Ecclesiastical and Civil, and Survey of the Antiquities of Winchester.* By the Rev. John Milner, D.D. F.S.A. In Two Vols. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged.

THE merits and demerits of this extraordinary work, the taste, credulity, and controversial hardihood of its author, excited
no

no common degree of attention on its first appearance. This impression will be repeated with augmented force by the present edition. The History of Winchester is not to be regarded as a mere topographical work, entitled to the cheap and vulgar praise of having elucidated an ancient city, or traced with critical skill the progressive architecture of its cathedral, and other magnificent edifices. It is a vehicle for "Truth severe in faery fiction drest." As the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is not improbably conjectured to have been designed as a more plausible and advantageous mode of assailing Christianity in the disguise of narrative, the subject which Dr. Milner has chosen, the periods on which he enlarges with the greatest alacrity, the nimbleness with which he is ever stepping out of his way to disparage some distinguished character of the Protestant church, or, which is more excusable, to rescue from infamy some champion of his own; these, and many other appearances on the face of the work, lead to a suspicion that, in the History of Winchester, narrative is but the vehicle for conveying his own principles and doctrines to a generation who will scarcely condescend to accept of information without amusement, and to whom the dogmas of the Church of Rome would be too revolting were they not concealed beneath those peculiar charms of taste and elegance with which our author is so eminently qualified to adorn them.

For this contrivance, however, we do not blame the writer: a man has an unquestioned right to convey what he conceives to be moral or religious truth, in other forms than the didactic or the argumentative—in a novel, a history, or a poem: let him, however, be watchful over his own prejudices—let him be careful to take truth and honesty as indispensable ingredients into his composition—for the obliquities of a man's own heart are not always known to himself. To say that Dr. Milner is a prejudiced writer, is to say nothing. What controvertist, Catholic or Protestant, was ever free from prejudice? we ourselves are, at this moment, aware of our own; but all which can be allowed to this unhappy and dangerous quality is, the use of two plane glasses, one transparent and the other coloured; through the first of which it is permitted to contemplate objects on its own side, through the second those on the other: when the glass distorts as well as discolours, it belongs not to prejudice but dishonesty.

On this subject, however, it is but fair to hear the writer himself:

* But the chief rule by which the author professes to be guided is that prescribed to every historian by Tully, "*Ne quid falsi dicere, audeat*,"

ne

ne quid falsi non audeat." If he has a vanity, it is in thinking that he has observed this rule better than many of his contemporaries, who equally profess to be guided by it. Hence he has sometimes dared to oppose the greatest authorities in their respective studies, where it appeared that they were evidently in the wrong; for example, Camden, Leland and Gibson in points of topography; Carte, Rapin and Hume in that of history; Stephens, Wharton and Lowth in the particular account of our cathedral and city; but, what is a much bolder attempt, he has not been afraid of thwarting many deep-rooted opinions of the present age, in matters that are directly or remotely connected with their religion and their politics.'

To all this, with the reservation already made, we can have no reasonable objection; to detect the errors of great men is no presumption, but a duty, so it be done with respect and decency; but the genius of Thomas Warton, and the learning and virtues of Bishop Lowth, were in our opinion entitled to somewhat more civility than the Catholic prelate has thought proper to bestow upon them.

Again, 'All that he deprecates is general and vague censure. If he is chastised, let him know and be made sensible of his fault in a distinct manner. To such enlightened critics he will bow with respect, but if he finds himself charged in general terms with ignorance, bigotry, credulity, superstition and presumption, he will only consider such a language as a proof that his critic is of a different opinion from himself, but that the grounds of it will not bear a thorough discussion.'

We embrace these conditions—the errors which he may have detected in Protestant writers we will candidly allow—those which we discover in his own work we will prove as well as point out. Ignorance is the last defect with which we charge Dr. Milner; and for the other qualities here connected with it, as the joint subjects of vague and vulgar clamour, we shall leave it to be inferred from legitimate reasoning, whether or in what degree any of them are imputable to the historian of Winchester.

Thus much for the preface. The work itself commences with the British Belgæ, a period which we willingly pass over, as a kind of terra incognita, which only reminds us of the noble sentence with which Plutarch begins the Life of Theseus. Next appears the *Venta Belgarum* of the Romans. 'Lithologia,' says Linneus, 'cristam mihi non erigit,'—a confession which, applied to Roman antiquities, our historian will, probably, not blush to make his own. In fact, he is not at home on classic ground. That he is able to cite and to apply the ordinary classical testimonies which his subject calls for, we mean not to deny. But at this early period, credulity steps in, and our author hastens with evident anxiety from the few facts to be collected out of purer sources, to the cloudy and suspicious information transmitted by Nennius and Gildas.

Gildas. Indeed it is remarkable enough, that Winchester, though ranking among the foremost of the Roman cities in Britain, has afforded little satisfaction to antiquarian curiosity, a fact perhaps to be accounted for, by its having always remained a large city, and by the repeated disturbances of the soil which took place before the objects of that curiosity were either known or valued.

One discovery, however, Dr. Milner has made; a medallion of Julius Cæsar, almost three inches in diameter. Here we are seriously concerned for his medallic knowledge. There are no genuine medallions of the first Cæsar: and moreover, the only medal, erroneously considered as such by Vaillant, does not bear the inscription Julius Cæsar, which appears upon the face of Dr. Milner's anomalous production, but DIVOS. JVLIVS. Indeed the style of this coin does not accord with any medal of this Emperor of any size, or in any metal; so that we scruple not to pronounce it a modern, and a very unskilful forgery.

After some pages of acknowledged fact and history, 'De temone Britanno excidit Arviragus,' and we are presented with old King Coil and his successor Lucius, a Christian king, contemporary with Marcus Aurelius, who founded a church on the scite of the present cathedral of Winchester, and nearly coextensive with its present ample dimensions! The existence of Cogidubnus is placed beyond a doubt by the testimony of Tacitus, and by the memorable inscription preserved by Horseley; but of this shadowy being, who, to countenance Dr. Milner's credulity, has not been wholly given up by Camden or Usher, amidst the silence of the Augustan historians, of Dio and Xiphiline, what ancient of credit hath spoken? Even Gildas is mute. In Nennius, however, this Lever Mawr, or great light, arises in all its splendour.

'No point,' says our author, 'is more positively or circumstantially delivered than this, (the existence of Lucius,) by the Saxon and other antagonists of the Britons, no less than by the Britons themselves.' Still we hesitate. The Saxons, in point of facts, implicitly followed the British writers, and these, as all who have read them can depose, are too weak and credulous to be opposed, after an interval of three centuries, even to the silence of the well-informed and contemporary historians of Rome. There are a few instances, and this is one of them, in which negative testimony must be allowed to overbear positive—What then shall we say to the medals of Lucius? Even in the time of Bishop Gibson, by whom one of these coins, the only one ever distinctly given, was appended to his edition of Camden,* numismatical learning, in En-

* It was borrowed from Boularouc in his Monnoies de France, and probably belongs to some Gallic prince.

gland at least, was in its infancy; and a provincial coin of Gaul thus inscribed, (for the letters *Luc.* never appear at length on the coins of *Lucius Cæsar* or *Lucius Aurelius Verus*.) might, by a willing antiquary on the look out for evidence to corroborate the testimony of *Nennius* and his followers, be too hastily appropriated to *Lucius*. The star is too general an emblem on the imperial coins to justify any conclusion.

But our author's faith continues to expand; and, fortified by authorities of his own church, by *Malsbury* of the twelfth century, and *Rudburne* of the fifteenth, he proceeds to assure us, that about the close of the second century, the cathedral of Winchester was built with a magnificence which has never since been equalled. In other cities of his dominions, twenty-eight in number, *Lucius* is said merely to have purified the Heathen temples for Christian worship. Why depart from this prudent and economical practice in the case of Winchester alone? And what, at this period, were the Heathen temples in provincial cities? Mere chapels in their dimensions, but of exquisite proportions, and highly adorned. Such is the *Maison Quarrée* of *Nismes*. Such are many existing remains in *Magna Græcia* and *Mauretania*. But enough of this. Our author has lent his understanding to two dreaming monks, who wanted honesty to be silent where they had no information, and skill to devise a probable and *mannered* fiction. It is impossible not to deplore the prejudices of education, and the inconsistency of human nature itself, when we see a man of vigorous faculties, capable, if left to themselves, of weighing moral evidence with precision, deliver himself up, at this time of day, without an effort, to the fictions of a cloister in its darkest period.

In the next chapter the transactions of the sixth century are well detailed. The history of *Arthur* in particular, which every Englishman wishes to believe, and from which every critical enquirer regrets that he is compelled to pare away more or less, is treated by our author with judicious and temperate incredulity—*O si sic omnia!* In one passage, however, unless he has been singularly unhappy in his expression, he appears to have inverted the meaning of *Rudburne*. 'In the end, *Arthur*, being unable to sustain the war any longer against so powerful an enemy, entered into a treaty of peace with him, making a formal surrender of the counties, which appear to have been already, in a great measure, in his possession, namely, *Hampshire*, *Surry*, *Wiltshire*, and *Somersetshire*.' The monk's words are '*Pertæsus Arthurus cum Cerdico deinceps prælia inire, fædus cum illo pepigit, datis sibi* (surely to *Arthur* himself, unless the phraseology of monks be contrary to all other Latinity,) *Hampshiria, Suthreia, Wyltshira, Somersetonia.*'

Still,

Still, however, the fatal influence of Rudburne leads our author into the belief of absurdities.—And who informed this dreaming monk that Cerdic was buried in *Templo Dagon*, (the future cathedral of Winchester,) *mote Paganorum*? Not the Saxon chronicle, not the general usage of the Pagan Saxons, of whom it was universally true as of their German ancestors, *Sepulchrum cæspes erigit*. A barrow yet remaining is shewn as the sepulchre of Hengist.

The next chapter opens with the conversion of the city and province by Birinus, and with 'a splendid miracle,' recounted of him. This missionary, it seems, having embarked for England from the Continent, discovered that he had left his 'corporal' behind him. The Pagan sailors, to whom he pathetically represented his distress, refused to put back. Without this part of his apparatus the Gospel could not be preached, and the mission was vain.—What then remained to be done? In the spirit of faith, the holy man committed himself to the deep, which became firm under his feet, walked to land, and having obtained his 'corporal,' returned to the vessel, which, in the interim, 'had remained stationary!'

This wretched copy of a great evangelical miracle, is gravely adopted by Dr. Milner, not on the authority of eye-witnesses and partakers in the scene, but upon the faith of William of Malmsbury, Florence of Worcester, Ralph Higden, &c. the earliest of whom lived more than five centuries after Birinus. 'But,' says our author, (for the words of the wise are precious,) 'this prodigy is so well attested by the most judicious historians, that those who had the greatest interest to deny it, have not dared openly to do so.' To the last paragraph of this sentence is annexed a note of reference to Bishop Godwin and John Fox, without indicating page, edition, or any other landmark by which the curious or doubting reader might be able, without much time or trouble, to search the bulky volumes of these writers for his own satisfaction. For the sake of truth, and in the cause of Protestantism, we have, however, undertaken the task, and—mark the result. Bishop Godwin, who has given two distinct accounts of Birinus, never hints at the miracle at all; and John Fox, instead of not daring openly to deny it, twice calls it a fable!*

If it be granted that the man who could endure to support his own cause by such misrepresentations, really believed the miracle himself, (and on the score of credulity much may surely be conceded to the advocate of a recent miracle,) what Protestant, or what lover

* Acts & Mon. Ed. 1610, v. 1. p. 110. His marginal note is curious. 'Birinus walketh on the sea, with lie and all.'

of truth can forbear to exclaim against the fetters imposed on intellect itself by a Catholic education, which have completely disqualified a man of vigorous understanding from distinguishing between the testimony of an evangelist, and that of a monk of the twelfth century. The direct and intended effect of such restraints is to make men believe every thing asserted on the authority of the church, without evidence, or against it. In their recoil, (a recoil, the shock of which has been felt over the Continent of Europe,) they provoke them to confound all the shades and distinctions of evidence, and to reject, without inquiry, truth and falsehood in the mass.

To balance this censure, we produce, with no small satisfaction, the following remarks on the beneficial effects of Christianity as exemplified in the lives of the converted Saxons.

'They had now learned, that there are pleasures far better adapted to the heart of man than sensuality and revenge: hence they began to lay a restraint upon their passions, which raised them above the brutal state in which they had hitherto lived, and caused them to observe the moderation of just defence, amidst the calamities of war. We no longer meet with wars of extermination; and instead of selling their own children to foreigners, they ceased to hold in servitude even their prisoners of war. The same cause which improved their moral character, served also to elevate their minds, and to bestow upon them all the benefits of civilized life. The Gospel introduced the use of letters, and letters introduced every kind of knowledge, classical and scientific.'—Vol. 1, p. 13.

Thus, between narrative and reflexion, the writer moves through the Saxon period gracefully and skilfully, connecting the story of his own city with the general history of the nation. In this plan, which was first attempted by the historian of Manchester, the superior importance of Winchester, so long the treasury of England, the residence, and the burial place of its monarchs, affords our author a decided advantage, for which nothing but the wild originality and excursive genius of the other writer could have compensated.

During this tour, however, he travels out of his way to bestow an unmerciful flagellation on Hume, Carte, Rapin, &c. for defaming the character of his venerable friend Dunstan, in the case of Edwy. The lady, indeed, to whom this unhappy sovereign withdrew from a drunken debauch, was neither queen nor wife; and so far the modern historians are inaccurate: but that she was *ganea* or *pellex*, the hard words used by Malmsbury, his own narrative goes far towards disproving.—'*uxorem ejus formæ deperibat*'—for certainly notwithstanding the authority (perhaps the single authority) of Plautus,

'*Meretricem ingenuam deperibat mutuo
Atheniensis juvenis.*'—(Miles Glor.)

deperire scarcely expresses the feelings of a successful lover, and notwithstanding the tragical language of the monks, all that past took place in the presence of another female, the lady's mother. After all, it will add little to the honours of Dunstan, that in a fit of monastic zeal against incontinence, he rudely rushed into the retirement of his sovereign, and dragged him back to a riotous band of earls, thanes, and (pace episcopi dixerimus) of bishops and abbots, who were intoxicating themselves in the hall. In this instance, as in many others, we may applaud the decorum of our own manners.

We cannot pass over a long and vehement note (p. 164) on the antiquity of clerical celibacy, and the succession of canons by which it was enjoined. On this point we are not at issue with Dr. Milner. We allow his facts and his inferences. The separation of the clergy from their wives might be required even as early as the fourth century—but be it remembered, that, as Protestants, we have little reverence for musty canons, when reason, Scripture, and nature, reclaim against them. A few pages afterwards, we are assured in a note, (for to the notes is assigned the office of conveying the author's most curious and valuable matter,) that in case of the ordeal, 'when practised with an upright mind and lively faith, there is no doubt but the Almighty did frequently interpose in behalf of innocence.' It is our misfortune, on the contrary, to believe that such an expectation was presumptuous, and the act a tempting of Providence.

In note 4, p. 224, we hear, for the first time, of the Christian meekness of Becket. It is very true that he did not expire in a rage; but what our author calls meekness was rather obstinacy—he had been warned of the meditated attack, and voluntarily exposed himself to the assassins. However, what is called his martyrdom was certainly an atrocious murder; but in the quarrel which led to it, each party had invaded the other's province; the Church in demanding on behalf of her sons immunity from secular punishment, and the Crown in requiring an exemption in behalf of the king's officers and tenants from spiritual censures.

Note 2, p. 258, we have an abstract of the doctrine of vows and oaths as taught by Aquinas, and his fellow schoolmen. If it be correct, (and we have no reason to doubt the clearness of Dr. Milner's statement,) we have, at least, reason to bless God that we are in the hands of better casuists. It is briefly this; 1st. A vow of a private nature between God and the conscience respecting prayers, fasting, or any other good works, might, upon due consideration of the *inconveniences* attending it, be dispensed with by the pastors of the church.' We say, on the contrary, that no *inconvenience*, as such, confers any right to dispense with a vow. If a man, for instance, in a fit of bounty or devotion, should vow to pray

twelve

twelve hours daily, or to give half his goods to feed the poor, it might be and would be *inconvenient* to him, however abounding in wealth or leisure, to fulfil it. Yet, as Protestants, we know of no power on earth which could release the votary from such an obligation. But if this expense of time should happen to trench upon the performance of duties which the obligee was antecedently bound to perform, or if this profusion would be ruinous to a family for whom he was bound to provide, the vow would be void without any dispensation, not because the observance of it would be inconvenient, but sinful.

2dly. We are told that a just and lawful vow made between man and man, for the benefit of one of the parties, is incapable of any dispensation. We are glad to hear it; this, however, is no vow but an oath; 'vows are promises (says Paley) to God,' and God is one party. In oaths, where there are two other parties, he is not so much a third party as a witness.

3dly. 'Unlawful vows, or vows extorted by force, are void of themselves.' This is obvious; but these again are oaths. To ascertain, however, to what degree these invalidating circumstances existed, such cases were to be submitted to the pastor. And in this, so far as the theory alone is concerned, we see no impropriety.—What the *practice* led to we all know. In our author's memoirs of the bishops of this wealthy see before the Reformation, we are neither surprised nor offended by the unction with which he relates the magnificence of their foundations, their monastic virtues, their humility, devotion and charity: but, setting aside, as historical evidence, the inimitable scene in Shakespeare's Henry VI, even a Catholic writer might have permitted himself to feel some doubt as to the pious end of Cardinal Beaufort. With respect to Gardiner, our author, as his high church friend Jeremy Collier had done before him, endeavours triumphantly to confute Fox's story that he died of a suppression of urine, immediately after the burning of Ridley and Latimer, by the fact of his having opened the parliament five days after that melancholy event. But let it be remembered, that Fox, though at that time in concealment, had the best opportunities of information; and it has been suggested that Gardiner, though labouring under that malady, might really open the parliament the fifth day from its access, and return to his own house, where he certainly expired a few days after. A late Speaker of the House of Commons is said to have attended to his parliamentary duty under circumstances equally distressing.

Towards the measures of Henry VIIIth, after the divorce of Catharine, we expected, and indeed wished for little mercy at Dr. Milner's hand. His well attested account of the caprice and tyranny of that brutal monarch, in the dissolution of the religious houses,

houses, the inexcusable fraud and violence used in procuring evidence against the monks, the motley and inconsistent hierarchy which he set up, the flexibility of Cromwell, the timidity of Cranmer*, as they are detailed with little asperity of expression, we can endure, and in some degree approve.

The pillage of church vessels and ornaments which took place in this cathedral, under the rapacious administration of Somerset, is deplored by our author with unusual eloquence and pathos. 'Then were the precious and curious monuments of piety and antiquity, the presents of Egbert and Ethelwolph, Canute and Emma, unrelentingly rifled and cast into the melting pot. Then were the golden tabernacles and images of the apostles snatched from the cathedral and other altars, under the false and absurd pretence, that these things were objects of idolatry to the people.' Objects of idolatry we believe them to have been: but had they been of brass or iron, there would scarcely have been the same zeal and expedition displayed in removing them.

From this period a gloom hangs over the history of Winchester cathedral; the shell remained, but the dii tutelares were fled—and, in our author's contemplation, it seems to have become, as far as the effects of reformation extended, a dreary though magnificent cavern; its prelates, Calvinists, rebels†, simoniacs, married men, covetous, destroyers of the houses of the see, and lastly whigs and

* Yet we cannot omit to notice one unfair and highly uncandid mention of the Protestant Archbishop. 'We meet with the accustomed obsequiousness of Cranmer to the passions of the tyrant, in divorcing him from his second wife with less ceremony than he used in divorcing him from his first.' Dr. Milner has forbore to hint at Cranmer's generous attempt to save the queen, at a moment when the phrenzy of Henry's rage and jealousy was at its height. Nay more, it appears from his own friend Jeremy Collier, whom, on this occasion, he does not think proper to cite, that, though the sentence of divorce was indeed pronounced at Lambeth, Cranmer, whether by chance or choice, was absent. Eccl. Hist. v. 2, p. 116.

† P. 350. Our Author labours to fix upon Bishop Poinet the stigma of having been engaged in Wyatt's rebellion. So indeed it is said by Stow, a papist. Nevertheless, we think Bishop Burnet's reasons decisive to the contrary. He was accused by none of the prisoners, who might have saved themselves by the discovery. He was not mentioned in Bishop Christopherson's own book, where every engine of perverted ingenuity was employed to involve the new preachers. But here is another misrepresentation. Dr. Milner says, 'It was denied by Bp. Burnet, but on the most frivolous grounds, as Collier proves. p. 363.' Collier's words are these—'This book ought not to be charged on Poinet without plain evidences, and therefore I am inclined to acquiesce in our historian's next reason for his vindication.' He concludes, that if Poinet had been engaged in the late rebellion, he must have been attainted; and this not having been done, is a sufficient vindication of that prelate.—En jam manifestò tenetur falsarius!

Dr. Milner, p. 356, complains of treasonable and seditious books, written by some leaders of this Reformation, and among the rest, by our late prelate of Winchester, referring to 'Poynet's Treatise on Political Power.' Would not this lead to the conclusion that the name of Poynet appeared on the title page, whereas the work is anonymous, and ascribed to Poynet only by conjecture? p. 361. Oh! the wretched supulstury of this note. 'Whatever might be Bonner's disposition, his authority as a bishop did not and could not proceed farther than to pronounce on the heterodoxy of the

and play writers. Here and there, however, a bishop, whose celibacy enabled him to display something of the old munificence, extorts from the historian a strained and reluctant note of praise.

P. 292. We have the author's favourite theory of the Gunpowder Plot, of which, however, he has not the merit of being the inventor. This infernal conspiracy, it seems, was excited and directed by Rob. Cecil; his instruments were nine indigent and desperate young men, of the Catholic party, but not of the Church of Rome, for they frequented the ordinances of the reformed church. The plan was, for Cecil to cast his net over the Catholic peers, twenty in number, to all of whom letters were to have been sent, as well as to Lord Monteaule; and the concealment of these letters, we suppose, though the author leaves it to be inferred, or their consequent non-attendance in Parliament, was to have constituted their crime. Catesby, however, one of the conspirators, disturbed in conscience at the atrocity of the intended deed, reveals the whole plot in confession to the Jesuit Greenway, who, having vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from the execution of the plot, directs him for farther assistance and advice to Father Garnet, the Superior of the Order, who extorts what he understands to be a promise from Catesby, not to proceed till the Pope's consent could be obtained, well knowing that to be impossible! The very use of the sovereign Pontiff's name on such an occasion proves at least what species of casuistry the Jesuits were in the habit of submitting to him.

Every part of this hypothesis labours with inconsistency and falsehood. For, in the first place, if Catesby were not really a Catholic, why did he resort first to Greenway, and then to Garnet, for the purpose of confession? Secondly, no man, of any party, supposes that Cecil meant the plot to go on; i. e. to blow up himself and his friends. But if he really directed the letter to Lord Monteaule, and purposed to send others of a similar import to the other Catholic lords, it was solely with a view that the letters should be concealed, and these lords found guilty of misprision of treason. He therefore took no step (whatever he might afterwards intend) to defeat the plot. But Dr. Milner lays

the persons examined (Dr. M. might have said more classically as well as truly, '*questioned*') by him. And when he delivered his victims, some of them already scorched or scourged, to the secular power, it was of course accompanied by the formal request that they might be mercifully dealt with! But by 2d Hen. IV, c. 15, the diocesan alone might convict of heretical opinions, and, unless the convict abjured, the sheriff was bound, if required by the Bishop, to proceed to execution. There must therefore have been a positive requisition from the diocesan to justify the sheriff in committing an heretic convict to the flames. After these instances of unfairness we may be allowed to decline the authority of the Dr.'s MSS. of which he makes so great a parade, and to which it would be so difficult to obtain a reference, ex. gr. MSS. Audomar, MSS. Antony Champagny, S. T. D. &c. in order to exaggerate the tortures, and swell the numbers of his own suffering brethren (suffering however for treason, and not for Religion,) in the reign of Elizabeth.

great stress on the letter being delivered to Lord Monteaule, ten days beforehand. 'Had it come,' says he, 'from a real conspirator, he would have thought a few hours, or even minutes sufficient.' To us the argument appears capable of being retorted. Would a real friend, anxious for the life of that young peer, have run the risk of meeting with him at the last hour at which it was possible for the letter to be delivered: and would not a man of Cecil's cunning and contrivance have delayed the delivery so long, that it should be scarcely possible for Lord Monteaule to communicate it. Besides, there is not a shadow of a reason for supposing that, if Monteaule had concealed the letter, similar ones would have been sent to the other Peers; and yet the whole theory hangs on this gratuitous assumption.

One word on the conduct of the Jesuits, and we have done:—They, poor harmless men, knew of the plot, detested, but *concealed* it:—Yes, for so they were bound to do by the seal of confession. This is true to a certain extent; but does it not necessarily place every Romish priest under the obligation of committing misprision of treason, whenever a conspirator chuses in the form of confession to pour a projected treason into his ear? And was it not consistent with Garnet's duty to have disclosed to Cecil in general terms, that such a plot was in agitation, and would not his faith have been sufficiently preserved to his confessee, by suppressing his name and that of his associates?

Let it moreover be observed, what gentle means these holy men are represented as using to prevent the commission of so horrible a crime—they do all they can to *dissuade*. But had they not other engines in their power; and could they not have threatened the severest censures of the church, which they have always been ready to employ on lighter occasions? For, let it be repeated, the conspirators were Catholics, and might have been awed into the abandonment of the plot. Nay more; to us it appears manifest, that had Greenway and Garnet been honest men, whom the scruples of their order only hindered from revealing what they knew, it was in their power not only to have detached Catesby from the conspiracy, but even to have compelled him sub anathemate to disclose it.

To hold the balance of political criticism even, we have twice the satisfaction of agreeing with Dr. Milner. In the first of these passages, (p. 406) the case of Charles the First employing the Catholics in his service is fairly stated, and the merits and sufferings of that party in the royal cause are by no means exaggerated. In the second, (p. 428) we fully acquiesce in his account of what was called the Popish Plot, in which the innocent Lord (not Earl of) Stafford, (as Dr. Milner calls him) lost his life. The enemies of Charles II. at that time were the fanatical dregs of the great rebellion, not the Catholics, who knew the king to be secretly their own.

Once

Once more, however, *toti in diversum abimus*—our valorous knight, arrived upon the confines of the Revolution, arms himself cap-a-pee, and mounting his steed, sallies forth the champion of James II. Moreover, as a fundamental condition of the combat, he requires us to compare the conduct of this prince, 'not with that of succeeding monarchs, when the constitution was defined, if not changed, but with the practice of those who preceded him, especially after they became the supreme rulers of the church.'—This is perfectly fair. He then proceeds in a long and eloquent enumeration of the high prerogative acts committed by the kings of the house of Stewart, and before them, of the 'popular Elizabeth,' to urge, that the encroachments on the constitution which took place under the short reign of James, were far short, both in number and magnitude, of those adventured upon by his predecessors. All this may be true, and yet the general spirit of resistance against the arbitrary measures of James might be fitting and just. For not to insist that the encroachments of former sovereigns, if wrong in themselves, could never become precedents—whatever they did, excepting perhaps in the case of Charles I. whose sufferings, in consequence of his conduct, place it hors de combat, consisted in single acts of arbitrary power, without any systematic attack on the constitution—it was *salvo contentemento*. Besides, the ostensible religion of these sovereigns was that of their country. But James was an avowed papist, and, with respect to him, the question was not so much what he did, as *quo animo*. Now no man in his senses could doubt that his toleration was a step to the establishment of popery, and his assumed power of dispensing with laws, to a government without laws. It is idle to talk of the opinions of the twelve judges on the dispensing power. God be thanked, the name of a British judge is sacred in modern ears. But the judges of James's reign, Sanders, Jeffries, &c. no more resembled those of the present day than Scrogga resembled Sir Matthew Hale—they were abject, unprincipled sycophants, who held their seats at pleasure, and paid for their promotion by the sacrifice of conscience.

On the subject of James's conduct to the University of Oxford, and especially to Magdalen College, Dr. Milner has surpassed his ordinary powers of sophistry and misrepresentation. Farmer, he allows, whom the king had appointed to the presidentship of that house, 'might be an objectionable person in some other respect, but to pretend a scruple of conscience at electing a Catholic, grounded on the statutes of the founder, a prelate of the same religion, was the height of absurdity and hypocrisy. Beside, by the act of supremacy to which the fellows had sworn, the king possessed a paramount visitatorial power to correct and reform their statutes, as well as every other branch of the ecclesiastical state, according to his own judgment

and discretion.—He only claimed his right of naming to all ecclesiastical livings, in favour of those whom he chose to reward, a right which the records of colleges will prove to have been claimed and exercised by kings of the Brunswick line, no less than those of more ancient date, in defiance of the same objections.

Again—‘By the tenor of their statutes, Dr. Hough and the other fellows were bound to pray for their founder, to say mass, observe celibacy, &c. for their non-observance of which articles, they could have no plea, but the dispensation of the crown by virtue of its supremacy.’ There are lawyers of Dr. Milner’s church who, if he had deigned to consult them, could and would have saved him from the charge of temerity or prejudice in hazarding these strange observations; and we, though no lawyers by profession, trust that an ordinary acquaintance with the history and constitution of England will enable us to answer them. First then, with respect to Farmer, had this convert remained a Protestant, he was ineligible according to the statutes of the college. But, says our bold apologist of dispensing power, it was absurd to contest in this case the king’s prerogative, when they had no plea but the same dispensing power for the non-observance of other statutes which would have tied them down to the observances of popery. This is wholly untrue.—Celibacy, which had never been forbidden to priests, and was required by the statutes of their founder, they did observe. But the mass, and the whole of the popish ritual had been abolished by act of parliament; and as every public law virtually repeals all private laws which contravene it, the fellows, in swearing to the observance of their own local statutes, could only do so with a reservation of their obedience to the law of the land—by that law, therefore, not the dispensing power of the crown, they were delivered from the yoke of popery, and to that extent the statutes of the founder were annulled. The statutes of every college founded before the Reformation, require and are understood by universal consent to admit of a similar interpretation.

2dly. What the author means by the king’s claiming a right of naming to all ecclesiastical livings in favour of those whom he chose to reward, ‘a right that can be proved by the records of colleges to have been claimed by kings of the Brunswick line,’ we are at a loss to comprehend. Great and extensive patronage in both Universities belongs to the crown—but patronage and prerogative are very different things; and to say the truth, have in former times not unfrequently been at issue. Thus, we allow that Queen Elizabeth sometimes intruded masters into colleges, which had by their statutes the election of their own heads. But of such exercises of prerogative are there any examples under the mild and legal administration of the present Royal Family? Weighing the case attentively, we are inclined to suspect that Dr. Milner has mistaken for acts of prerogative,

gative, the patronage which accrues to the crown of the next turn in benefices void by promotion, a right which, though colleges often complain of it, they perfectly understand to rest not on the tottering basis of prerogative, but on the firm and unshaken foundation of the law.

Lastly. As to the paramount visitatorial power vested in the crown, (*i. e.* over colleges which have other visitors appointed by their own statutes,) Dr. Milner's argument by proving too much proves nothing. For if this power vested in the king 'an universal right to correct and reform the statutes of corporate bodies, absolutely according to his own judgment and discretion;' he can do every thing, but dissolve them, and perhaps even that; can change or annul the conditions on which private foundations were made, convert ecclesiastical and protestant endowments into military schools, academies for the East India establishment, or like the college of Maynooth, into richly endowed seminaries for the supply of Dr. Milner's active and aspiring church in our own country. That the last was James's intention, there can be no doubt: that it is equally the wish of his advocates at present, we can entertain as little; but the time is not quite arrived for the broad and unequivocal declaration of such a sentiment.

Sorry we are to have been so long detained in these thorny paths by a writer capable of much better and more pleasing things; we shall now be happy to attend his call to the splendid remains of antiquity at Winchester, prepared to meet with petty irritations from professional prejudice by the way, but sure of being in the main delighted by his taste, and edified by his learning.

Vol. II. commences with a survey of that magnificent fabric, the Cathedral of Winchester; and here, in repeating from Rudburne and his obscure authority Moratius, the story of King Lucius, and his basilic of the second century, our author is so unfortunate as to produce in our minds a second fit of scepticism—this cloud quickly passes away, and we are led by a masterly comparison of architectural appearances, through a detail of the alterations and improvements, which this great pile underwent from the foundation of the earliest parts of it yet remaining, to its completion in the 16th century. In several of his conclusions, however, Dr. Milner differs widely from some respectable antiquaries who preceded him in the same walk; but what he asserts, he is able to prove; and throughout the whole of this chapter, his intimate acquaintance with all the minutiae, or if we may so speak, *localities*, of his own ritual, affords the Catholic prelate a very conspicuous advantage over Protestant writers. Still, the bias of education and profession debilitates his mind, and he who, with all his zeal for Rudburne, has, in the outset of this chapter, freely pointed out the errors of his chronology, and the absurdity of

of planting an order of monks at Winchester before they existed in the world, appears implicitly to acquiesce in the miracles wrought by St. Swithun (a prototype of Abbé Paris) long after his decease. The evidence of one of these facts is received by our author as that of an eye-witness. '*Vidi ego hominem,*' says Malmsbury, '*cui violentia raptorum effodisset lumina, oculis vel illis vel aliis receptis, serenam lucem per Swithuni merita recepisse.*' Now what Malmsbury *saw* was merely a man in possession of his eye-sight: that the man had ever had his eyes put out, was a matter of testimony; that he recovered them by the merits of Swithun was an inference.

In the following passage it is impossible not to participate in the glow of our author's feelings.—'Having now entered the awful pile, by that door-way through which so many illustrious personages have passed in solemn procession; as the impatient eye shoots through the long-drawn nave to the eastern window, glowing with the richest colours of enamelling, as it soars up to the lofty vault fretted with infinite tracery, and as it wanders below amidst the various solemn objects which the first glance commands, the most insensible spectator must feel his mind arrested with a certain awe, and must now experience, if he has never felt them before, mingled sensations of the sublime and beautiful.' c. 11. Early in the course of this walk we are glad to find the following testimony to the merits of Dr. Balguy, a writer to whom every scholar looked up with reverence while living, and who has been unaccountably forgotten since his death. 'In the same aisle we pass the monument of Dr. Balguy, plain and unostentatious as was the person whom it commemorates, whose genius and learning could only be equalled by his moderation, having refused a bishopric, when pressed to accept it by the prime minister.'—Dr. Milner might have added, 'and even when offered by his sovereign.'

P. 32, note, is a dexterous retort on the Church of England, after having condemned the Catholic doctrine and discipline of indulgences, for her own practice, or rather that of her corrupt and degenerate officials, in commuting penances for money—When will this stumbling-block be removed? To the reflexions on the character of Bishop Hoadley as a divine and a politician, we can have no great objection. He was a dissenter, and a socinian in lawn. In representing this prelate, however, as a play-writer, our author was not quite correct. On the whole we are not so much surprised at the offence conceived by the surviving family of the Bishop, in consequence of the freedom of these strictures, as at the odd reparation which the author has condescended to afford to their wounded feelings, by expunging the obnoxious passage from his text, and printing it verbatim as a note at the bottom of the page, where it is even more conspicuous than in its former situation.

Pp. 35, 36. To the rash and frantic innovators, who for the last twenty years have been at war with all that is venerable, all that is sublime in our finest cathedrals, we commend this admirable note; accounting it one of the many evils of the present day, that, in consequence of the general diffusion of books and engravings, every man who has eyes pretends to 'have a taste,' and every one who in any capacity is intrusted with the precious and perishing remains of ancient architecture, thinks himself bound to *improve*. Supposing our cathedrals not absolutely permitted to tumble down, we hesitate not to pronounce the torpid inattention and indolence of former Deans and Chapters, infinitely preferable to the mischievous industry of their tasteless successors. Of the author of this note, and of the dissertation on the modern style of altering ancient cathedrals, supposing certain trifling prejudices out of the way, we could say with great sincerity, 'Talis cum sis, utinam noster esses;' and if every man could be placed in the niche exactly suited to him, the proper station for Dr. Milner would be a deanery in one of those very cathedrals which modern Vandals have laid waste. It would be a glorious achievement to restore to those solemn and injured monuments of ancient taste and piety, their just proportions, their finely varied effects of light and shade, their perforated screens, their remote and half-descried lady chapels, where more was left to the imagination than met the eye. Yet after all (and it should be a lesson to rashness not to venture upon experiments, which, if unsuccessful, are irreparable) it would surpass Dr. Milner's taste, aided by the wealthiest cathedral funds in the kingdom, to restore the minute and delicate ornaments of the altar screens, the rich enclosures of private sepulchral chapels, and above all, the canopied tombs finished with the elaborate exactness of statuary. When these works were executed, drawing was rude, but sculpture in stone and wood had attained to a state of high perfection—at present, if we except the first statuaries, artists would be wanting to re-execute what the pencil or the graver has preserved of those lost remains.

Though we are well aware that religious prejudice had no small share in dictating the following observations, they are neither devoid of truth, nor of the characteristic genius of the writer. 'When has modern (meaning probably English) painting been found equal to a religious subject? When has a Reynolds or a West been able to animate their saints, and particularly the Lord of Saints, with that supernatural cast of features, with that ray of Promethean light, which a Raphael and a Rubens have borrowed from heaven itself? The apostles here (he is speaking of the celebrated altar-piece of Winchester, by West) are mere ordinary men, or at most thoughtful philosophers. Christ himself, who, in the work of Rubens, treads the air, and with uplifted hands and glowing features animates the spectators,

as well as Lazarus, with new life, appears more like a physician prescribing a medicine, than the great Messiah,' &c. p. 39. To the author's observations on the 'Eternal Word,' by Leonardo de Vinci, we fully subscribe, and hesitate not to say, that for some time after we beheld the countenance, we were awestruck as by a present divinity. But if Dr. Milner means to ascribe the tameness of the modern school of painting in England to the calm spirit of our religion, and the astonishing powers of the old Italian masters to the fervour only of their devotional feelings, let him recollect that they are equally unrivalled on subjects unconnected with religion, in proof of which, we may refer, among many other instances, to a figure very different from a Madonna, namely, the Venus of Correggio.

P. 59. In a Catholic we can more than forgive the charitable wish which a sight of the unburied bones, supposed to be those of Bishop Gardiner, draws from our author. 'Whatever may have been the character of their owner, in their present abject state, handled and thrown about, they seem to call upon the spectator with the unburied skeleton of Archytas—'At tu vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ,' &c. This is the voice of humanity and nature; yet for *us*, at least, it is not easy to forget by whose means Ridley and Latimer wanted a sepulchre—by whose contrivance

' Their ashes flew,
No marble tells us whither.'

Pp. 60, 61. Will the powerful remonstrance of our antiquary have no effect in stimulating 'his family, his foundation, or his cathedral, to restore the dilapidated tomb and chantry of Cardinal Beaufort? Yet who can forbear smiling at the argument which the author draws from the placid expression of the features in the statue, 'which was *probably a portrait*,' to prove that he did not die in despair? By a portrait, if it be any thing to the purpose, he must intend a cast taken from the dead face, but we much suspect that there are no examples of this attempt to perpetuate the features prior to the admired works of Torregiano. The flattering and elegant account of Dr. Joseph Warton, suggested by a survey of his monument, together with something of antiquarian jealousy with which Dr. Milner seems to have been affected towards Mr. Thomas Warton, will, we fear, contribute to prolong the general delusion, which places the two brothers nearly on a level—whereas the distance between them was immense. The one was a good scholar, a tolerable critic, and a small poet, the other, beside his various and profound erudition, was a genius of a much higher order, inventive, original, and sublime. Some admirable observations follow, p. 101, on the bad taste of modern monuments, and the injudicious practice of placing them, so as to spoil the architecture of the building. In this respect, however,

ever, Westminster Abbey 'is past praying for;' but a proper attention to Dr. Milner's animadversions may yet have a salutary effect at St. Paul's, and elsewhere. We do not wish to see cathedrals assume the air and aspect of a statuary's yard.

Chap. IV. p. 103, informs us of a singular fact, namely, that part of the site of St. Grimbold's monastery, built by Edward the Elder, in the 10th century, cost a mark of gold for every foot; and that the area so purchased amounted to 1884 feet. This appears to us incredible, more especially, as we are told by Dr. Milner, p. 225, that an *acre* of ground was sold at the same time, and for the same purpose, at the price of a mark. The value of money at that time was at least thirty times as high as at present, and nine marks, equal to 180l. of our money, would in that case be the purchase of one superficial yard. Neither do we know on what principle Dr. Milner has ascertained that the area so purchased amounted to just 1884 feet. He refers, indeed, for this fact to Rudburne, who says that this ground 'se extendebat ad mensuram trium stadiorum et trium virgarum.' But Du Cange ingenuously confesses that he did not know what the stadium of the middle ages was. 'Stadium,' says that great lexicographer of bad Latinity, 'mensuræ species, sed ignota prorsus.' It would give us pleasure to see this difficulty explained, or this inconsistency acknowledged by the learned author.

P. 116. After the most distinct and masterly account we have ever seen of monastic habits, according to the benedictine rule, follows, as might be expected, an high panegyric on the merits and usefulness of the monastic life. And here our author affirms that the question, whether it is or is not an unprofitable course of life, depends upon the solution of two other questions. 1st. 'What is the end of man's creation?' 2d. What are the means pointed out by Revelation for answering this end? Now if these two questions, neither of which the proposer deigns to solve, be meant to apply to the subject of monachism, universally put as they are, they will either lead to no conclusion, or to the following. That all mankind, as they hope to be saved, ought to turn monks, and that Revelation has specifically pointed out this method of working out their salvation to the whole human race. But as this inference, though fairly deduced from the premises, is too absurd to have been in Dr. Milner's contemplation, we will seriously answer the questions in a way to which he can scarcely object, and yet so as to leave the subject of monachism precisely where they found it. To the first, therefore, we say, that one end of man's creation was to increase and multiply his own species, which the vow of celibacy forbids. Another was to prepare for a better life, which, whether it be an end universally promoted by these institutions, will depend on the answer to the second question.—'What are the means, &c.

We

We confidently say, repentance, faith, and obedience—of which the last is branched out into a variety of relative duties, many of them positively impracticable in a cloister, while none of them require it. But, from the confidence with which this appeal is made to the Christian Scriptures, would not any one, unacquainted with them, be led to conclude, that the rule of St. Benedict was to be found in the gospel, or that St. Paul, instead of his manly and rational instructions to men living in the world, as magistrates and subjects, fathers and children, pastors and people, had wasted his time and talents in prescribing the trivial ceremonies and solemn fopperies which occupied the monastic day and night? Still we do not mean to condemn these observances themselves, but the institution which rendered them necessary:—if men are to be shut out from the common duties and labours of life, employment of another sort must be devised for them: if they are idle they will be vicious, and it is better to pick straws than to do nothing. These men, however, did many better things, and that too in consequence of their confinement, than pick straws: to them and to their leisure we are indebted, not only for all the arts and all the learning of the middle ages, but for transmitting what yet they very imperfectly understood, the inestimable remains of classical antiquity. But when Dr. Milner panegyricizes the early monks for their zeal and activity, ‘in converting our own and other countries to the Christian faith,’ he must have forgotten, that in order to render themselves capable of diffusing these blessings among the nations, they must have laid aside the habits of the cloister; and that whatever merit they possessed as Missionaries, was not *because* they were monks, but *notwithstanding* it. With respect to their morals, even in the latest period of their declension in England, it is probable that many of the enormities alleged against them by the unprincipled agents of Henry the Eighth were calumnies; yet, long before that time, the writings of the two satiric poets, Langland and Chaucer, both Catholics, and one an ecclesiastic, lead to this irresistible conclusion, that the lives of religious votaries, both male and female, were even then greatly deflected from their original rule. But what credit, it will be asked, is due to a satirist? Much! For, though it be allowed that he exaggerates, he does not absolutely invert, much less invent the manners which he describes; and, though no one accepts the declamatory and tragical strains of Juvenal for the same species of proof that the age of Domitian was profligate, as he does the narrative of Tacitus to prove the reign of Nero to be cruel; yet every one admits, on the authority of the great satirist alone, that the æra in question was a period of great declension from the purity of ancient manners. And thus our two ancient poets must in a good degree be allowed to copy the manners of their contemporaries of the cloister. Had they lived in the

the time of Barnard, instead of the lordly voluptuous monk of the one, and the licentious nun of the other, their inimitable powers would have painted with equal spirit an austere fanatic, and a dreaming votaress. It is saying nothing to alledge that all human institutions are subject to decline. In monastic institutions this was an inherent and incurable evil, arising out of a specific cause. They were from the beginning a force upon nature, and when, by the aid of many temporary and artificial principles the stone had with long toil been rolled to the summit of its ascent—

—τοὺς ἀπογραφάσκει κραταῖς
 Αὐτὰς ἰσχυτὰ πιδίδει κυλινδρὸ λαας αἰαίδας.

The ensuing chapters would have afforded much to commend and something to censure: but, conscious as we are, that this article has already exceeded the ordinary limits of a Review, we are compelled abruptly to pronounce ‘manum de tabula,’ observing only that Dr. Milner's work is republished under mechanical disadvantages which would sink an ordinary performance. The type and paper are very indifferent, and the notes, particularly the Latin quotations, which abound in them, printed with such extreme incorrectness, that we are persuaded the author never took the trouble of revising the press. The engravings are neat, but scarcely so numerous, or on so large a scale as might be expected in such a work. These defects the author has to impute to himself. He has chosen to be the historian of a party; and to the limited munificence of that party he has very reasonably been left.

It was not to be expected that the second edition of a work, already known to abound in such passages as we have noticed, should be so patronized by the dignitaries of the Cathedral, or even by the Protestant nobility and gentry of the diocese, as to afford a magnificent volume, worthy of the subject and the author. After all, had we any hope that our remonstrances would be attended to, we would earnestly recommend what no Protestants we believe ever recommended to a Catholic before, an *editio expurgata*. Let not the vanity, or if he please, the consistency of our author be alarmed at such a proposal. The suppression of all the controversial passages would imply no acknowledgment of the unsoundness of the principles which they inculcate, but merely that, in a work of this nature, they are misplaced and unseemly—and that where even a divine undertakes merely to write an history, he is under no obligation of conscience either to preach or to debate. The work might thus be contracted into one handsome volume, the page expanded, the epitaphs (an improvement which, for the sake of effect, we would especially recommend) printed in their proper characters, and the History of Winchester, then become inoffensive to the feelings of the

the Protestant reader, would remain equally gratifying to the taste, though not to the prejudices of the Catholic.

As it is now presented to us, we have freely and conscientiously animadverted upon its defects, and with respect to its general merits (as it is a performance which will always keep its place among the few standard works in English topography), we scruple not to pronounce, that with one superior amongst its own class, in point of original genius, and several in classical erudition and elegance, with respect to what ought to have been its own peculiar object, monastic antiquities, to science in discriminating the peculiarities, and taste in appreciating the beauties of monastic architecture, the History of Winchester stands unrivalled and alone.

ART. V. *An Account of the remarkable Effects of the Eau Medicinale d'Husson in the Gout.* By Edwin Godden Jones, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physician extraordinary to His Royal Highness the Duke of York. 8vo. pp. 104. London. White and Cochrane. 1810.

Τίνας πού' ὄντας, καὶ τίσιν πεφυκότας,
Τολμάῃσι ΠΟΔΑΓΡΑΣ ἀδαμιλλᾶσθαι κρᾶται,
Τῆς οὐδ' ὁ Κροῖδης οἶδι νικῆσαι βίαν ;

IN determining what means can be adopted for the relief of the symptoms of diseases, it ought to be the first consideration with the physician, to inquire whether those symptoms are simply morbid effects, which are to be checked, or whether they may not belong to some of the natural processes of cure, which ought to be encouraged. It has long been a question, both among medical men, and with the public at large, in which of these lights a regular paroxysm of the gout is to be viewed. Sydenham was decidedly partial to the latter opinion, in which the majority of sufferers by the disease have long been disposed to acquiesce, and to place their confidence in patience and flannel only; the late Dr. Heberden has contributed much to the very general establishment of the former, observing, in words which Dr. Jones has quoted as a motto, *utinam tam in promptu esset invenire, quam tutum esset adhibere, podagra remedium.*

The habitual disposition to gout is probably always to be ultimately referred to some species of intemperance, tending more or less immediately to debilitate the stomach, whether consisting in excesses of the table, of study, or of any other kind, committed either by the individual or by his ancestors. It appears to be nearly allied to indigestion or dyspepsia; respecting its proximate cause as

a general

a general disease, it is scarcely possible to advance a conjecture on rational grounds; but there seems to be a specific affection of the minute blood-vessels, tending to the occasional secretion of a peculiar matter, in particular situations; an affection which, in the language of the older pathologists, would have been referred to the presence of a morbid humour, partly, perhaps, because it was observed that some such affections were sometimes produced by the contact of morbid matter, or by its reception into the system, in the small pox, for example, and in other contagious diseases; the pre-existing humour being also supposed from this analogy to be in general identical in its nature with the product of the morbid action or secretion.

But whatever opinion we may form respecting the foundation of the humoral pathology, if we consider the nature of the causes from which a gouty habit is usually derived, as well as the importance of the organs which appear to be primarily debilitated by those causes, we shall find little encouragement to hope that such an affection can admit a radical cure by medical means; for it seems hardly to be expected from what we know of the operation of medicines, that when a constitution has been exhausted by every kind of intemperance, it should be restored by a draught or a powder, to the state in which it existed before those excesses were committed. At the same time it must be observed, that for a considerable time after a regular paroxysm of gout, the system does appear to be placed in a condition not far differing from that of vigorous health; and there is no reason to deny that the operation of some medicine may become equivalent to the effect of an uninterrupted paroxysm, in procuring a temporary relief to the state of health; and it is even conceivable that this service may be performed with less permanent injury to the constitution, than would be experienced if the paroxysm were allowed to take its course.

Even the application of cold, respecting which so much nonsense has lately been written, appears in some constitutions to have succeeded, in repeatedly repelling the inflammatory symptoms of the paroxysms, without occasioning any serious inconvenience, at least without shortening the period of life. The illustrious Dr. Harvey was in the habit of using cold applications, during the paroxysms of gout, for many years, and yet lived to be near eighty: he had probably however sufficient judgment and fortitude to avoid every thing in his diet and mode of life, which could tend to aggravate the disease. It is indeed well ascertained, that a confinement to food strictly vegetable, and an abstinence from all vinous liquors, have in some instances cured, and in others materially alleviated the habitual gout. The Portland powder, and other tonics, stomachics, and narcotics, the hop in particular, appear sometimes to have considerably ameliorated a gouty constitution. In the paroxysms, opium will

will often immediately subdue the severity of the pain, and lessen the violence of the inflammation: diaphoretics will slowly reduce the fever attending them, and even bleeding, either general or topical, as well as blistering, has been hazarded by some with the best effect. But upon none of these remedies could a physician rationally place any great dependance in a new case: perhaps the chances were that any one, or even all of them, employed in the most judicious manner, might fail of affording any material relief. The *eau médicinale* is introduced to our notice with high pretensions in respect to efficacy as well as to safety: and we confess that we are so far inclined to a practice founded on the exploded doctrines of the humoral pathology, as to have the more confidence in its innocence, from the circumstance of its operation being in general attended by copious evacuations: and we must observe that the utility of such practice in theory does not rest, merely, on the supposition of the actual presence of a morbid substance in the circulating fluids, but that it is more naturally connected with the increased excitement of the powers of absorption, throughout the system, in consequence of evacuations, by means of which any offending matter, which may have been deposited in minute quantities by the exhalant arteries, or otherwise, may be immediately taken up by the absorbents, in order to be thrown out of the body.

Sydenham imagined that no termination of the gout could be considered as natural or favourable, unless the morbid humour were deposited on the joints. He expresses, however, in a passage which Dr. Jones has somewhat incorrectly quoted, a conviction that a specific remedy for the disease would at some future period be found: and he believes that, should this ever happen, it would afford a full confutation of the theoretical dogmas which were prevalent respecting the disease. In the present instance, his own dogmas are more confuted than any other by the facts which Dr. Jones has produced; and if any nosological inference can be drawn from the usual operation of the *eau médicinale*, it seems in some measure favourable to the opinion of Darwin, that an unknown affection of the liver may be considered as the true proximate cause of the gout.

The discovery of a well attested specific for this disease is an event, which cannot fail to excite the attention, not only of the medical profession, but also of the world in general. The more perfect the relief that has been obtained, the less intricacy is required in giving an account of it: and Dr. Jones has very properly confined himself to the task of laying before the public a simple and candid narrative of such facts only as are amply authenticated; several of them being also confirmed by the testimonies of individuals, eminent as well for their literary acquirements as for their situation in public life.

'The eau médicinale,' says Dr. Jones, p. 5, 'was discovered about forty years ago, by M. Husson, a military officer in the service of the King of France. We are informed by himself, that he had always an irresistible inclination for the study of botany, and the medicinal properties of simples. In the course of the researches to which this propensity led him, he discovered a plant, before unknown in medicine, which, on examination, was found to possess extraordinary virtues in the cure of various diseases. From this plant, Husson prepared his remedy in the present form; and, after some experience of its powers, he was persuaded to publish it, and it was accordingly announced to the world as a sovereign remedy for almost every disorder incident to the human body.

'It was at first recommended with a view to its *evacuating* powers, which it sometimes exerted very violently, both as an emetic and cathartic. It was probably useful in some cases, for it had acquired a degree of reputation, before its most valuable property, that of relieving the gout, was known. Accident led to this knowledge. Some persons, subject to that disease, took the eau médicinale during a paroxysm, probably as a cathartic. They were agreeably surprised to find their pains abate in a few hours, and soon go entirely off, and that they got rid of the paroxysm itself in two or three days, which, in its ordinary progress, would very probably have lasted as many weeks. A number of similar cases having occurred, it soon became known, that this remedy really had great influence over the gout.'

'It met, however, from the beginning, with much opposition. It was decried as a poison, or at least as a dangerous remedy, whose use ought to be proscribed by the public authorities. The clamours against it became at length so loud, that the sale of it was suppressed at Paris, in 1778, by an order from the police. But on the representations of several respectable persons, that it had not the ill consequences of which it was accused, the prohibition was removed on the fifth day. Several pamphlets and papers were also written from time to time, both in its favour and against it, and either printed apart, or inserted in the periodical works, or public journals.

'The eau médicinale was chemically examined, in 1782, by MM. Cadet and Parmentier, who declared that it contained no metallic or mineral substance, and that it was a vinous infusion of some bitter plant or plants: what these plants were, they could not of course discover by chemical means. The plant was at different times said to be, the esula, the euphorbia, the veratrum album, the hyoscyamus, the belladonna, the digitalis purpurea, the momordica elaterium, &c. &c. M. Alyon, a chemical professor, asserted in his *Elémens de Chimie*, that it was the gratiola, and even gave a recipe for preparing a liquor, by infusing the root and leaves of that plant in wine, exactly resembling, as he pretended, the eau médicinale in all its properties.' Husson, however, declares that the eau médicinale is the simple extract of a plant, whose properties have been hitherto unknown, both to the ancients and moderns; and he pledges his honour as an officer for the truth of his assertion.

The report of MM. Cadet and Parmentier has been confirmed

by the experiments of an excellent chemist in London. Dr. Jones has examined all the plants which have been suspected to be concerned in the preparation, he is persuaded that none of them possess the powers of the eau médicinale, and he is disposed to give full credit to the assertion of the inventor respecting its origin. The gratiola in particular, as directed by Alyon, he has found incapable of relieving a paroxysm of the gout.

The preparation of Husson is sold in small bottles, each containing two drachms: it is of a brown colour, and somewhat turbid; its taste is bitter and disagreeable, and it has a strong and peculiar smell. Either half or the whole of a bottle may be given as a dose, mixed with rather more than an equal quantity of water; the most convenient time for its administration is that of going to bed: and some light aromatic infusions, drank from time to time, appear to favour its operation. In four or five hours after taking it, the patient usually begins to find a diminution of pain; he generally falls into a sound sleep, and awakes in the morning nearly free from suffering. After this he is commonly affected with a considerable nausea, and sometimes vomiting, followed by some bilious evacuations. In the mean time the local affection continues to subside, and the inflammation is generally subdued in two or three days, leaving only some swelling and stiffness, which gradually wear off. The pulse is also very rapidly reduced in frequency, and the medicine usually operates as a moderate diaphoretic, and frequently as a powerful diuretic. After three or four days, if the symptoms remain in any considerable degree, they may commonly be removed by a second dose of half a bottle of the preparation: but it ought not to be repeated at an earlier period, on account of the violent effects which sometimes follow the first dose as late as one, two, or three days after it has been taken. Dr. Jones has not, however, seen any serious consequences from its operation, even where it has acted very powerfully; nor have such accidents interfered with its success in carrying off the gout; but he considers it as generally most safe to give at first only half a bottle. It may afterwards be taken in smaller doses, for instance, one eighth of a bottle every two or three days. No further medical treatment is usually necessary: but profuse evacuations may be checked when they occur; and, on the other hand costiveness ought to be avoided: the stomach will naturally confine itself to a light diet. Dr. Jones has never known an instance of the want of success of the medicine in relieving a paroxysm, and it has very seldom failed of completely removing it.

It is not, however, pretended that the eau médicinale will perform a radical cure of the disease, or prevent a return of the paroxysms: some persons have even believed that it has occasioned their recurrence more frequently than before its use: but this has by no means been the most usual event; on the contrary, the interval

vals have been much more commonly lengthened than shortened; and Dr. Jones is inclined to attribute the few exceptions which have occurred, to the greater liberties which the patients may have allowed themselves, from a confidence in the powers of the remedy. 'In some instances,' he observes, 'it has carried off the gout, not to return for years.' The paroxysms being expeditiously cut short, the lameness and debility usually following them may be prevented; instances have occurred in which a person has remained free from the gout for a number of years by the assistance of this medicine; and one such person Dr. Jones saw at Montpellier, who was more than ninety years of age, and had taken the eau médicinale for more than thirty. That such a medicine should for so long a time have remained so little known, has been owing, in Dr. Jones's opinion, to the well grounded backwardness of medical persons in employing a secret remedy, as well as to the exaggerated pretensions of the author in recommending it as a universal medicine.

The cases related in the appendix are those of Mr. Craufurd of Auchnares; the Hon. H. Fitzroy Stanhope; the Baron de Roll; Mr. Rodbard; Mr. Crowle; John Sands, porter to the Marquis of Salisbury; the Earl of Carlisle; Dr. Thynne; the Earl of Essex; W. Bull, his lordship's butler; Viscount Morpeth; Mr. Wood, house steward to the Earl of Winchelsea; a lady not named; the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley; Viscount Dillon; the Right Hon. Sir J. Banks; Major Rennell; and Mr. Harrison of the Treasury. It will be sufficient for our purpose to mention the particulars of one of the cases.

Sir Joseph Banks, now in his 68th year, has been subject to the gout for 23 years: its violence appears to have been moderated by a long and strict adherence to a vegetable diet, and an abstinence from all fermented liquors; but he has still remained liable to frequent attacks. On the evening of the 17th of February, he took, by Lord Spencer's persuasion, half a bottle of the eau médicinale, at a time when his pulse was at 94, and the whole of his left side, from the foot to the hand, affected by the gouty inflammation, which had confined him to his bed for some days. The pain was gradually alleviated during the night, and the next day his pulse was at 62: the gout first quitted the parts which it had last attacked; but in some other instances, the reverse seems to have happened. The remaining half of the bottle was taken 48 hours after the former; and in the course of the next twelve hours the medicine began to act as a cathartic; before this time it had produced no effect but a slight nausea. On the 21st, the gout was completely subdued, and the patient was as well as he had been for many years. A severe gouty lumbago, which attacked him a fortnight afterwards, was removed by half a bottle of the same medicine, in the course of one night.

Besides the cases which Dr. Jones has related of the success of the eau médicinale, it is said to have been employed, with the happiest effect, by some of the most distinguished members of the College of Physicians. It can scarcely for a moment be thought a serious objection to this preparation, that its nature is unknown; we know nothing of the intimate essential nature of any medicine whatever: in the cases of myrrh, of calumba, of kino, and of sagan-pen, we do not know the names of the plants which afford them; but they are still considered as perfectly orthodox. All that we want, is a mode of procuring our medicines in perfection, and always alike. For this purpose, it is unquestionably desirable that the origin of every valuable remedy should be well ascertained; and when the character of Husson's medicine shall have been fully established, it will become a proper object of consideration to induce the proprietor to reveal the mode of its preparation. We should hope that a few thousand pounds might easily be raised in this country, by private subscriptions, for a purpose so laudable as that of extending the relief which the eau médicinale appears to afford, in a disease so painful, so general, and so untractable as the gout has hitherto been. In the mean time, it will certainly be proper to endeavour to determine whether the want of permanence of the beneficial effects of the medicine may not, as we have some reason to suspect, be a material drawback upon its utility.

It is remarkable, that while one secret remedy has been administered, with a success so distinguished, in this country, another should have been recommended, almost with equal confidence, in Paris, for the same disease. This is the cataplasm of Pradier, which is applied commonly to the legs, for some days or weeks successively, and produces a discharge of a peculiar kind from the skin, accompanied in general by a very severe pain. A committee of the Faculty of Medicine has given, on the whole, a very favourable report of its operation; but it does not appear to us, that it has relieved either so expeditiously or so uniformly, or with so little chance of constitutional injury, as the eau médicinale.

ART. VI. *Pursuits of Agriculture, a Satirical Poem, in Three Cantos, with Notes.* London. Stockdale. 1810.

IT would be difficult to discover a more striking characteristic of the times in which we live, than that of an uncommonly vehement zeal for national perfection. To pass over the astonishing improvements in theology, which have lately been obtruded upon our notice, and the well-digested plans for eradicating every speck of corruption from our civil, military, and ecclesiastical establishments, we cannot but contemplate with exultation the strong assurances

surances, which have been afforded by some of our sages, of the unbounded extension of our powers over the material world. By one we have been promised a most happy annihilation of labour from the introduction of self-moving machines; by another we have been flattered with the hope of so prodigious a progress in husbandry, as to ensure from our bushes and briars a plentiful and delicious crop of buttered rolls; while a third has lately revived in us the most sanguine expectation of acquiring the art of flying, by assuring us that, although the figure of a man may appear, at first sight, but little fitted for aerial excursions, he is at least as well constructed for that purpose as a crow. The gratitude, however, with which the Saturnian promises of our projectors have been received, is neither so ardent, nor so general, as might possibly have been expected; but the spirit of improvement is still unchecked by the frown of suspicion, or the smile of incredulity; and, conscious of the purity and practicability of its plans, beholds with contempt, or pity, a narrow-minded class of men, who cherish not the slightest hope of any miraculous advancement in the arts of life;—of men, who are much more anxious to secure the vulgar blessings which they derive from the Constitution of their country, than to refine it into ‘an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection;’ and who wilfully persevere in believing that religion was rather revealed as a rule of faith and practice, than as an everlasting theme of speculation and debate.

In this description of persons, the anonymous author of the work before us may possibly be included; not content, however, with indulging a quiet contempt of schemes apparently both crude and visionary, he has pounced upon one class of projectors, the *agricultural*; scrupled not to accuse them of quackery and folly; and even attempted, by a satirical sally,

‘To whip th’ offending spirit out of them.’

In venturing upon so violent a measure, the author is justly anxious to remove the suspicion of being in the slightest degree unfriendly to any rational endeavours for the improvement of husbandry.

‘At the important objects,’ he says, ‘professedly aimed at by the Society,* I do not, for I cannot laugh. At the strange unsuitableness of means to ends, at their affectation of science, at the queer novelty of some of their discoveries, at the profound gravity with which they talk nonsense, and at their egregious gullibility, I do laugh, because I cannot help it. But I am not, therefore, to be deemed an adversary. If any fair means were found to check those flashes of irregular genius, those flights of bold enthusiasm, those presumptions of sanguine zeal, which men of great abilities and strong imaginations intermix in matters

* The Norfolk Agricultural Society is here spoken of.

of patient inquiry and plain practice, so that nothing but what is really and intelligibly useful were left—certainly a man who contributes his best to so great an improvement, whether in prose or in rhyme, whether in merriment or sober sadness, is no adversary, but rather a friend and ally. I therefore do not attempt to recount methodically all the labours (or, if you will, the sports) of the Society. I make a selection of such as best suit my purpose, and seem most capable of poetical embellishment. Poetical fiction is altogether out of the question. Nothing can go beyond (at least I can conceive nothing beyond) actual and undeniable facts, which I have merely invested, not at all disguised, in ludicrous diction and imagery.' Pref. p. iii.

Such being the ground which the author professes to occupy, his attack, we conceive, can hardly be deemed unfair or malicious; it will undoubtedly excite the mirth of those who are ungalled by his shafts; and as to the sufferers—they must find their consolation in amendment.

After a becoming invocation of his provincial muse, the poet begins his song with a sketch of the edifying process of reading to the collective body of Norfolk agriculturists, a communication couched in terms completely incomprehensible to the greater part of the audience.

'How little plants, call'd parasitic,
Make wheat-straw weak and paralytic;
How tiny fungi on a glume
Vital humidity consume;
(What mischief comes of things so small!)
In series longitudinal
They pop their heads through gaping pores,
Like ghosts theatric from trap-doors;
Each is imperforate,' &c.

A deception practised on the society under the name of a Mr. Macfarlan (and which, we are informed in a note, was justly provoked) affords a more fruitful subject for the playful imagination of the writer. The representative of this imaginary stranger transmitted, it seems, to one of the quarterly meetings, a collection of forced turnips of extraordinary size and beauty; he dignified them with the sonorous appellation of the *Brassica Polymorpha*; pretended that they were a production of the polar regions; that they not only endured, but delighted in the utmost extremity of cold; and strongly recommended them to cultivation as a never-failing supply for winter stock. The turnips and the proposal were received with equal gratitude; Mr. Macfarlan was voted, by acclamation, a member extraordinary; and happy was the agriculturist who could secure a specimen of the invaluable *Kolgoian* root. Such are the outlines of a transaction which is skilfully expanded by our Hudibrastic bard. We transcribe his description of the 'Arctic turnip-isles.'

'But,

‘But, lo! a stranger—lead him forth—
 Sandy Macfarlan fro’ the North.
 Tom Coriat of the frozen zone,
 Who saw—what he has seen alone.
 On hyperborean billows tost,
 In noon-day darkness often lost,
 Ah! with what transport of delight
 Did ye, blest islands, glad his sight,
 Frozen *Kolgoi* and chil *Kandina*,
 Fair lands, all lily-bright and shiny!
 Sure fairies built the rocky pile
 Of ice like granite round each isle.
 Here from its smooth storm-polish’d face
 Reflected, see the down-clad race,
 Famish’d sea-fowl, that hither roam,
 And scream, and then go hungry home.
 There varied in unnumber’d forms,
 Quaint work of gusts, and blasts, and storms,
 In rifts, on crags, above, below,
 Wreath’d, drifty, billowy, plummy snow.
 O’er the whole land what meets the sight?
 One pure expanse of dazzling white;
 Save where the hoar-frost gives to view
 Its spangled gems of orient hue,
 Through vap’rous sleet as *Phæbus* gleams
 With slanting horizontal beams.
 Wondrous to tell, on these drear lands
 (Planted, no doubt, by elfin hands)
 Fine crops of turnips snugly grow,
 Protected by perennial snow.

Another ‘sport,’ which attracts the attention of the satirist, is the cramming of cattle to a most preposterous obesity.

‘expensive plans
 For deluging of dripping-pans!
 Alas! what tantalizing meat,
 Too dear to buy, too fat to eat!—
 ’Tis an odd way to make a plenty,
 For one to eat the food of twenty.’

The happy invention of feeding sheep with Scotch firs, and hogs with muscles, is ludicrously touched upon; and the second canto concludes with a note, in which are gazetted the particulars of a well-planned though unsuccessful attack upon a foraging party of those unprincipled marauders, turnip-flies.

In the third and final canto, the author no longer confines himself, with an exclusive filial affection, to his favoured Society; without, however, entirely abandoning it, he rouses himself to more extensive

extensive exertions, and skilfully launches his '*ancora feda*' against a mass of projects, which would hardly have disgraced the Professors of the University of Laputa. He thus addresses the collective tribe of philanthropic speculators :

'Come, then, with generous ardour fired,
All ye who pant to be admired
For genius and inventive power ;
Come, snatch the renovating hour !—
Give all you can, we'll dream the rest,
And ask no better than your best :
No scrap we scorn, the very least
May vary or adorn the feast
Of science, wisdom, wit, and sense—
Grand Pic-Nic of intelligence !'

After this encouraging invocation, the author directs his descendant to the celebration of the terrene arts and sciences ; several of which, as he satisfactorily shews, are deeply indebted to our Georgical literature for a learned and imposing title : improvements of equal importance have undoubtedly been made in them in other respects ; but notwithstanding the exultation of our author on this topic, we confess that none of the modern discoveries which are recorded by him appear to us to equal, in real utility, the too-long-forgotten drum of Boccalini, which would beat up all the weeds in a field, and leave the corn standing.

From earthly to watery arts, the transition is easy ; and we accordingly find the stream of song thus bursting forth in praise of the irrigation of hills !

'Proceed, great days ! bright suns, arise !
Visions of bliss, oh greet our eyes !
Flat marshes mount, rough rocks subside,
Upwards, ye streams, irriguous glide—
Air, earth, and water all obey
Enlighten'd man's imperial sway,
That all his labours may become
But exercise to sweeten home,
To give keen appetite to eat
The luscious fruits and savoury meat,
Which ye'll produce at his devotion ;' &c.

The colours of this consolatory picture are farther heightened by the author's foretaste of a total abolition of tythes, and by the lively description, which he has annexed, of the 'tipsy dance and jollity' of universal nature on that grand occasion. It is impossible that rural felicity should proceed farther—and the poet has therefore stopped to refresh himself with a bird's-eye view of the various
items

items of happiness which will now be enjoyed by his beloved county.

Among the mass of devices excogitated by this indefatigable society, we had nearly overlooked one of a very extraordinary kind, viz. the offer of a premium 'for shearling wethers fed with *vegetable food only*.' Canto III. p. 217. We profess ourselves to be equally at a loss with the author, to discover the practicability of feeding them with any other species of aliment. We recollect, indeed, the anthropophagous taste of the horses of Diomed; but we always conceived this to be a solitary instance of depraved appetite in graminivorous animals, and we do not even now see any urgent necessity for offering a reward to prevail upon a hungry sheep to satisfy its cravings with grass or turnips.

Little hesitation can be felt, we imagine, in pronouncing the writer of the Pursuits of Agriculture to be no unsuccessful pupil of the Hudibrastic school. In the critique of Dr. Johnson on the works of Butler, he complains (a little strangely) of a satiety and fatigue arising from the incessant wit of that 'mirth-moving' bard, and reproves his unremitting efforts to shine, by the following distich:

'Omnia vis belle, Matho, dicere: dic aliquando
Et bene; dic neutrum; dic aliquando male.'

We do not suspect that the imitators of Butler have extended this caution to themselves: we are convinced, on the contrary, that, from adopting a familiar and unpoetic phraseology, which requires so constant a support of quaintness, humour, and epigrammatic point, they have discovered that no ordinary industry is demanded to exclude the prosaic and the insipid; and if a slight sprinkling of expressions of that description can be detected in the Pursuits of Agriculture, they are entitled to some indulgence; more especially as the author, in composing an entire verse of a single word,

'Unagriculturalistical,'

has performed a feat which is no where exhibited, we believe, in the productions of his renowned preceptor.

ART. VII. *The Ramayuna of Valmeeki, translated from the original Sungskrit, with explanatory Notes.* By William Carey and Joshua Marshman. 4to. Vol. I, containing the first Book. pp. 449.

IT was with no small pleasure that we saw this work announced, and with no little curiosity that we sat down to examine it. The
Ramayuna

Ramayuna has been called a Sanscrit epic, and this is a name which Homer and Virgil have taught us to venerate.

We owe this translation to the intelligent encouragement of the Asiatic Society, and its late president Sir John Anstruther, who wisely accepted of the proposal made by the missionaries 'of translating successively the principal works to be found in the Sanscrit language, particularly those held sacred by the Hindoos, or those most illustrative of their manners, their history, or their religion, including also the principal works of science.' The Ramayuna of Valmeeki was first chosen. 'The reverence in which it is held, the extent of country through which it is circulated, and the interesting view which it exhibits of the religion, the doctrines, the mythology, the current ideas, and the manners and customs of the Hindoos combine to justify the selection.'

The Ramayuna was known to us only by wondering and indiscriminate panegyric. The epithets of beautiful, sublime, and interesting have been so repeatedly given to it that it was necessary to have it translated, that the public might fairly appreciate its merit, and ascertain its nature. A part of it has now become our own, and the giant has shrunk into his just proportion. But although reduced almost to a dwarf, and by no means attractive, he is still highly curious from his peculiarities, and well deserves a careful examination.

The Ramayuna is stated to be superior in antiquity to any of the Puranas: it may be so. But the allowance of this claim will not give it any right to precede the Iliad; because the age of the Puranas is exceedingly questionable. There has appeared as yet no evidence that they were in existence at the commencement of the Christian era; nor has any foundation hitherto been disclosed for placing the chronology of Valmeeki at an earlier period. An Indian epopea anterior to Homer would certainly be an interesting discovery, because some of the few circumstances which can be now collected of the rise of epic poetry in Greece, seem to announce an Asiatic origin: but nothing of this description has yet been found which can be esteemed more ancient than the Iliad, or similar compositions of the Cyclic poets. The Ramayuna has in our opinion no pretensions to be made an exception. It is true that if this point were left to the Bramins they would settle at once the question of precedence between Homer and Valmeeki, for they boldly place their favourite some thousand years before the world itself was created.

No critic will exact of a Hindu epopea that it should exhibit a conformity with the rules deduced by Aristotle from the model of Homer. Some of these rules are indeed so consonant to the injunctions which a cultivated taste would always impose, that no

poem

poem which appears to be constructed on different principles, will long engage the attention of a literary age: the *Ramayuna*, for this reason, will find few admirers beyond the precincts of the Gentoo world. That it should be found to have a well-arranged fable, or well-selected incidents, will hardly be expected. A judicious diversity of characters distinctly portrayed and carefully supported would be a phenomenon as extraordinary in a Hindu poet as natural sentiment, or elegant and tasteful composition. The barbarous mythology of the Bramins has ruined their poetry. It clogs, perverts, and confounds their genius: it intercepts all their rational associations, and weakens every useful feeling. It has made the *Ramayuna* a fit breviary for their pagodas which may enrapture the votary of Rama, Vishnu, or Sive; but it can please no one else.

The *Ramayuna* discovers at times many traits of a wild imagination, peculiar manners, interesting from their striking contrast to those with which we are familiar, a transient appearance of rude sublimity, and often some irregular displays of genuine pathos. Its style is sometimes vigorous, and the descriptions are sometimes attractive. But though a few flowery dells and picturesque views may occasionally open upon us as we proceed through this poem, we shall always find ourselves in a wilderness. Confusion, darkness, barrenness, and fatigue will be our chief companions. The fantastic and the absurd incessantly preponderate. Weariness becomes our prevailing sentiment, and novelty is our principal gratification.

It was prettily said of *Paradise Lost*, that if you will not allow it to be an epic, you may call it a divine poem. To this epithet of Addison, the author of the *Ramayuna* seriously asserts his unquestionable right. 'The divine sage,' he says, 'has written in exquisitely varied verse, the history of Rama—a poem holy, excellent, divine.' So miraculous is its efficacy that he declares it will impart 'life, fame, and strength to those who hear it.' It is 'fraught with jewels like the sea.' By reading it nobles will become monarchs, and beggars will be aggrandised. Nay, so anxious is the author to secure to his composition that immortality of fame, which every poet expects, that he ventures to assure us that 'whoever reads it will be delivered from all sin, and he who constantly peruses the first section will, together with his whole progeny, be forever delivered from pain and sorrow.' As the first section only occupies eighteen pages, this is the cheapest patent of exemption from the miseries of human life, that ingenuity has yet invented. So satisfied was Valmeeki of his own genius and the credulity of his countrymen, that he has made Brahma himself declare, 'as long as the mountains and rivers shall remain on the earth, so long shall the *Ramayuna* remain current among men.' Compared with this, the

the *monumentum ære perennius* of Horace was an insignificant boast.

Of a poem thus vaunted by its author, our readers may desire to have some account without the fatigue of personal study. We will endeavour to satisfy their curiosity by giving an analysis of its fable, together with such specimens of its general composition as may convey an idea of its prevailing character. We cannot promise that our delineations will be always satisfactory or amusing, because we have to select them from an absolute chaos.

The principal subject of the poem is the expedition of Rama, a Hindu deity and king, against Ravuna, the tyrant and demon of Ceylon. With this, innumerable episodes are interwoven. The whole comprises six hundred and twenty sections, and twenty four thousand verses. Of these the present version contains only sixty-four sections, which fill an octavo volume of 449 pages. If it is not the finest, it is at least the largest heroic poem with which European readers have become acquainted.

Ravuna, a ten-headed monster, is described as an evil being, whose pride troubles and afflicts the gods, and distresses the universe. His power extends even to the elements. 'Where Ravuna remains there the sun loses his force; the winds through fear of him do not blow; the fire ceases to burn; the rolling ocean forbears to move its waves.' This terror of the universe is invulnerable to all the gods, for Brahma had indiscreetly pronounced, 'Man excepted, from the various kinds of beings thou hast nothing to fear.' The harassed deities repair to Brahma with their complaints, and implore him with joined hands to save them from their enemy and contrive a plan for his destruction. Brahma promised to oblige them, and recollected the fortunate exception when he requested his invulnerability, 'this Rakshus, through contempt, said nothing respecting man; therefore this wicked one shall be destroyed by man.'

But where could a man be found capable of confronting a demon so terrible? In this dilemma, the gods beheld Vishnu, 'the lord of the world, arrayed in yellow, riding on Vinuteya, like the sun on a cloud, with his discus and his club.' They intreated him to become a man, by being born the son of a childless king who was petitioning for offspring. Vishnu consents; and on this incarnation the whole poem is founded.

The reader does not, however, get through the subject of the poem quite so easily in Valmeeki. He is first introduced to the hero, and the author, by separate invocations. Valmeeki is called the Indian cuckoo 'who mounted on the branch of poesy, sounds the delightful note, Rama, Rama, Rama;' and the divine hero is described at some length. To ample shoulders and brawny arms, he unites
a neck

a neck shell-formed, hands reaching to the knee, a blue body, and elongated eyes. All the moral virtues of a Hindu are attached to him, and a slight sketch of his history is then given. The short table of contents is expanded into a much longer one in the third and fourth sections, and the latter ends with another extravagant panegyric on the poem.

'All the sages, earnest to hear the poem, crowded around by thousands, with eyes fixed through joy and wonder, exclaiming excellent! excellent! and uniting in a joyful burst of applause—oh this poem, the very expression of nature! oh the song! oh the tune! oh the exquisite story of the divine Rama! ancient things are beheld as though they had been transacted before our eyes,' &c. &c.

In the fifth section, and at the fifty-ninth page, the poem at last begins. Some notion of its incidents may be formed from the following sketch. On the banks of the Suruyoo was a large country called Koshula, gay and happy, of which Uyodhya was the principal city. The houses stood in triple and long extended rows, of equal height, and the chief streets were well watered. It was filled with merchants, sages, and warriors equal in strength to the regents of the universe. Its spacious mansions were beautified with gardens and groves of mango trees. It abounded with dancing girls, elephants, horses, and sacred chariots. Its stately gates were guarded by archers, and surrounded with an impassable moat. The delightful music of the tabor, the flute, and the harp resounded in every part. The domes of its magnificent palaces resembled the tops of mountains. It was perfumed with perpetual incense, and decorated with chaplets of flowers, and was constantly filled with societies of the healthful and the happy.

In this city, Dusha-rutha reigned 'resplendent as the sun irradiating the world.' But his happiness was clouded with one anxiety—he had no offspring, notwithstanding all his sacred austerities; and to obtain a son he resolved to perform the peculiar sacrifice called Ushwmedha. This he desired his Bramins to superintend, and he announced his purpose to his wives. 'At these exhilarating words the faces of his beautiful queens brightened like the water-lily at the departure of the cold season.'

The king, however, first listens with admirable patience to a long story told by his charioteer in order to induce him to invite a famous sage to be his gooroo, or confidential priest, to officiate at the sacrifice. To bring down rain upon the earth it had been necessary to persuade this venerated devotee, who was living in a forest, unacquainted with men, to leave his solitude and dwell in the city. Female attractions were successfully employed for that purpose, and as the fair ambassadors 'were bringing him away, the clouds poured forth a plentiful shower, rejoicing the world.'

The

The charioteer assures the king that this sage was destined, by report, to perform the sacrifice which would procure him a son. The king believes his driver, and undertakes a journey to Ava to invite this august personage. The devotee agrees to accompany him home. To honour his Braminical friend, the king commands his capital to be perfumed with incense, and decorated with flags. The sage enters in triumph, and when the dewy season was past and the spring arrived, prepares to perform the sacrifice.

The preparations for this important ceremony occupy two years. The king is profuse in his invitations to all classes of men to attend it. The artificers, the sacred cooks, writers, astrologers, mechanics, and dancing men and women, are all put in requisition. The kings and all the virtuous of the earth are requested to come by thousands from every country. Food, in heaps like mountains and duly dressed, was daily collected, and the ceremony began. The deities were invoked. The priests with sweet and pleasing songs offered to each idol his peculiar part in the sacrifice, and a general festivity followed. The words give, eat, every where resounded, and all classes both eat and drank till nature could admit no more. 'Oh! how full we are!' was the exclamation uttered by all around.

The Bramins, however, were not satisfied with temporary feasting. They had removed the sins of the king, and they solicited their reward. 'O king! our concern is not with lands, nor are we capable of taking due care of them. We are constantly devoted to the study of the Veda. Be pleased, therefore, to give us a trifling gift: jewels, gold, cows, or whatever is convenient. We have no occasion for provinces, O most excellent sovereign of men!' The most excellent sovereign gave them a million of cows, a hundred millions of pieces of gold, and four times as many pieces of silver. Every thing is gigantic in Sanscrit literature.

The preparations being now complete for the birth of Rama, the poet proceeds to accomplish it. As the king was performing his last sacrifice, suddenly from the fire arose a supernatural being of incomparable splendour. He gave the officiating sage a vessel of burning gold full of celestial food, and bade him present it to the king; who carried the ambrosial banquet to his wives. 'The apartments of the women were instantly irradiated with the beams of joy, as the atmosphere by the rays of the autumnal moon.' The sage returns home with new honours, and in due time Vishnu, the lord of the universe, is born of the beautiful Koushulya, and is called Rama. At his birth the celestial beings sang melodiously the divine Doondoobhis, and a shower of flowers fell from the sky. We have now reached the one hundred and forty-third page, and the story is yet to begin.

We

Homer commences his eighth book with Jupiter the sire of gods and men commanding the immortals to take no part in the war before Troy. Valmeeki begins his sixteenth section with Brahma, the divine, self-existent, also addressing the gods, but for a different purpose. It is to desire all of them to assist Vishnu in his expedition against Ravuna. This assistance is to be given in a very singular manner: they are to create mighty companions capable of assuming any form, skilled in the art of illusion, swift as the wind, invulnerable and immortal as those who feed on ambrosia, from bears and female monkeys. 'From these,' continues Brahma, 'produce sons, monkey-formed, in power equal to yourselves.' To encourage them to this strange creation, he tells them of a similar feat of his own. 'From the mouth of me, wide gaping, has Jamboovan, the mighty bear, been already produced!'

Brahma is obeyed, and a race of immortal monkeys, bears and cow-tailed apes, equal in size to elephants or mountains, is created. They could pierce the stoutest trees, tear up the earth with their feet, and cause the sea to overflow its bounds. Mounting the air, they could seize the very clouds, and with their shout cause the feathered songsters to fall to the ground. They were produced by millions, and their chief leaders were Soogreeva and Hunooman.

Having prepared these strange means for the attack on Ravuna, the author proceeds to introduce his hero into the conflict, and in this part of his work displays some of the powers of a poet. The royal father of Rama was enjoying the society of his children, and deliberating upon their marriage, when he was visited by a Bramin called Vishwa-mitra. This Bramin is a most wonderful sage. The king tells him that he beholds him with adoration; that he is his deity; that his coming is grateful to him as ambrosia, as rain in due season, as a son to the childless; and eagerly promises to fulfil all his wishes. The sage, 'with his hair erect through joy,' returns some of the king's compliments, by assuring him that no one on earth is his equal. He then tells his story. Two Rakshases, or hateful beings, the friends of Ravuna, will not let him perform his sacrifices. He is himself unable to combat them; and has, therefore, come to the king to petition that he will permit his dear son Rama to undertake the adventure, and destroy his enemies.

Scarcely had the king heard the request, when he fainted. Recovering, he exclaimed, 'my Rama, my lotus-eyed boy, is not yet sixteen; he is not able to fight with the Rakshases. I will go instead of him. I will take a mighty army, and, while life remains, maintain the combat with these wanderers of the night.'

Without Rama, I cannot sustain life one moment. Thou must not take Rama—my life has now centered in him, all lovely to the sight as the full-orbed moon. This joy of my soul, dearer than life itself, thou must not take away.'

To this pathetic address the Bramin replies by enlarging on the necessity of the case, and the terrible prowess of Ravuna, who can only be subdued by Rama. But the name of Ravuna fills the anxious father with new alarm. He calls to mind all his dreadful exploits. 'The Gods, the Danuvas, the Gundharvas, and the Yukshas are unable to cope with Ravuna; how then should man? Ravuna is among the destroyers of thy sacrifices. He is a cruel one. I will not give up my son. The descendants of Soonda and Oopusoonda, fatal as the regents of death, are among them. I will not therefore give up my son.' This effusion of paternal affection, however, serves only to kindle the displeasure of the Bramin. 'If this, O King, be for thy good,' he exclaims, 'I will return as I came. Live, O Kakootsha! live at ease, surrounded with thy friends, but a perfidious violator of thy promise.' At the anger of the sage the whole earth was moved, and fear seized even the gods.

Another great sage, however, at this crisis interfered. He conjured the king to send his son, assuring him that Rama would be both safe and successful. The perturbed father yielded to their united importunity, and Rama set off upon his expedition. At this sight, the god of air breathed forth a gentle zephyr pleasant and free from dust. A shower of flowers fell accompanied with the music of the divine Doondoobhi, and the celestials joined the harmony of their conches.

In their progress, they come to a sacred hermitage, where we learn the singular fate of Kundurpa, the Hindu Cupid. He once possessed a visible form, but he presumed to wound the Lord of the Gods while, with uplifted arm, he was engaged in sacred austerities. His temerity was unmercifully punished. All his members became suddenly scorched with fire, and fell from his body; his whole material frame was consumed, and since that time he has been incorporeal.

They continue their journey, amused with idle tales of wild mythology, till they come to the forest of Taruka, one of the hostile Rakshuses, who has the strength of a thousand elephants. This angry lady first buries them in a cloud of dust, and then rains upon them a copious shower of stones. Rama, in return, cuts off her hands: Rakshuses and demons, however, can fight without hands; he has, therefore, recourse to an arrow 'capable of perforating a sound,' which backed by a second, not less efficacious, finally subdues her, and she expires, vomiting blood.

The

The sage is highly grateful for this victory; and presents Rama with a prodigious number of 'divine weapons,' all of which, to the great edification of the reader, are distinctly enumerated. Rama, whose cupidity has grown with his success, begs for more; the sage, who is in a humour to deny him nothing, complies. Strange to say, these divine weapons instantly assume 'their proper forms,' (coals of fire, columns of smoke, &c.) and begin to talk. With hands respectfully joined, they addressed Rama in gentle accents, 'here we are, O chief of men! what shall we do for thee?' The chief of men bids them leave him, and come again when he wants them; humbly bowing their heads to Rama, they retire.

It would fatigue and disgust the reader to lead him through the absurdities of this poem; we will, therefore, only notice one more incident, and this is Rama's marriage. He meets a king who has a blooming daughter called Seeta, whom he ploughed up as he was preparing a spot for sacrifice. This fair one he proposes to give to the man who can bend a wonderful bow in his possession, which had, on a former occasion, destroyed all the gods. It required the strength of eight hundred men to bring it in. Rama, however, takes it up with one hand, and not only bends it, but breaks it in the middle. The sound of its snapping resembled the crash of a falling mountain, and so stunned the people that they fell down on every side. Rama then marries the earth-born Seeta, and the first book, that is the volume, concludes.

To attempt to criticise such a story as this would be about as wise and profitable as to reason on the adventures of Jack the Giant-killer. We are grateful for such a specimen of Sanscrit literature and mythology.* We are even glad to hear that another volume of it has been published in India. But we think that these two books will be quite sufficient to satisfy any reasonable appetite for the divine Ramayana. And we hope our worthy missionaries will now give us an equal portion of the Mahabarat.

We cannot, however, dismiss this work without bestowing our cordial tribute of applause on the indefatigable translators—Dr. Carey and Mr. Marshman. They and their friends have not only mastered the various languages of the Indian peninsula, and translated the Bible into Bengalee, and the Testament into the Sanscrit, Oreeya, and Hindustanee; but we perceive them also projecting the acquisition of the languages of Thibet, and sedulously employed in learning those of the Birman empire, and of China. The cultivation of the Chinese will open to us a great harvest of information from the long-inaccessible literature of that almost inaccessible country. The sons of the two translators of the Ramayana, of the ages of 15, 13, and 8 years, are now making great proficiency in the Chinese language. The unwearied Mr. Marshman, in conjunction

with his son and a Portuguese named Lassar, is also translating into English, and printing the works of Confucius. We think it justice to their character to give the following accounts of the proficiency of these youths in this peculiar and difficult language. The *Lun-gnee*, the book mentioned, is called the *Conversations of Confucius*.

‘ On Monday, 26th Sept. 1808, an examination of the students of the Chinese language was held at the mission-seminary at Serampore, by John Harrington, Esq. Vice President of the Asiatic Society, and Dr. John Leyden, in the presence of Mr. Lassar, the Chinese professor, Major L. F. Smith, secretary to the Persian embassy, Captain Kemp, Lieutenant —, and several other gentlemen. Mr. Harrington presided.

‘ The examination commenced by Jabez Carey and B. W. Marshman’s repeating alternately from memory the three last books of the first volume of *Lun-gnee*, the Chinese work now in the press. These three books contained about 4500 characters. Fifty pages of the second volume of *Lun-gnee* were then repeated memoriter by J. C. Marshman, containing about 6000 characters. After this, they were examined relative to the meaning of the characters. A translation of what he had repeated was then produced by J. C. Marshman. After which, specimens of composition in the Chinese language and character were produced and examined. These consisted of seven letters in Chinese, written by J. C. Marshman, and four by Jabez Carey, with a specimen of writing by B. W. Marshman.

‘ The examination concluded by a disputation in Chinese on the following thesis:—

“ To commit to memory the Chinese classics is the best mode of acquiring the Chinese language.”

First opponent, B. W. Marshman

Second ditto, J. Carey

Respondent, J. C. Marshman

‘ The gentlemen who assisted in the examination expressed their satisfaction in very strong terms, and their conviction that nothing but perseverance was necessary to the complete acquisition of the Chinese language.

‘ After the examination, a prize of forty rupees was awarded by Mr. Lassar to J. C. Marshman, and thirty each to the other two lads.’

Whatever may be the result of their labours in diffusing Christianity in these regions, there can be no question that by their translations they will bring important accessions to our very scanty stock of Asiatic literature.

ART. VIII. *Æschyli Tragædiæ quæ supersunt deperditarum Fabularum Fragmenta et Scholia Græca, ex Editione Thomæ Stanleii, &c. &c. Accedunt Variæ Lectiones et Notæ, VV. DD. Criticæ ac Philologicæ, quibus suas passim intertexiuit Samuel Butler.* 4to. 1 vol. 8vo. 2 vol. Cantabrigiæ. Deighton. 1810.

WE confess ourselves somewhat surprised at this apparition of Stanley's *Æschylus* revisiting us, like the ghost of Banquo, with all its mortal murders on its head. We thought, indeed, that, 'when the brains were out, the man would die;' but the syndics of the Cambridge press have brought him again to life; in other words, they have reprinted all the corruptions of the edition in question, without any regard to the undoubted corrections which have been made since the time of that learned editor. We consider it as an ill compliment to those scholars who have laboured so much in elucidating *Æschylus*, to pass over with silent indifference all their discoveries, if we may be allowed the expression, and all the better readings of MSS.; and thus to give the sanction of the academical press to those corrupt readings which have so unquestionably been rectified. We can only account for this by supposing the syndics to have sent a deputation to the Pythian oracle, as a Grecian city did of old, and to have received the same answer, *Μὴ κινῆσαι Καμάρηνας, ἀκίετος γὰρ ἀμύμον.* We are the more inclined to express our grief on this occasion, as we have understood that, in consequence of a similar resolution on the part of the syndics, Porson's *Æschylus* did not issue, with all its valuable accompaniments, from the Cambridge press; but was left to make its appearance in a naked unauthorized manner from the printing-office of Glasgow. Mr. Butler's edition therefore labours under a disadvantage very perplexing to the student, who is compelled to search for the good readings at the end of the volume, while the bad are constantly before his eyes.

Since the first edition of *Æschylus* by Aldus, under the superintendence of Asulanus, in 1518, much has been done for the remains of this great poet; and it is one of the merits of Mr. Butler's edition, that it brings into one point of view the *Notæ Variorum*, and, with them, the gradual progress of critical emendation. Much more, we are persuaded, might be done for *Æschylus* by a diligent perusal of various ancient authors, grammarians, lexicographers, and sophists; for we are almost afraid to indulge a hope that he will experience the good fortune of Aristophanes in the discovery of the Ravenna MS. We should be unwilling to believe that we had now reached the *ne plus ultra* of discovery, and that, as Pindar says, *Γαδικὴν αἶψαν Ζῳφῆς ἢ περὶ τοῦ.* We do not think, however, that,

with respect to correction, Mr. Butler has much advanced the god *Terminus*. The MSS. of *Æschylus* are of a late date, and those which he has collated have not afforded any great assistance to the cause; neither has the editor been so fortunate as to suggest any of those conjectural emendations which, dug as it were out of the ruins of corruption, almost bear the stamp of authority: such as the *μετωπισμωφροῖν* and the *πολλὰς ἀνὰ τύραννος ἰσοδαίμων πάρος* of Porson. See the *Supplem. ad Præf. in Hec.* The improvements of that great scholar were not distinguished by audacity, or (if a poetical term may be applied to any thing so anti-poetic as verbal criticism) by invention; in his emendations there was nothing forced or crude; the errors to which they were applied seemed ripe, and, when solicited by his hand, dropped off without any violent avulsion.

And here we may be permitted to express our sorrow that the literary world has been so prematurely deprived of his great talents; of that energy, that almost unprecedented memory, which, quickened and invigorated by a powerful genius, could open such vast stores of learning; of that rapid combination which could borrow light from one author, and reflect it upon another, however remote and devious their respective orbits, and this with so happy an effect that the reader was apt to forget the real difficulty in the apparent facility; of that judgment and discretion which discriminated what was really faulty, and which, when it could not cure, never disturbed; and above all (shall we say it?) of that magnanimity so essential to great attainments, and yet so rare, which exclusively devoted him to the cultivation of Greek literature, unmindful of his personal interests, and regardless of those cares which so often darken the mild brow of youthful genius, and forbid the prosecution of so ungrainful a pursuit.

Returning, however, from our digression, we think that, without the farther aid of MSS. no ingenuity can satisfactorily unravel some, we will not say corrupt lines, but corrupt pages, of *Æschylus*, such, for instance, as the dialogue in the *Supplices* between the *Danaides* and the *Κρηῆς*; of Mr. Butler's management of which we shall treat in its proper place. It appears that there are few, or rather indeed (unless Mr. Butler has omitted to notice them) none of Porson's obeli prefixed to these monostrophics. The present editor's disposition of the metres and chorus shews, we think, his taste and judgment, and a goodness of ear; unlike that of another Cambridge editor, who, to rid himself of the *Ἀνομοιόγραφον*, has unfeelingly mangled the metres of Euripides, and stretched the unfortunate son of the *λαχάρης* upon the tenter-hooks. We should not have gone out of our way to notice this subject, were it not our duty, as conservators of the public taste, to enter our protest against these barbarous inroads of a commentator who seems disposed to sweep away every thing be-

fore

fore him. From this juvenile licentiousness, from this perverseness of ingenuity, which only serves to incense the reader, and deface the author, Mr. Butler very properly warns his readers to abstain; and has afforded, in his own practice, a very excellent model of sober and judicious criticism.

Mr. Butler also deserves our commendations for the unaffected candour and good temper with which he follows Markland as his model, and for his judgment in avoiding that useless contention and causeless acrimony in which some illustrious scholars of the 17th century indulged, and in which Pauw, the most arrogant and unfortunate of editors, so much delighted. In one instance only we question his taste: we allude to an emendation which he has attempted in that truly grand and picturesque description of a solitary and gloomy scene, worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa, which occurs in the *Supplices*, v. 800.

Having given Mr. Butler the credit so justly due to his temper, judgment, and taste, we have only a few faults to put in the other scale. In his arrangements of particular verses Mr. Butler admits the hiatus, which we contend is inadmissible; and he will forgive us, if we presume to differ from him in the construction of 'Ut ut' with a subjunctive: these, however, are mere specks, which the slightest touch may brush off; and totally inconclusive with regard to the general merits of the edition. We will now proceed with the observations which have occurred to us in the perusal of these volumes.

Vol. 1, v. 3. *ἰπιρλάς*. It was unnecessary to say any thing of the use of this word, as there is nothing more common. See Valck. *Diate*. 255. We remember no instance of *ἰπιρλάς*.

V. 17. In noticing the obelus of Porson prefixed to *ἰεραρίων*, Mr. Butler has not observed that *ἰεραρίων* seems to be the right reading, which is preserved in Hesychius in verb. and Phavorinus; the latter says that it was used by Sophocles, in his play of the *Σκίρται*. *Εὐαρίων* may be properly rendered by the Latin word *vilipendere*.

V. 93. We coincide with Mr. Butler in his doctrine of the Anapaestic system. See Hipp. 1545. See also Troades 100. Dawes is not altogether correct in what he says of the paræmiac. See *Suppl. init.*

V. 117. *τις* certainly seems wanted; but we agree with Mr. Butler in thinking, that it would not be proper in this place; *τις* interrogative must precede, and *τις* enclitic must immediately follow the word on which it depends. In Hipp. 856. *τί δ' ἄποθ' ἤδε δίδας ἐν φάος χείρος Ἡρηνίην; τίδαι τί στήματα νόν.* Valcknaer has judiciously edited *τι* an enclitic.

V. 134. Θιμειῶντι ἀδῶ, the excellent reading of Bentley, in his epistle to Mill, seems to be that of the scholiast; though, indeed, he could make no use of it. Stephens however adopted it. Pauw observes, with his usual judgment and modesty, 'Bentley reads θιμειῶντι, and ἀθίτως, but he knew nothing of the metre, which he has spoiled.' Poor Bentley! ἀθίτως, if it wanted confirmation, might find it in Hesych. ἀθίτως, ἀθίστως. Λισχυλος προμηθεὶ δισμῶτη.

V. 155. Mr. Butler might easily have added to the authorities adduced by Brunck on this construction, but he thought it unnecessary. So far from being licentious or anomalous, it is the only possible construction to express the sense. See Herm. de ling. Græc. ὧς is thus used by Euripides, in a fragment of the Iro, οἱ τὴν κακὴν μὲν ἐξίσταλλε θυμάτων, τὴν δ' ὅσων ἰσθλῆς ἦδ' ὧς ἰσώζετο.

V. 171. Καὶ μ' ἐτι μεγαλώσοις, a reading of the MSS. Colb. Ven. 1. 2. justly preferred by Mr. Butler to the reading καίτοι μὲν, though this canon of Dawes is not uniformly observed in Æschylus and Sophocles. In the Supplices, ἵσαι βέβηκε δὲ καρπὸς ἐ γάχων κρατῖν, and Sophocles in the Philoctetes, ἐξ ἧς ἔβλας ἐ. τ. λ. Soph. Elec. Δρῆμιν δαύλων πινταιβλ' ὃ νομίζεται.

V. 213. The reading of Porson ἐπιρσχόμεναι confirmed by Phænissæ, is δ' ὅμ' ἐπιρσχόμεναι ἴνους, κ. τ. λ. and Hipp. 1365, where Valcknaer would rightly read ἐπιρσχων for ἐπερίχων.

V. 264. We now come to a verse which involves the controverted doctrine of Anapæsts. Brunck defends the common reading. The lines which he adduces out of this play, are now set to rights. Sept. c. Th. 568. Θιῶν θιλότων ἀν' ἀληθίνουσαιμ' ἰγῶ, (the reading of Al. Rob. Cod. R. B. and A.) is no instance against this rule, δὴν being an interpolation of Brunck. Perhaps αὐτ' might be the word. The correction of Sophocles, Æd. Col. 1169, by Burton in his Pentalogia, which Mr. Butler sanctions, we do not like; thinking with Brunck, that ἴσχις is mera barbaries. We believe it should be read ὃ φιλάται σχίς ἥπερ εἶ. Eur. Hec. 957. Σχίς τυγχάνω γὰρ ἐν μέσοις θρηκῆς ὅροις. We do not agree with Mr. Butler about the synizesis of ἱναλίῃ in Hipp. 129; ἱναλίῃ is a quadrisyllable, as the metre requires. With respect to this line of Æschylus we dissent from Mr. Butler, who adopts Stanley's correction τὸν κακῶς πρᾶσσεν. Moral sentence ts, put universally, are generally given in the plural number by the Tragedians. We should recommend the simple changing of ταῦτα into αὐτὰ. Πράσσοντες αὐτ' ἰγῶ δ' ἄπαντ' ἐπίκαμαι. Αὐτὰ is more emphatical than ταῦτα, and is very often used. In this play 440. ἀλλ' αὐτὰ σιγῶ. Hec. 952. Φύρσιν αὐτὰ θιοί τ' ἄνω τι ἢ κατῶ. Apud Athen. 12, p. 527. Ἄλλ' ὃ γὰρ ἱμάθ' αὐτ' ἱμῶ πέμποντες ἀλλὰ μάλλον. Arist. Thesm. 515. Λίνοι λίνοι σι γίγνιν; αὐτ' ἱμαγμα σὸν; or we might read more emphatically αὐτὰ ταῦτ'. Troad. 655. αὐτὰ ταῦτο; somewhere in the Hec. αὐτὰ ταῦτα.

As

—As we are upon this subject we may remark, that line 374, *Τυφῶνα θῆρος* is unhappily emended by Mr. Butler, *μυός*. Porson properly read *ὄστις*. *Θῆρ'* is an ingenious reading of Mr. Burges. We wish the 944th line of this play *Τὸν ἱεραμαρτορτ' εἰς θεός*, could be emended as easily. We can propose nothing that is at all probable, except it be *Δία* for *θεός*. *Ἡμῖνοι*, the reading of the MSS. to which Mr. Butler rather inclines, is, as we think, quite inadmissible. A few other lines occur which we should wish to see emended. *Iph. Aul.* 650. *Οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτι φρεῖ ἔκ οἶδα φίλτατί μοι πάτερ*. Where Heath reads *ἔ* and *ἄ* πάτερ, the first we think right, but as to the last, we know no instance of such a position of the *ἄ* between its adjective and substantive. In the same play, 1242, a very corrupt line is helped out by an excellent MS. reading *ἑμῶς δὲ συνδάκρυστοι ἱκίτευσοι πατέρες*, which the editor of the *Troades* has altered into *τι πρὸς; πρὸς* and *πατέρες* are so much alike in MSS. that they are frequently confounded. See Valck. *Diat.* c. 16, p. 170, on a fragment of the *Erechtheus*. It is generally used in passion, *ἦ μὴν κελύσω καὶ πεπονήσῃ γε πρὸς*. *Ore.* *Μυῖλαι σοὶ δὲ τάδε λίγω, δράσω τι πρὸς*. *Phæn.* *κατακλινῶ γε πρὸς*; but here it may be defended by the circumstance of *Orestes* being unable to speak, and his sister, in the excess of grief, asking an extravagant thing of him. *Trach.* 294. *Τῶν μὲν παρόντων τῶνδε πεπυσμένη λόγῳ*. Dawes reads *ῶν*, we read *τάδε*. *Cho.* 522. *Ἡ καὶ πίυσθαι τύχας, ὥς' ἑβῶς φράσαι*; *Iph. A.* 508. *Ταραχῇ' ἀδελφῶν τις δὲ ἴματα γίγνεται*, where Heath reads *ἴριδα*; but the tragic writers use *ἴρι*. *Hel.* *Ἀτὰρ τίς εἰ; πόθιν; τινός; ἱεκυδῶν σι χρῆ*. Heath reads *τίς εἰ ποτὶ*, but *τινός* is wrong. We would read *ἀτὰρ τίς εἰ; πόθιν ποτ'; ἱεκυδῶν σι χρῆ*. In the *Heracl.* In a very corrupt passage where there is a chasm, *Ἦκεις ἐπὶ τῇδε γῶναι, ἔκ ἰάσομιν*. *Agam.* 523. *Ἄλκις παρὰ Σκάμανδρον ἦλθες ἀνάρσιος*, we read *ἦσθ'*, though *ἦλθες* is elegant. See Mr. Butler on *ἰσπίρης τόπος*, as to *παρὰ*, without motion, used with an accusative. Schutz has interpolated *Aga.* 1651, introducing the words of *Julius Pollux* into the text.

V. 269. *Κατισχανῖσθαι*, the reading of Porson, we prefer to *κατισχανῖσθαι*, considering them as different words. *Iph. Aul.* 264. *συνασχάνει* should be read for *συνασχάει*.

V. 322. *Οὔκων* should have been *οὐκῶν*. In the chorus 400. We are glad, with Heath, to get rid of *λειβομίται*. We prefer Porson's *τοῖσι παρὸς δίκνυσσι* to Butler's *ἰδίκνυσσι*. We only remember two instances of *ἰδίκνυσμαι* in the middle voice. *Eur. Bacch.* *Alce.* and none of *ἰδίκνυμαι*, in the active. We like Heath's *μεγαλοσχήμενα Κάρχαι* though we know such crasis is unusual in the chorus. *Στοιχ.* *καὶ ὁ πόθιος, Παρθέναι καὶ ἔπος*, but *Soph. Æd. Tyr.* *καὶ ἀμὲν τιμαῖς ἐπὶ δόλῳ ἰμφοῦς*. We approve of Mr. Butler's arrangement of the chorus, and we have nothing better to offer. 437. The right reading

ing must be προσειλόμενος or προσειλόμενος. 450. προσίλως might be confirmed from Timæus' Lexicon Platonicum. 519. Mr. Butler adopts a mistake of Morell; he says λιπαρὲς is short in Homer, and long in Aris. Lys, 673. λιπαρὲς and λιπαρίω long. Here Mr. Butler and Morell confound words totally different; λιπαρὲς from λίπος is short every where; in Homer, Arist. Pind. and the dramatic authors; λιπαρὲς and λιπαρίω are always long, and are not Homeric words. In the *Lysistrata* λιπαρὲς is the right reading instead of λιπαρῆς, which struck Bergler. Phav. λιπαρὲς, ἐπιμελὲς, ἐπιμόνως.

V. 549. We do not, with Mr. Butler, call τίς ἰθαμυρίων ἄρξει; ὁ δ' ἰδὲρχθης, and the two following lines, with the corresponding ones in the antistrophe, ionics a minore, for the 3d Pæon followed by iambics will never constitute such a measure. See Heph. de metris.

V. 570. These monostrophics are mostly dochmiacs. We do not like the Hiatus, in φοβῆμαι ἰ ἰ, as Mr. Butler has arranged it. The only instance we can recollect of such lengthening of a diphthong before another vowel, is Phæ. αἵματι διπλῶ αἵματι λόγγω, if that line be dactylic. δις μὲν αἰκῇ ἦ ἴ. The MSS. read φῖν φῖν, of which Mr. Butler approves. Heracl. 374. Δίγω ἰ πάλιν ἤεις, the next line should be read (instead of the hiatus ἔκ ἔκω ἃ δοκίς κυρίσας) ἔχ ἃς ἃ δοκίς, which the late professor might have added to the many instances where ἔκω has taken place of ἃς and ἃδ. See Suppl. ad Hec. In the Hec. the same learned editor gave καλλιδῖφροι instead of καλλιδῖφρον. Nor can the 169th line of the Suppl. be adduced in support of the hiatus, where ἴ ζῶν should be read for ἴ ζῶ. With this exception we would read these lines precisely as Mr. Butler reads them, (only ἰσορῶσα for ἰσορῶσα) down to 575, where we would read ἀνα τὰν παραλίαν φάμαθον ὑπὸ δὲ κη Ρόπλας ἐτοβῆ δόκῃ ἀχίτας ὑποδόταν νόμον. A little further we would read πῶ μ' in the end of the verse, and πορτίως the lection of the MSS. for πορτίως; and thus the metres would be all antispastic and dochmiac. We certainly should be tempted to join the syllable πω to the preceding verse, that the system might be uniform; at any rate we dissent from Mr. Butler in naming the line, as he has shaped it, a Pæonic. As to the hiatus, we think he commits the same error, in 604, δουδαιμῶνι δὲ τίνες ὁ ἰ ἰ by calling the latter part of this verse a dochmiac. We suggest reading ἴ.

V. 677. 8. 681. Mr. Butler observes upon the different readings Κερχρίας and Κερχρίας, that Porson gives Κερχρῶμασι in the Phæn. and κερχρίας here. What have these words to do with each other? Αἶρης ἄρη is not defensible. ἄρη is a promontory or cape, not a mountain. No one can read two pages of Arrian or Strabo without meeting it in this sense only. 681. Αἰφρίδιος Mr. Butler vainly defends by supposing Synizesis. See Porson ad Phæ. 1652, though

in the same play, 1327, on the word *ἱμῶν*, he seems to have forgotten his own canon. 704. We are inclined to prefer *σὺδ*, with Mr. Butler, to *συτ'* the reading of some of the MSS. and Stephanus Byzantinus; nor is *σὺδ*, in this passage, contrary to the tragic idiom, as some have supposed. Στ δ' ὅφλ' ἔκλυε ἔχον ἀνδρ' ἀρευντά μοι. Σὺδ' ὁ γαῖ᾽ ὑπὲρ Λαέρτιν πατρός.

V. 711. Mr. Butler does not, and we cannot suggest, any objection to the *obelized* ἀλυσόνοις; perhaps *χρημθῆῖσα* would be better in the next line. 836. See a passage of Hesych. Πίας πόρος, παρὰ τὸν Ἀδριακὸν κόλπον ἴθα τιμᾶτα ὁ Βόσπορος. V. 858. We agree in the punctuation of these lines; if *δαμνῶνται* is retained, we think that there must be some corruption. We suggest, with deference, φόνου δὲ σωματῶν ῥίξει διδς—if πράσσω φόνου why not ῥίξει φόνου? V. 858. *Æsch.* apud Hesych. αὐτοεργμοῖς πότμῳ. 943. Schutz's emendation *τιναλῆ* militates against one of the Porsonian canons. τί τὰδ' ἐτύχθη, a happy emendation of Hermannus. Mr. Butler might have added to his list of Homero-*Æschylean* words ἰλῦρα and ἀσχαλάα. Eur. Andr. 131. Καίρος ἀντιζομένη δῆμας πικύλιον κ. τ. λ.

SUPPLICES.

Διὰ κύμ' ἄλιον. This right reading, proposed by Stanley, is preserved by Hesychius in the word ἀνίδην, which neither he nor Mr. Butler has observed. We do not adduce these and similar observations, as grounds of complaint against Mr. Butler, who does not think it necessary, implorare Quiritium fidem, on every trivial occasion. But a reviewer takes notice of such minutiae, as he has to glean after the author. V. 67. We like Mr. Butler's τᾶντ' ἄν ἱμοιάτ' as the best reading which occurs. V. 78. Mr. Butler properly rejects Schutz's emendation of the *θιρίας*, but he has forgotten to defend the common reading (*ἀιρίας*) by Hesychius; who says, that it was an epithet of Egypt, Cyprus, &c.

V. 82. Η καὶ μὴ τίλειον, unintelligible; the true reading (*ἕβας*) seems to lie under the word ἕβας of one of the MSS. as Mr. Butler observes. 122. Ζῶσα γόοις με τιμᾶ; he says με τιμᾶ quod verius est: we can see no *verisimilitude* in either the one or the other; perhaps γόος μίτημι. 130. θεοῖς δ' ἱεργῶν τίλια τιλομένην καλῶς Ἐπιδρομῶς ἔθι θάνατος ἄπῃ. Mr. Butler has not done much for these very corrupt lines. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for hazarding a correction, on which, however, we lay no great stress. θεοῖς δ', ἱεργῶν τίλια τιλομένην, καλῶς, Ἐπιδρομῶς ἐπὶ θάνατι σ' ἀπῇ (ἱεργῶν τίλια τιλομένην the sons of *Ægyptus* preparing unholy rites) τιλῶ Phav. ποιῶ—χ σπράττω); ἱπιδρομῶς we would explain ἱπιδρομάδην, κατὰ σκεδὴν, or perhaps Ἐπιδρομῶς σὺνθι, θάνατι σ' ἀπῇ.

V. 163. Τεύγγαιον, some of the MSS. have τεντᾶιον: why not read

read τὸν γαῖον? as ἐποχρόνιος and χρόνιος—so ὑπόγειος and γαῖος. V. 212. φρονέσας ἐνέπαις. φρονύτας in many of the MSS. Mr. Butler should have observed that this was the right reading, to avoid the spondee in the 5th place. Adopting this, we must understand the chorus to be speaking of herself as of one person, in which case the use of the plural number requires the masculine gender. See Hec. 215. Οἴμοι τί λείπεις; ἐκ ἧρ ὡς θανυμένους ἐπὶ ληθῆς ἡμᾶς, where many MSS. faultily read θανυμένας. See the canon of Dawes. φρονέσας, as we said before, errs against the metre. Porson has corrected most of the passages which violate this canon. See Suppl. Præf. ad Hec. Those which he has left untouched, we may be permitted to alter. Aj. 1101. Ἐξίς ἀτάσσειν ὃν εἴδ' ἤγιν' εἰκαθεῖν, read ἤγιν' from Hesychius. CEd. Col. 664. βαρυσὶν μὲν ἔν ἔργῳ κ' αἶνῳ τῆς μῆς, read κ' γνώμης αἶνῳ Ἐμῆς, the article τῆς is quite unnecessary. Phil. 22. Ἄ μιν προσελθὼν σῖγα σημάειν' οἷτ' ἔχῃ. We would propose σημάειν, ἔχῃ—interrogatively. The infinitive mood for the imperative, we presume, requires no explanation. Æsch. Prom. οἷς μὴ σιλάζειν. Again, Hec. 729. Ἡμῖς μὲν ἔν ἰῶμεν, ἐδὲ φάνομεν, read ἰψάουσαμεν, which the tenses require. Andr. 347. φεύγει τὸ ταύτης σῶφρον' ἀλλὰ ψεύσεται—ψεύσεται is the wrong tense, it should be ἰψεύσεται, 'it will be spoken untruly.' Iph. A. 531. Καί μ' ὡς ὑπέρην θύμα κατὰ ψεύδεται read ἰψεύσεται. We need not add to this list a verse in Stobæus, p. 609. ascribed to Æschylus, Πᾶς γὰρ λίγῃ τις ὁ μακαρίτης εἰχεται. The verse sounds like that of a comic writer, and the margin of Stobæus is often mistaken. Schutz in the Aga. 562. Εὐ γὰρ σὺν πρᾶξι τὰντα δ' ἐν πολλῷ χρόνῳ has altered the line so as to make it err against this rule, by reading τὰντα. πολλῷ δ' ἐν χρόνῳ: from ignorance, we suppose, of the construction of τὰντα δὲ, used adverbially, as τὸτο κ. Soph. Ant. τὸτο κ' πολλῷ πέραν, where the scholiast improperly paraphrases it τὸτο τὸ γένος. Persæ 157. Ταῦτα δὲ λιπῶσ' ἱκάνῳ χρυσοστόλμῳς δόμος.

V. 213. φυλάξομαι (authorized by one of the MSS.) is the right reading, which Mr. Butler has overlooked. 274. χραῖθις' ἀνῆκε γαῖα μήτη καὶ δάκη. μνηῖται δ' ἀκῆ is in one of the MSS.; perhaps μνηῖοιτ' ἀκῆ. See the Choeph. 585. or μνήσας. So Virgil; irā irritata deorum: in which case we should put a comma after χραῖθις'.

V. 360. We are surprised that so easy and certain an emendation of this slightly corrupted line has not occurred to others. Stanley would read ἰοῖθ'—We read Ναῖς θ' ὅμιλοι τῷτ' ἀγωνίῳ θιῶν, instead of Νίος θ' ὅμιλον τῷδ'. 391. Δυσπαράβλητοις instead of δυσπαρεβλήτοις. How certain a correction of Porson!

V. 626. παχῦναι. Mr. Butler has not noticed this word, nor has Porson obelised it. The scholiast gives a various reading, σλατύναι. The

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The true reading is undoubtedly *παλῦται*. See Phav. in v. *παλῦται*, ὡς Ἀππῶνι μολύνειν, and then cites Eur. Phæ. *ξανθὸν δὲ κρῖτα διπάλυν*. —Πρὸς appears to us preferable to *πρὸ*, which would make *πάλυναι* a trisyllable. 655. 9. We think Mr. Butler gives too little credit to Heath's emendation of *αὐτεπίσκοπος*, which we should be happy to see confirmed. It sounds *Æschylean*, and departs very little from the present letters.

V. 689. 691. We must again lament the reprinting of Stanley's edition, when such rational readings offer themselves as *ἄχορον ἀκίδαιν*, *ἱεπλίζων*, and, before, *δυσπαράθλατοις*.

V. 694. *Εὐμῆδης δ' ὁ Δῆμιος ἐς*. The right reading is *Δῆμιος*, which Stanley saw. We do not profess (for it would be tedious) to follow Mr. Butler through every line of every chorus. We content ourselves with observing, generally, that, in our opinion, his arrangement is good, and the names of his metres correct: but we do not agree with him in calling this line *Antispastic*. It is of a very different nature, a *Glyconian*. See the excellent and rational treatise of Hermannus de Metris.

We now come to the most corrupt of all the passages, which we approach with interest, and with a wish that others may have something better to propose for its restoration than either Mr. Butler or ourselves. We do not embrace Schutz's emendation with the favour of Mr. Butler: what authority is there for *κάμνος*? τῶν for αὐτῶν is never put simply without *δι* or *τι*. Heath renders *αὐθ*, iterum, which is a sense it will not bear. Suppose we read *βριτίων* ποσὶ μαρπῆι θάμνος, they were near a grove, *λευρὸν κατ' ἄλσος*, *Æsch. Ag.* θάμνος ὡς ἕρως, φέβω— and near images of gods and altars. 840. *βλοσυρόφρων ἃ χλιδᾶ*; ἃ can never be used for *οἷα* or *ὥς*, as Mr. Butler has given it.

871. *βᾶτ' ἐπὶ βαθυμίδα*. We should think *βᾶτ' ἀπὸ βάθρων* the better reading: We dissent from Mr. Butler in his reading of *ἀρόσι* ἱερῶς, though indeed *ἑσ' ἱερῶς* was Bentley's, *ἱερῶς* never being used in the sense of demanding, but of inquiring. Mr. Butler has misprinted the emendation of Scaliger, to which Valck. accedes in his *Diat.* 52. *ὁ ἕως γὰρ*. 892. We agree with Mr. Butler, Heath, and Stanley, in thinking the reading of Eustathius excellent; *βριταῖον ἄρος ἄτα*. 860. *ἰδοίμι*, a correction of Scaliger approved by Bentley, is a barbarism. 917. *Ἐπὶ ἕκ ἀκούεις*. Mr. Butler affirms this crasis to be quite impossible. What will he say to this line of the *Phil.* 446 *ἱμελλ' ἐπὶ ὑδίσσω κακόν γ' ἀπώλειτο*; or, as Hermannus, *Obs. Crit.* has altered it, *ὕδρι πω*; and in the same play *ἱεῖδα γ' ὡς μέλει γ' ἐπὶ ἕκ ἃς δὲ γέλοι*?

V. 945. We prefer Porson's *ἴσους αὐτὸς* to *ἴσως σὺ γ' αὐτὸς* of Mr. Butler. We heartily coincide with Mr. Butler in the praise which
he

he bestows on the arrangement of the metres and readings of this chorus by that great critic Dr. C. Burney.

We cannot close our remarks without bestowing our small mite of approbation on the *Notæ Philologicae* of Mr. Butler; which we think a good specimen of elegant and judicious annotation, avoiding equally the two extremes of unsatisfactory jejuneness and tedious prolixity, and replete with useful and well-selected information.

ART. IX. *Sermons by Samuel Horsley, LL.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. late Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.* Two vols. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 358, Vol. II. pp. 447. Edinburgh, Constable. London, Hatchard. 1810.

THE name of Horsley will always stand pre-eminent amongst those of the present age, who have contributed to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. His talents were so versatile, that wherever he turned his attention, he was generally sure to take precedence, and rise to excellence. If his fame has been most established in particular departments, it was not that he was formed by nature with abilities exclusively appropriate to them, but that accident, or opportunity, or professional study pointed those abilities in some directions more than in others. If he failed in any part of his literary pursuits, it was not through want of ability, but of patient industry, and through the habit of giving too diffuse a range to his inquiries. Unlike some distinguished scholars of the present day, whose talents and erudition are indeed generally acknowledged, but who rouse themselves to no exertions adequate to the expectations of the public, and are likely to leave behind them no important monuments of their fame, Horsley possessed that spring and elasticity of mind, that ardent spirit of research, that active appetency of distinction, which impelled him to constant exertion, and enabled him to produce, on a variety of topics, such a mass of valuable matter.

It is only to be lamented, that in the indulgence of this honourable feeling, he has fallen into the opposite error. He undoubtedly grasped at too much, and aspired at eminence in too many different departments. By thus dividing his attention, and aiming at the praise of various attainments, he has, perhaps, placed himself on a less commanding height of permanent celebrity than that to which his great superiority of endowment presented a just claim.

We freely acknowledge that he has made less accession to his fame by his attempts in mathematical science, than in any other department. We wish to express ourselves so as not to be misunderstood.

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understood. He certainly possessed competent information, and respectable acquirements in mathematics. He had directed his attention more particularly to the works of the older geometers, and was amply qualified for producing editions of their works, and elementary treatises on any part of geometry. His edition of Euclid's *Elements and Data*, and his treatise on the elementary parts of plain mathematics, are prepared with perspicuity and neatness. But when he stepped forward as the editor and illustrator of Newton's philosophical works, he encountered what was much above the measure of his attainments. His complete collection of Newton's works undoubtedly has its value, for such a collection was much wanted. In forming it, however, he should either have given the text alone, without any pretension to commentary and illustration; or the illustration should have been full and copious, such as the works themselves require, and such as the public had a right to expect from any one who undertook an edition of them. But Dr. Horsley pursued a middle course, the worst of all. He scattered here and there a few meagre notes, very insufficient to illustrate his author, or to afford essential assistance to the reader: which, in the philosophical department particularly, shews him to have by no means thoroughly digested the subject, and to be entirely unacquainted with those improved methods of calculation and analysis, by which the modern mathematician has so nobly perfected what the great prince of true philosophy began. We wish to repeat, that we are not blaming Horsley for failing in the attempt to illustrate Newton, but for making it. Considering how diversified had been his studies, how valuable his acquirements and labours on other subjects, he has succeeded better than could reasonably be expected. A proper edition of Newton's philosophical works, prepared with that learning and ability which become the author and his subject, is at this time a great desideratum. It is really disgraceful to us, as a nation, that the best edition of the *Principia* of our great countryman, should be that of the Jesuits, published in a foreign country, near a century ago.*

It is in the department of theology that the name of Horsley will stand highest with posterity. His successful labours against Priestley will always be recorded with gratitude by the Church of England. His productions in this controversy will be read as standard works, and admired as models of clear and powerful reasoning. They

* The public has a right to look for a good edition of Newton's *Principia* to that university, which boasts his illustrious name, and where his works are peculiarly studied. Ought it not publicly to authorize some of its ablest mathematicians to prepare such an edition? or, if this is not done, will no individual members of it engage in the work on their own authority? If the labour were divided by several persons taking different portions, the business might soon be accomplished.

shew a strong and energetic mind, rich in various learning, trained in logical precision, quick in perceiving the fallacies of his opponent, and skilful in refuting them. Priestley was reputed a giant in controversy, and it required a giant to cope with him. True it is, there was nothing new or intrinsically formidable, in his attack: but he came forward with a name of great celebrity in philosophy, he had no common confidence in advancing his assertions, he possessed considerable address in stating and colouring his reasonings, and he made an ostentatious display of ransacking antiquity, where common readers were unable to follow him. Horsley accepted the gauntlet which he threw down, engaged with him in regular combat, beat him at almost every point, and forced him from his strong holds.

On the death of this distinguished prelate, the public were naturally anxious to inquire, whether he had left any papers of sufficient value, to be produced from the press. In answer to this inquiry, appeared the proposal of his son to publish the two volumes of sermons now before us. From the preface, we are glad to find that more of Bishop Horsley's posthumous productions may be expected. The editor informs us, that there is a life of Sir Isaac Newton, left in a state of forwardness, a Treatise, with notes, on the Pentateuch and the Historical Books of the Old Testament, a Treatise on the Prophets, and a Translation of the Book of Psalms, with critical and explanatory Notes. The latter, he states it to be his intention to commit to the press, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall encourage the production.

The first inquiry, which, on the appearance of any posthumous production, a candid critic is disposed to make, is whether the author had left it in a state prepared or intended for publication. In the present case, we are informed by the editor that no selection was made by the author, and that if any thing unworthy of him should be found in the volumes now before the public, it should be attributed solely to his want of judgment in making the selection. 'He also esteemed it,' he adds, 'a sacred duty to let them appear precisely as they were left by the Bishop.' As far as we can judge from internal evidence, we apprehend that if the author himself had prepared them for the press, he would not have found it necessary to make any great alterations. They bear, in all parts, marks of considerable labour and study; there is no unusual carelessness or haste, and the language is generally regular and correct. As to the judgment employed in the selection; we can safely state, that, however opinions may differ on particular parts, the contents of the volumes before us, taken as a whole, cannot be deemed unworthy the talents, or established name, of the author.

The sermons (29 in number, of which six have already appeared) are, with very few exceptions, of the critical and explanatory cast, consisting of disquisitions on points of abstruse and difficult investigation. They are not suited to the taste of general readers, but adapted almost exclusively to those 'whose stomachs,' to use the author's own expression, 'are qualified for the digestion of strong meats,' and whose turn of mind has habituated them to critical discussion and enquiry. We perceive, in almost every part, the mind of Horsley at work: a mind which feels a consciousness of its own powers, takes a commanding view of every thing to which it is applied, thinks on every occasion for itself, with a complete disdain of all submission to the trammels of authority; and apparently delights in the perception of difficulties, for the purposes of exercising its skill and sagacity in unravelling them. We regret, on some occasions, the occurrence of those faults to which strong and original genius is always exposed. We observe the writer, at times, wrapping up his discussion in an abstruse form, where a plain and popular course might have been pursued with advantage. We see and lament an overfondness for original conjecture, a disposition to give the reins to an excursive fancy, in discovering what no one else has discovered; and find him, oftener than could be wished, endeavouring to trace mystical meanings, and strain from scriptural passages an hidden and refined sense, where common readers and interpreters are content with what lies plain and open on the surface.

The first three sermons and the 12th are connected. The object of them is to shew, that the phrase of 'the coming of our Lord,' is rarely, if ever, to be understood in allusion to the destruction of Jerusalem, but in the plain and literal sense of our Saviour's actual appearance at the day of judgment. In the epistles of the apostles, he insists much on the strong argument, that the literal sense best suits the context, and assists the reasoning; that 'the coming of our Lord' is mentioned for the purpose of reviving the hopes, invigorating the zeal, and exciting the virtuous dispositions of the disciples; and that the strongest motive to this was, the expectation of a future judgment. All this is too plain to require much discussion. In fact, we believe it has never been disputed that, on many occasions, the expression bears exclusive reference to the season of final retribution. The only doubt is, whether it *always* has this meaning. We are not at all convinced by his reasoning, nor can we see what advantage would be gained to the clearness or the consistency of Scripture, even if the point were proved. We never perceived the slightest difficulty in the received opinions on this subject, that the destruction of Je-

Jerusalem was frequently spoken of with a typical allusion to the day of judgment; that the phrase of 'the coming of our Lord' was used in regard to the former, for the express purpose of connecting that event with the latter; that the expression, as it occurs in Scripture, sometimes bears reference to the one exclusively, sometimes to the other, and sometimes to the one as the express type and figure of the other. Dr. Horsley, in support of his hypothesis, advances several interpretations which really surprise us. He refers the remarkable description in the 17th chapter of St. Luke, of 'two men in one bed, the one taken and the other left,' to the general judgment, and to 'some extraordinary interpositions of a discriminating Providence.' And he understands the text, 'whosoever the carcass is, thither will the eagles be gathered together,' (which has usually been interpreted of the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman arms,) as an expression of what will take place at the last day; that, 'whosoever sinners shall dwell, there the vengeance of the Deity will overtake them, and there will his arm interpose to protect his faithful servants.' Pp. 40, 41.

After all, he allows that, in the Revelations, the phrase of 'the coming of our Lord' does allude to the destruction of Jerusalem. Where then is the difficulty in conceiving that, in the other books which proceed from writers similarly inspired, it may be used in the same sense? or rather, in fact, is there not on this ground a very strong presumption, that it must have been so used?

But, when he recurs to the same subject in sermon 12, he advances still farther in straining texts to the support of the same hypothesis. His subject is Matt. xvi. 28. 'There be some standing here who shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.' Now we consider the usual interpretation of these words as sufficiently clear, and free from exception. Our Saviour, exhorting his disciples to the care of their eternal interests, warns them of the certainty of the future judgment. To enforce this, he adds, that there were some then present who would live to see the beginning of judgments, the execution of that threatened vengeance on the Jews, which would be a proof and earnest of his future coming to inflict deserved punishment on the wicked. Dr. Horsley, however, is not pleased with this sense, apparently so obvious and satisfactory. He discovers that the expression 'to taste of death' does not convey the sense of submitting to death or dying; but of 'tasting the pains of death, or suffering in a future state the penalties of sin.' And he explains it of the traitor Judas, who was there standing, and whose eventual guilt would verify the menace. An interpretation so strained, and enigmatical as this, refutes itself.

Next in order are four sermons on the 45th Psalm. In these

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the subject of the Psalm is considered at length, and a new translation given of its several parts, with a general commentary on the text. The author contends, that it bears a prophetic allusion exclusively to the reign of the Messiah. He rejects the idea, that it either speaks solely of the marriage of Solomon with an eastern bride; or of this event in a primary sense, with a more distant and mystical allusion to the union of the Messiah with his church. He founds this opinion on the circumstance, that the character of the monarch here described, has little that applies to Solomon, and nothing that applies to him exclusively. His discussion here is sensible and judicious, and in expounding the several parts of the psalm, he displays learning and ability. We regret, however, to see him pressing allusions too closely, and endeavouring to find, under every single word, something mystical and allegorical. We were always of opinion that Dr. Horne advances sufficiently far in this species of refinement: but Dr. Horsley far outgoes him.

The sermons next in importance are four at the beginning of the 2d volume, on the subject of prophecy. These contain a very masterly disquisition on the nature and end of scriptural prophecies. The remarks are, for the most part, extremely judicious, and forcibly and clearly expressed. He proceeds on the text of St. Peter, that 'no prophecy is of private interpretation:' this he explains to mean, that the prophecies of Scripture are so delivered as not to carry with them their own solution, or to open to human view a knowledge of futurity, but to receive their gradual explanation as history unfolds the several events. He explains most admirably the reason why harmony and connection must pervade the whole scheme of scriptural prophecy; viz. that, although the predictions are delivered by different instruments, they all proceed from one and the same inspiring mind; and this he has expressed with eloquence and force.

'Since the prophecies, though delivered by various persons, were dictated to all by one and the same Omniscient Spirit, the different books, and the scattered passages of prophecy, are not to be considered as the works or sayings of different men, treating a variety of subjects, but as parts of an entire work of a single author—of an author who, having a perfect comprehension of the subject of which he treats, and at all times equally enjoying the perfection of his intellect, cannot but be always in harmony with himself. We find in the writings of any man of depth of understanding, such relation and connexion of the parts of any entire work—such order and continuity of thought—such consequence and concatenation of arguments—in a word, such unity of the whole—which, at the same time that it gives perspicuity to every part,

when its relation to the whole is known, will render it difficult, and, in many cases, impossible to discover the sense of any single period, taken at a venture from the first place where the book may chance to open, without any general apprehension of the subject, or of the scope of the particular argument to which the sentence may belong. How much more perfect, is it reasonable to believe, must be the harmony and concert of parts—how much closer the union of the thoughts—how much more orderly the arrangement—how much less unbroken the consequence of argument, in a work which has for its real author that Omniscient Mind, to which the universe is ever present, in one unvaried undivided thought—the universe I say—that is, the entire comprehension of the visible and intelligible world, with its ineffable variety of mortal and immortal natures, of substances, accidents, qualities, relations, present, past, and future—that mind, in which all science, truth and knowledge, is summed and compacted in one vast idea,* &c.—Vol. 2, p. 24.

This principle of the interpretation of prophecy, he explains in a particular examination of two predictions; that delivered immediately after the fall, respecting the serpent's head being bruised by the seed of the woman; and that of Noah respecting the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japhet. These he discusses at considerable length, and with great acuteness. But his 4th sermon on this subject is, we think, in every point of view, the best. In this, he considers the double sense of prophecy, and the circumstance that the prophets themselves appear, at times, to have been ignorant of the meaning of their own expressions. He shews that, as they were the organs employed by the Holy Spirit, it was neither necessary, nor conducive to the end intended, that they should fully understand the meaning of what they uttered. He states, that it is impossible to discover whether they were really ignorant of the events to which they referred, or not; since, supposing them not to have been ignorant, still they would cautiously have abstained from opening to men too clear an insight into futurity. He adds, 'that, if it be allowed that they had no knowledge of the true meaning of their own predictions; still one thing of importance is proved, viz. the existence of that darkness and obscurity in the prophecies themselves, which excludes the possibility of their having proceeded from mere human foresight, without preternatural illumination.' He considers the subject in its different bearings, and discusses it with greater acuteness, precision, and good sense, than we recollect to have seen employed upon it before. We forbear to make extracts; but recommend to those of our readers, into whose hands these volumes may fall, to pay particular attention to this discourse.

There are three connected discourses in the 2d volume, on the subject

subject of the Sabbath. In the first of these, the distinction between natural duties and positive institutions is ably discussed. In the second and third, the obligations to the observance of the Sabbath, and the too prevalent neglect of it are considered. The preacher particularly laments the indecorous practice of travelling on the Sabbath. Entirely as we agree with him in opinion, we disapprove the quaintness of expression and familiarity of terms here employed, which indeed are better suited to the style of the brisk satyrist, than of the sacred orator.

We now arrive at three sermons, on the subject of the peculiar expectation of the Messiah, which prevailed amongst the Samaritans. The words, which give rise to the discussion, are the expressions of the Samaritan multitude, John iv. 42. 'We have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.' Dr. Horsley considers it to be apparent from these words, that they possessed some peculiar grounds for the expectation of the Messiah, in the character of a religious teacher; grounds, which did not extend to the rest of the Jews. Accordingly, as they are known to have admitted the divine authority of the Pentateuch only, he proceeds to enquire whether there may not be found in it some enunciations of a future Saviour, more strong and clear than has commonly been supposed. We certainly do not understand his reasoning on this point. He is searching for the ground of an expectation, which was not common to the Jews and Samaritans, but peculiar to the latter: now it seems a singular mode of discovering this, to investigate the Hebrew Pentateuch, the authority of which was allowed by both parties, and which, in consequence, must have given rise to expectations not peculiar to one of them. Surely, the more correct ideas and expectations of the Samaritans on this subject, must be accounted for, at all events, by their juster apprehension of the real drift of scriptural language. However, Dr. Horsley pursues the idea, that some peculiar descriptions of the Messiah, as a religious teacher, more distinct than has commonly been supposed, are to be found in the Pentateuch. He thinks that he discovers these in the blessing of Moses to the children of Israel, Deut. xxxiii. 4, and in the parting blessing of Isaac to Jacob, Gen. xxviii. 3. He accordingly enters into disquisitions of some length and minuteness on these passages. He displays, as he always does, great acuteness and ingenuity; and states matter of critical discussion, which is well worthy of attention: but we certainly are not of opinion that he has established his point. The force of his reasoning, in such case, rests on the meaning of the Hebrew words *קהל* and *קהל*. These are translated in the passages before us 'congregation' and 'multitude.' The author, in proposing a new translation, wishes to confine the words to the

sense of 'religious assembly:' or else of 'a preacher,' or one who addresses a religious assembly, with reference to the Messiah. Now his reasonings on this point are far from being conclusive. The root *קָהַל*, beyond all doubt, signifies, in its most general and frequent use, 'to assemble for any purpose.' From this general sense, it has sometimes been restricted to the particular sense of 'assembling for religious purposes.' Hence in the title of the book of Ecclesiastes, *קֹהֵל* the preacher' or 'the gatherer for a religious purpose.' In this restricted sense, the use of the word is by no means frequent. In the book of Ecclesiastes it is extremely singular; for it is a feminine noun, used for a personal title—*congregatrix anima*, as explained by Buxtorf. And it is surely contrary to the rules of sound criticism, to extend a very confined meaning of a word to general instances, without some weighty reason.—But the authority of all antiquity is against the interpretation which Dr. Horsley endeavours to establish. The Chaldee paraphrase, the Syriac and Arabic versions, and the Septuagint translation, all sanction the interpretation conveyed in our bibles. We are not, indeed, prepared to value the Hebrew learning and criticism of the present day at so low a rate as Warburton, who says, that the Hebrew text, without the Septuagint, would be as unintelligible to us as a concealed cypher to which we possessed no key: but still we think the cases are extremely rare, in which we of the present age, to whom the Hebrew language is so very scanty and imperfect, can be warranted in totally throwing aside our guides, the old translations, and in attempting to affix to any passage a more correct interpretation than that of those ancient expositors, to whom it was a living language.

In sermon 10, we are greatly pleased with a masterly disquisition on the power of evil spirits to work miracles; and find excellent remarks on the different reception which our Saviour's miracles obtained with different hearers. Sermon 11, on 'loving one another,' explains that this command was new in respect to the practice of the world, and to the conformity which it enjoins to our Saviour's example. We are tempted to transcribe a part of the picture which he draws, of Christ's love to man, especially as displayed in his sufferings. It is a favourable specimen of the impressive eloquence of the author.

'The perfection of Christ's example, it is easier to understand than to imitate; and yet it is not to be understood without serious and deep meditation on the particulars of his history. Pure and disinterested in its motives, the love of Christ has solely for its end the happiness of those who were the objects of it. An equal sharer with the Almighty Father in the happiness and glory of the godhead, the Redeemer had no proper interest in the fate of fallen man. Infinite in its comprehen-

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sion, his love embraced his enemies; intense in its energy, it incited him to assume a frail and mortal nature, to undergo contempt and death: constant in its operations, in the paroxysm of an agony, the sharpest the human mind was ever known to sustain, it maintained its vigour unimpaired. In the whole business of man's redemption, wonderful in all its parts, in its beginning, its progress, and its completion, the most wonderful part of all is the character of Christ. This character, in which piety and benevolence, on all occasions, and in all circumstances, overpowered all the inferior passions, is more incomprehensible to the natural reason of carnal man, than the deepest mysteries, more improbable than the greatest miracles; of all the particulars of the gospel history, the most trying to the evil heart of unbelief; the very last thing, I am persuaded, that a ripened faith receives; but of all things the most important, and the most necessary to be well understood, and firmly believed—the most efficacious for the softening of the sinner's heart, for quelling the pride of human wisdom, and for bringing every thought and imagination of the soul into subjection to the righteousness of God,' &c.—Vol. 1, p. 270.—The whole passage is too long for insertion.

We have purposely abstained from making any observations on those sermons which have been before published; conceiving that their merits have been sufficiently discussed. Amongst these are two of Dr. Horsley's most celebrated discourses, on the 'Descent into Hell,' and on 'The Watchers and the Holy Ones.'

ART. X. *Elements of Art: A Poem, in Six Cantos; with Notes, and a Preface, including Strictures on the State of the Arts, &c.* By M. A. Shee, R.A. 8vo. pp. 430. London. Miller. 1809.

IN spite of our prejudice (as it may possibly be termed) against modern didactic poetry, we opened Mr. Shee's book with considerable expectations. His rank and experience in his profession, his literary acquirements and general knowledge, all led us to anticipate something from his pen that would delight by its novelty, and instruct by its truth; something that would tend to throw fresh light upon painting, and facilitate the progress of the student on his road to excellence; and our disappointment was proportionably great at finding little that could essentially benefit the young artist, and not much that was strictly original. Indeed, we could almost suspect, from the appearance of the poem, that it was put together with the view of stringing upon it a number of notes which, though sometimes irrelevant, certainly form the most instructive part of the book.

With respect to the author's intentions in bringing it before the public, we are willing to do him ample justice; for he is a man of warm and liberal feelings, of quick parts, and of an highly respectable character; utterly incapable of asking, from personal views, that which he would solicit for his art in general, and laudably anxious for the encouragement of its professors. Nevertheless we incline to think that he would have done well to remember, that lamentations over the 'low ebb of patronage in the present day,' proceeding from an established artist, will be considered, by the public, as coming in a 'questionable shape,' and be received with a proportionable degree of distrust and jealousy. Mr. Shee, indeed, in his preface, has disclaimed every idea of 'dishonouring the arts by urging their interests in the whine of supplication;' yet, we cannot believe that he is either adding to their respectability or dignity, when he laments that 'there is no half-pay for the legions of Apollo,' and we rather conceive that he has drawn somewhat too nice a distinction between petitioning for the artist, and soliciting for the art. In either case he is assuredly, in some respects, pleading his own cause.

We trust our readers will not, for an instant, suppose that we have the most distant intention of decrying the arts; on the contrary, we feel so fully satisfied of the utility to be derived from a liberal encouragement of them, that we sincerely hope the time is not far distant, when a conviction of their importance will render them a fit object of national concern and interference. We readily admit the propriety of what our ingenious author has written on this head, and are disposed to go still greater lengths in favour of art; but we cannot believe that her cause will be forwarded by the remonstrances of her professors. It is the pencil of the artist that should speak for him, not his pen; if the former fail of convincing, whether from his own deficiency, or the bad taste of the public, the latter, we fear, will prove equally unavailing; and by having recourse to it he will only expose himself to the additional mortification of having unsuccessfully begged that, which the man of true genius will know his works alone entitle him to demand. Such a man, however keenly alive to neglect and disappointment, will feel himself infinitely superior to the humility of complaint; and equally above the endless bickerings and jealousies so common among the professors of painting, which have done more real mischief to the cause, than all the invectives of those 'modern Goths' who have so justly incurred Mr. Shee's animadversions. Happily for the interests of humanity, such Mummiuses are few in number, and of these, still fewer we believe are to be met with, who would venture publicly to avow their indifference and enmity to the arts.

Mr. Shee, in his preface, has some very excellent remarks upon the

the inadequacy of the British Gallery to accomplish the purposes for which it was instituted: but we cannot avoid entertaining a hope that government, so far from 'holding itself exonerated by that establishment, from all interference in favour of the arts,' will only be the more ready to forward the views of its founders, and more willing to contribute the powerful assistance of the nation, now that experience has proved individual encouragement so absolutely inefficient. But though we think with him, that the British Institution can, alone, never raise painting to its proper rank in England; we still believe it might be productive of benefit, were its efforts uniformly directed to the cultivation of the higher departments of the art.

Mr. Shee commences his poem by an invocation to Taste, and thence in a note, takes occasion to remark that 'there is perhaps no civilized people of modern Europe amongst whom the principles of taste have been less generally diffused than amongst us, or more philosophically investigated.' We will not stop to inquire whether this observation be strictly just, but we cannot avoid expressing our regret that Mr. Shee, who has witnessed the deplorable taste of a neighbouring country, should have drawn conclusions so very unfavourable to his own. If the present efforts of the French school discover more taste than the works of Gainsborough, Reynolds, and those of our contemporary artists, we have only to hope that Heaven will, in mercy, continue to punish our ignorance by multiplying such barbarous productions, and still permit us to labour under these, and other 'disadvantages' derived from our insular situation. Granting our taste, however, to be as low as Mr. Shee supposes, we must still doubt whether it would be much improved by the eloquence of the birch in our schools, or even by the establishment of professors at the two Universities.

Having brought the goddess Taste upon earth, the author proceeds to introduce her to an help-mate, and Genius becomes the object of her choice.

'Then, goddess! then, while beauty blends with youth,
And wisdom woos thee to the bower of truth;
Thou com'st to Genius—com'st in all thy charms,
Blest in his love, and brightening in his arms.
As erst fair Eve in Adam's eye bestow'd
A richer bloom o'er Eden's pure abode,
Of thee enamour'd, as he roves around,
Thou mak'st life's rudest wild enchanted ground.'—p. 6.

After indulging in this little flight of fancy, we are glad to find Mr. Shee asserting the rights of genius, and declaring, in spite of the high authorities which have maintained an opposite doctrine, that

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'The star of genius must the light impart,
That leads us to the promis'd land of art.'

Nothing surely can be more absurd, than the attempt to reduce the fine arts to a level with the mechanical; or, in other words, to say that a knowledge of shoemaking and of painting is equally attainable by moderate talents and persevering industry:—when united they may certainly do much, though they can never raise an artist above that middle point, which has been well termed the 'cypher of art.' On subjects of this nature Sir Joshua Reynolds is extremely confused and contradictory, and appears either to have had no very clear ideas respecting them himself, or to have been cautious of expressing his opinions to the public. Nothing indeed can have a more unfortunate tendency than the notion which that great man appears so desirous of inculcating, that industry in art will supply the want of strong natural powers. We fear that it has deceived many an unwary youth, and seduced him from the more useful occupations of life, where his humble talents might have been serviceably employed, to the hopeless pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, which constantly eludes his grasp, and will finally conduct him to indigence and despair.—After tritely observing, that

'———Precept claims prescriptive force,
That rules, like beacons, warn us in our course,' &c. &c.

Mr. Shee introduces a number of fictitious characters, for the sake of illustrating the danger of following particular systems exclusively, which, as possessing no great claims to novelty, we were lightly passing over, when our attention was powerfully arrested by the admirable character of Euphranor, which conveys a strong and just censure upon the practice of those artists, who imagine that they are approaching nature in proportion as they depict her deformities, and that finishing consists in minute detail. We felt the more pleased with this passage, because it contains principles hostile to the doctrines which, with many others equally unsound, lately imported from our continental neighbours, have gradually infected a large majority of our connoisseurs, and even extended their baneful influence to some of our living artists.

From the character of Euphranor, our author proceeds to that of Torso, (a gentleman with whom we are not at all desirous of being acquainted,) and informs us, that sects are found in art as well as in faith; and that 'free-thinking is philosophy in taste.' If by free-thinking, Mr. Shee intend any thing approaching to the meaning of this term as applied to morals and religion, we cannot conceive a doctrine more destructive of every genuine principle of taste: from some other passages in his book, it seems evident, however, that he does not go quite so far as his expressions would imply; yet

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he who laments the 'long and general influence of precedent in the arts,' scarcely entertains, we fear, a sufficient respect for those precepts established by the ancients, and sanctioned by the practice of succeeding ages, to be eminently qualified for the instruction of others.

The second Canto commences with enforcing the necessity of studying anatomy, which, however, the author (ever cautious of extremes) has thought proper to qualify, by informing the student that man is an animal who has not only muscles on his bones, but also skin upon his muscles, and consequently that it is highly injudicious to represent 'each figure flayed,' &c. From what we have seen of the productions of the present day, we think Mr. Shee might have contented himself with simply telling his readers that anatomy, as well as perspective and architecture, is useful in painting, and left it to the student's own taste to decide in what manner they might be most advantageously applied.—Were it necessary to guard him against the abuse of any one of the three, architecture, perhaps, ought to be selected in preference to the others; since, wherever it has obtained in the works of painters, it has, generally speaking, engrossed too much of the attention, and rendered the rest of the subject subordinate. This forms one of the most striking defects of the French school: and it is perhaps to this error, as much as to any other, that the theatrical effect of almost all its productions is attributable. The author concludes his second Canto with an apostrophe to the spirit of Greece, from which we select the following animated lines.

'Hail, awful shade! that o'er the mould'ring urn
Of thy departed greatness lov'st to mourn;
Deploring deep the waste where, once unfurl'd,
Thy ensigns glitter'd o'er a wond'ring world.
Spirit of ancient Greece! whose form sublime,
Gigantic striding, walks the waves of time;
Whose voice from out the tomb of ages came,
And fir'd mankind to freedom and to fame:
Beneath thy sway how life's pure flame aspir'd!
How genius kindled, and how glory fir'd!
How taste, refining sense—exalting soul,
Enfranchis'd mind^d from passion's coarse controul!
Lo! from the ashes of thy arts arise
Those phoenix fires that glitter in our skies;
Thy sun, long set, still lends a twilight ray,
That cheers our colder clime, and darker day—
Beneath the mighty ruins of thy name,
We build our humbler edifice of fame,
Collect each shatter'd part, each shining stone
Of thy magnificence, by time o'erthrown,
Arrange the rich materials, rapt, amazed,
And wonder at the palace we have raised!'—p. 146.

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The following passage, which occurs near the commencement of the third Canto, seems a little at variance with some opinions expressed in a subsequent part of it :

' Whate'er your forte, to that your zeal confine,
Let all your efforts there concenter'd shine ;
As shallow streams collected form a tide,
So talents thrive, to one grand point applied.'

The sentiment conveyed in these lines is perfectly in unison with our own. Every artist desirous of arriving at eminence, ought steadily to bend his attention to that branch of the art to which his talents and genius most forcibly direct him : and though necessity or inclination may occasionally lead him to practice, or to study other departments, he should always consider them as subservient to his principal purpose.

After a spirited exhortation to the student to surmount every obstacle which opposes his progress towards the higher departments of art, Mr. Shee laments the loss of the pictures of antiquity, and thence is led to speak of the great revivers of painting in the 15th century. Characters of Raphael and Michael Angelo are given of course ; the latter is certainly the best drawn, though the author, at least if we may judge from the comparison into which he has entered, intended it to be otherwise. Without pretending to defend the opinions of Sir Joshua, or Mr. Fuseli, respecting these mighty rivals, we shall merely observe that Mr. Shee, from his own acknowledgment, appears not altogether qualified to enter the lists against them on this topic.

At the risk of incurring Mr. Shee's ' pity,' we venture to express our disapprobation of the almost unqualified praise which he bestows on the works of Rubens. We should previously have imagined, that he who deems it so necessary to warn the student against the bold and perilous flights of Michael Angelo, would have spoken with equal caution of the captivating extravagancies of this artist. Rubens appears to us the most dangerous model that can possibly be recommended to the attention of a young man : the splendid and gorgeous arrangement of his colours, the facility of his execution, and the boundless fertility of his invention so blind us to his numerous and great defects, that no eye, except that of an experienced artist, can be proof against the powerful delusion. To those who are desirous of forming a just idea of this extraordinary genius, we recommend the perusal of the admirable character given of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the close of his journey through Holland and Flanders. It is, perhaps, a little too favourable ; but this will not appear surprising, when it is remembered that Sir Joshua saw the pictures which he describes, where they could not be compared with
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the works of other artists, and in gloomy churches which must considerably have subdued that gaudy magnificence of colour which in some of the serious subjects of Rubens is so extremely misplaced. His predominant fault is treating every thing alike; he either would not, or could not vary his system according to his subject: we were therefore somewhat surprised that Mr. Shee should assign him a rank above the Venetian school, which his merits do not entitle him to hold. There is a simplicity, a sobriety, and a dignity in the productions of that school, and especially in the works of Titian, which Rubens never approached; and his boldest and most daring efforts would shrink from a comparison with the tremendous picture of St. Peter, Martyr, which at present forms the chief ornament of the Louvre. It was with equal surprise, after perusing the lines which we have quoted in the early part of this Canto, that we found Mr. Shee commending the system adopted by the Bolognese school, which, instead of fixing the attention of the artist steadily upon one particular department of art, directs him to grasp at all, and attempt to unite excellencies wholly incompatible. Such a system can never be productive of any thing great, and he who adopts it will be very apt to incur the censure which Sir Joshua passed upon Carlo Maratti, whom he describes as having 'made up a style of which the only fault was, that it had no manifest defects and no striking beauties.'

In consequence of the manner in which collections of pictures, in England, are secluded from public view, Mr. Shee, in the commencement of his fourth Canto, recommends the student to visit the 'classic shores' of Italy, where every facility will be afforded him for improvement in his art. At the same time he prudently advises him to beware of the allurements of a southern clime which have too frequently blasted the hopes of genius, and the still more baneful influence of local taste and favourite systems. After telling us, rather too much in the style of a debating society, that

'Painters and poets, free of nature's reign,
The charter boast, yet wear the willing chain';

he directs the student to employ his own judgment, and carefully to examine the claims of the various schools to excellence before he adopt them for guides; strongly cautioning him to beware of that fatal versatility, which he has so happily depicted in the following character of Vibratio.

'Vibratio shifts with every wind that blows,
And loves and hates, as folly ebbs and flows:
Theme of his tongue, now Raphael rules the hour,
Deposed by Rembrandt, now resigns his power;

His

His turn of worship Titian takes, and sways,
 Till Rubens fires his raptures to a blaze.
 Dark as an heathen temple, his dull mind,
 Has ever some fond idol there enshrined,
 Each, for a day, with fickle faith ador'd,
 By fits and starts, rejected, and restor'd:
 Fix'd to no principle of time, or taste,
 His skill mechanic, and his pains misplaced;
 His leisure lost; his labour too abused,
 And still by study, but the more confus'd;
 He wanders, vagrant like, o'er graphic ground,
 And poaches every painter's manor round;
 For petty plunder spreads abortive toils,
 Nor thrives by theft, for what he steals he spoils.'

Some very good remarks follow, on the insufficiency of 'practical Art,' without the 'culture of the mind,' or even of genius itself, without a competent share of general knowledge, and an intimate acquaintance with the passions and characters of man. In support of his opinions the author instances several of the first-rate artists, and concludes by shewing the advantages derived from a liberal and well-informed mind, in a correctly drawn character of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The following lines, which form but a small part of it, possess, we think, no common claims to the applause and admiration of the reader:

'O! proudly gifted 'mongst the graphic train,
 With equal skill to practise and explain;
 With all the traits of truth and taste to charm,
 Pure from the pen, as from the pencil warm;
 To grasp once more the wreaths of ancient days,
 And to the painter's add the scholar's praise!—
 Pride of his time! in painting's low decay,
 His genius rising still prolong'd the day,
 Beam'd o'er the darken'd scene of Art, and shed
 A needful glory round Britannia's head:
 For long enshrouded in the night of taste,
 Remote and rude, a mere commercial waste,
 She lay obscure, in Europe's scornful eye,
 Convicted of a cold and cloudy sky;
 Till Reynolds pour'd his lustre, and display'd
 Her cliffs refulgent rising from the shade.'—p. 259.

Having, in the four preceding cantos, conducted the student to that point where it becomes necessary for him to shift for himself, Mr. Shee disclaims all intention of encroaching upon the province of the Professor, and continues his poem merely to point out some errors,

4. Which

' Which lure from truth, lay proudest talents waste,
And taint the purity of public taste.'

In the foremost class of these he very justly places *manner*, one of the most dangerous failings incident to an artist, and one into which a young man is peculiarly liable to fall. Strictly speaking, every painter is, in some degree, a mannerist; that is, he has his own peculiar mode of viewing and imitating nature; and, in this sense of the word, *manner* is as inseparable from painting as style from writing; but the manner which Mr. Shee condemns is of a very different description—it arises from the premature adoption of some system founded upon theory unsupported by practice. Instead of gradually forming his system upon observations drawn from nature, the artist, who becomes the victim of manner, warps nature herself to his system, and thus completely shuts the door upon all improvement. It is the most fatal of all errors, and the most difficult of remedy.

In the character of *Aristo*, the author has successfully attacked those mistaken painters who seem to imagine that their designs are lofty and dignified in proportion to the want of skill displayed in their execution; and that it is degrading to the higher qualities of art to pay any attention to those which are subordinate. We could wish, however, that Mr. Shee had spared his note upon this passage. If he cannot perceive the propriety of making use of general colour in historical subjects, (as distinguished from that individuality of colour and tint so necessary to be preserved in portrait and the inferior branches of the art,) we may regret the circumstance; but cannot waste our time in the attempt to controvert a judgment so erroneous. The succeeding characters have considerable merit, and in many instances most happily ridicule the prevailing fopperies of artists and connoisseurs. The character of *Curioso* is perhaps the best.

' In anecdotes of art *Curioso* deals,
And careful treasures all that time reveals;
Sharp as a sportsman, keeps the game in view,
And hunts the closest coverts of virtù;
Nay, sounds tradition's depths for what survives,
And with a commentator's keenness dives;
How Titian held his pencil—what his ground,
Or white, or black—his palette square, or round;
If Vandyke at his easel sate or stood,
Or us'd blue black, or glaz'd with dragon's blood:
Just how much light thro' Rembrandt's wall convey'd,
From north or south admitted—sun or shade;
Could he but know! thus lifted from the crowd,
The man were happy, and the painter proud.' 283—284.

The

The sixth canto consists chiefly of a strange medley of rules of morality and worldly conduct; of public justice in matters of art, of political allusions, and of prophecies respecting the national encouragement of the arts in times to come. We sincerely hope, with Mr. Shee, that this cheering prospect may be realised, and that Britannia's 'liberal statesmen' will

' her arts sustain,
Nor unprotected Genius plead in vain;
Convinc'd, when Pow'r's proud fabric shall decay,
Systems dissolve, and empires pass away,
When time and tempest, each, their rage perform,
Learning shall brave, and Arts outlive the storm.'

It would be injustice to the author, to conclude our notice of this canto, without paying him the tribute of our warmest approbation for the spirited and indignant strain in which he lashes the wretch who, from motives of interest, consents to prostitute his talents to the cravings of exhausted licentiousness. The note upon this passage is also well worthy of notice. It is written perfectly *con amore*, and does as much credit to Mr. Shee's literary powers as to the noble qualities of his heart. He concludes his poem with impressing on the mind of the student the dignity of his art, and exhorting him to merit the approbation and encouragement of his country, by stedfastly devoting his powers to the celebration of her virtues and her glory.

We have already mentioned that, upon the whole, the notes form the most valuable part of the work; but they are so extremely voluminous, that it would require a space infinitely exceeding our limits to enter upon a full discussion of their merits. Many of them contain acute remark and accurate observation; but the generality are so confused by the introduction of extraneous matter, that the mind is unable to follow their desultory march, or retain a distinct recollection of the multifarious objects which they embrace. They are written, for the most part, in a loose and colloquial style, which, though very appropriate to 'The elegant Tourist,' is not quite so allowable in a work professedly intended for instruction in an art at once so elevated and so difficult of attainment.

In conclusion, Mr. Shee (to adopt an expression of his own) appears somewhat of a *mannerist*. He is too fond of antithesis, and, in his anxiety to say every thing happily, sometimes forgets to say it forcibly and justly. Many times, too, when he lights upon a thought which is strong and original, he is not satisfied till he has pursued it through every possible ramification, and frittered away its force. His natural talents for versification appear very considerable, though, perhaps, not highly cultivated; and

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and his words usually flow with such copiousness and rapidity, that he does not always stop to consider whether they may not overwhelm the ideas which they were meant to convey. Such, however, is his generous ardour for the advancement of his art, and such are the moral dignity and purity of his sentiments, that we feel little disposed to cavil with him for slight imperfections. In the hope of speedily meeting with him again, we will just venture to hint that the use of the adjective for the adverb is sometimes ambiguous, and always ungraceful; that such contractions as *can't* and *won't*, especially when found in the same line, have an air of vulgarity; and that 'a treat for heaven,' 'a sty of sense,' and 'a mural muse,' are expressions which shew that *no nail was bitten to the quick* in the production of them.

ART. XI. *The Life of Apollonius of Tyana, translated from the Greek of Philostratus; with Notes and Illustrations.* By the Rev. Edward Berwick, Vicar of Leixlip, in Ireland. 8vo. pp. 492. London. Payne. 1809.

IT is not easy to determine in what manner to speak of the work before us. The Life of Apollonius is not in itself entitled to any higher respect than an ordinary romance; and yet it contains certain particulars, on which the enemies of Christianity have laid so much stress, that to pass over them in silence, or even to treat them lightly, might be construed into an abandonment of the cause of religion.

Apollonius was born about the time of the Christian era. He early addicted himself to the philosophy of Pythagoras; and, in imitation of that lover of wisdom, roamed about to converse with the learned, and to reform the errors of mankind; and Assyria, India, Greece, Italy, the Pillars of Hercules, Egypt, and Ethiopia, were in their turn visited by our hero. Such is the account given of him by the Greek sophist Philostratus, who at the instance of Julia Domna, the wife of Severus, compiled the narrative now presented to the English reader.

That the adventures of so great a traveller, and so strict a Pythagorean, should abound in the marvellous, is no more than might be expected: but it was not probable, that any of his achievements, considering the evidence on which they rest, should have been exalted to a comparison with the miracles of Christ.

Little as we are disposed to concede to Hume, that 'no testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle,' we shall always

contend, that none but the strongest and most unequivocal is sufficient. When we hear of a miracle, a presumption evidently arises against the veracity of the relater, because a miracle implies a deviation from the constituted course of things; nor ought this presumption to yield to any testimony, which can possibly originate in ignorance, artifice, or credulity. That the evidence for the reality of the performances of Apollonius is not of this character, we shall endeavour to prove, having first adverted to a few of the facts which alone can justify inquiry on the subject.

It was not till the commencement of the fourth century, that any use appears to have been made of the miracles of Apollonius for the disparagement of Christianity. At this period Hierocles, governor of Bithynia, a man of learning, was a principal instigator of the persecution under Dioclesian. Without attempting either to call in question the genuineness of the books of the New Testament, or to deny that miracles had been wrought by Christ, he conceived the design of shewing their futility as proofs of a divine mission, by opposing to them other performances equally beyond the reach of human powers, and, as he wished it to be believed, equally well authenticated. Such was the object of his work, intitled *Philalethes*: it was founded entirely on the narrative of Philostratus; it was deemed of sufficient importance to be formally answered by Eusebius in a tract still extant; and it was frequently referred to by others of the fathers. From that period, the weapons supplied to the enemies of our religion by the malignity of Hierocles have constantly been employed by the agents of infidelity. In the time of Augustine, the Pagans are declared to have made the miracles of Apollonius and Apuleius the ground-work of their opposition to Christianity. In our own country, in the reign of Charles II. when free-thinking grew into vogue, a translation of the first two books of Philostratus was published by Charles Blount, the author of the *Oracles of Reason*: his object was evidently to provide 'pegs' for a farrago of notes, collected from the papers of another celebrated deist, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The work was suppressed by authority: and soon after the writer illustrated the truth and the consolations of deism by self-destruction. Blount's book was not likely to be overlooked on the continent: it was translated into French, and has seen at least two editions. In Germany also the Tyanean has had his advocates: in 1787 a work was published there, intitled 'The certainty of the evidence for Apollonism, by *Æmilius Lucinius Cotta*, high-priest in the temple of Jupiter at Rome.'

The candid inquirer, on becoming acquainted with the Life of Apollonius, will be surprised that it should have attained to so much distinction; for, however it may have suited the views of infidelity

to set up a rival to our Saviour, the miracles which Philostratus records are so destitute of proof, and the whole narrative is such a tissue of inconsistency and absurdity, that the very attempt to push it into notice must be regarded, by reflecting minds, as an indication of a weak, if not of a desperate cause. Even the Historian of the Roman empire, who has never been accused of not making the most of facts unfavourable to Christianity, has comprised his account of Apollonius in the following note: 'Apollonius of Tyana was born about the same time with Jesus Christ. His life is related in so fabulous a manner by his disciples, that we are at a loss to discover, whether he was a sage, an impostor, or a fanatic.'

One circumstance worthy of remark is, that nothing was known of Apollonius till Philostratus became his biographer about the year 210; so that his marvellous performances seem to have attracted no attention for a century and a half: during this period Fame observed a more than Pythagorean silence; though the history represents her as every where, during his life-time, notifying the movements of her minion, and publishing his achievements with such indefatigable garrulity, that even barbarians, who are strangers to his person, know his story from his childhood. This, to say the least of it, is extraordinary: and we may add, that had any thing of the same kind occurred in the history of Christianity, it would have been deemed a problem of no very easy solution. The difficulty is not lessened, when we recollect, that before this period our religion had enemies, who were sufficiently inquisitive to justify a presumption, that if such works had been performed by Apollonius, as are ascribed to him by his biographer, they must have heard of them; and sufficiently malignant, to employ them to the best advantage. Celsus, probably, in the extent of his researches, as well as in his zeal for Paganism, was not a whit behind Hierocles; neither did he overlook the usual cavil against Christianity, that its author performed his wonderful works by the aid of magic: he even condescended, for the purpose of degrading it, as we learn from Origen, to tell ridiculous stories of Aristæus of Proconnesus, and Cleomedes of Astypalea, one of whose miracles was to get into a box, and, shutting the lid after him, to hold it so fast, that great force was required to open it; meantime the conjuror had escaped. We remember in our boyish days to have been much delighted with seeing the same trick performed at Bartholomew-fair. Yet, notwithstanding this eagerness to record wonders, and the little nicety employed in their selection, the 'true account' of Celsus appears not, from Origen's ample examination, to have contained a single allusion to Apollonius. Lucian, in his *Pseudomantis*, written probably about thirty years before the work of Philostratus, has barely mentioned Apollonius, and in no very honour-

able terms. How, then, are we to account for his obscurity during so long an interval? Let not the reader imagine that the performances of Apollonius were confined to remote regions of the globe: we are assured, by his biographer, that many of his most surprising exploits were achieved at Athens and at Rome. It is vain, however, to attempt to trace our wonder-working philosopher, except in the writings of his biographer, when Philostratus himself professes 'to introduce the lovers of literature to the knowledge of things, with which they were before unacquainted.' p. 7. We may be permitted to observe, how unlike this is to the preamble of St. Luke's gospel, written at the latest within thirty years after our Saviour's ascension: 'Forasmuch as *many* have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are *most surely believed* among us,' &c. We have here a direct appeal to the reader's previous knowledge on the subject; and the professed object of the historian is, that Theophilus 'might know the certainty of those things wherein he had been instructed.' How distinct are the characters of truth and falsehood! Of Apollonius, so renowned in his day, nothing is heard for more than a century after his decease: the whole affair, to borrow the Greek of St. Chrysostom, *ιστορας καὶ τιδος ἔλαβεν*. This remark is important in tracing the truth of Christianity; in the homely but expressive phrase of Paley, 'the story did not drop.'

Let us next inquire in what manner, after this long interval, Philostratus obtained the materials of his history: a lamer case, we believe, never came before a court of literature; but Philostratus shall speak for himself:

'The history I mean to give of the man has been drawn in part from the cities wherein he was held in high esteem, in part from the temples whose long disused rites he restored, in part from what tradition has preserved of him, and lastly from his own epistles, which were addressed to kings, and sophists, and philosophers—to Eleans, Delphians, Indians, and Egyptians—all written on the subject of their deities, countries, morals, and laws: it being his constant practice to redress whatever he found wrong. The most probable account I have been able to collect from the above sources will appear in the following relation.' pp. 5, 6.

We propose to offer a few remarks on each of these sources of information. Of the assistance which Philostratus derived from the 'cities wherein Apollonius was held in high esteem,' if it be meant that they bore unequivocal testimony to his miraculous powers, we entertain no very exalted opinion; and that for reasons already given. That such a person as Apollonius existed we entertain no doubt, though even this has been questioned; and it is not improbable that in the various regions which he visited some traditional accounts might be preserved of the singularity of his appearance and demeanour, and of many of the principal incidents of his life:

but

but our present concern is with his miracles; and if the tradition of these was confined to the places in which they were said to be exhibited, either miracles must have been very common, or these were not entitled to general notice. There might also be 'many temples whose long disused rites he restored:' he is said to have written a treatise on sacrifices, and he every where appears to have been perfectly well read in the rubrics and ritual of Paganism; the priests, therefore, whom he instructed in their duties, or corrected in their informalities, might naturally record his visit to their respective temples as the era of their reformation; but in all this there is not any necessary supposition of miraculous achievements. He professed not to teach any new religion; he did not even oppose the absurdities of the old; he merely, in a few instances, restored neglected ceremonies, or explained the manner in which they should be performed, so as to be acceptable to the gods. 'Epistles,' however, 'written to kings and philosophers,' on the first view, are more promising documents: yet even these, we believe, will in the present instance be poor vouchers for any thing miraculous. Of the letters of Apollonius there is a collection still remaining. We learn from the *Life*, p. 478, that these, together with a book 'fitted for answering all questions,'* and brought from the cave of Trophonius, were deposited and preserved in Hadrian's palace at Antium. Of this collection Olearius the editor observes, in his preface, '*Quam hodie verò tenemus, harum epistolarum collectio unde manaverit, satis exploratum non habeo, non multum repugnaturus, si quis ex Italiae codicibus eam derivatam dicat, ex illo bibliothecæ Hadriani apud Antiates exemplare descriptis.*' If these were indeed the letters sent to Antium, they were wholly unlike their companion, 'the book fitted for answering all questions;' they tell us absolutely nothing; they equally suit all times and places, and might have been written from any body to any body: we translate the following as a specimen; it is addressed

' TO THE SCRIBES OF THE EPHESIANS.

'A city derives no advantage from statues and curious paintings, and walks and theatres, unless it possess also wisdom and law: but wisdom and law are distinct from the former; they are not the same things!'

Had Photius seen this letter and some others in the collection, he might possibly have given to Apollonius the palm of epistolary writing, which he has assigned to Phalaris. In the same collection there is also a letter from the Emperor Claudius to the Tyaneans, complimenting them on their illustrious fellow-citizen; on which

* *ἡ ἐπιστολή* is not all questions, as the translator renders it, but the particular question which interested Apollonius; this is plain from the context.

Olearius remarks, that this letter is wholly unnoticed by Philostratus, who therefore either had not seen it, or paid no regard to it: we believe, that he would have been very thankful for such a document, but that he never had an opportunity of exercising his gratitude, and that Olearius might have spared himself the trouble of accounting, as he does, for the silence of the historian. It is observable that no use is made by Philostratus of any of the letters in the collection; indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any thing so jejune could be converted into materials for history: though they amount to nearly a hundred, Olearius has not been able, in more than two or three instances, to point out any thing like a connexion between them and the narrative. The 71st is addressed to the Ionians, whom Apollonius is made to chide for having gradually lost their national character, and admitted foreign names, Lucullus, Fabricius, &c. This, the editor remarks, 'admirably illustrates the Life, book iv. chap. 5.' where we are told, that 'he happened to find a name not Ionian, (it was that of one Lucullus,) whereupon he wrote a letter to the general council, reproaching them for the barbarism. Besides this name, he found that of one Fabricius in their decrees, for which he sharply rebuked them, as appears from a letter still extant.' p. 191. If ancient authors could be thus illustrated, it is pity that the sophists of antiquity ever wanted employment; though, to do them justice, they were not always idle, as is evident from their *illustrations* of Euripides, Demosthenes, and Æschines. It is, however, the only kind of service which the letters have afforded the biographer: they never supply him with *facts*; for, even in the case adduced, the occasion, which gave rise to the letter, must have been learnt from some other source; still less do they serve to attest any miraculous performances, of which throughout the whole collection not a syllable occurs.

There are, however, a few letters of Apollonius, which Philostratus has incorporated with the Life; there are, also, two or three written to Apollonius: but it is very remarkable, that none of them are found in the collection. We believe, indeed, the whole to be spurious; and that if any genuine letters of Apollonius remain, they are those preserved in the Life: but the question is rather curious than important to our subject; for neither do the latter contain any proofs that Apollonius was endued with miraculous powers.

But our author's principal, and indeed sole reliance, is on the pretended memoranda of one Damis; with whom, in the progress of this critique, the reader will be better acquainted.

'There was a certain man named Damis, who was well read in philosophy, a citizen of the ancient Ninus, who became one of the disciples of Apollonius, and wrote the account of his travels, wherein he set down his opinions, discourses, and predictions. A person nearly allied

to Damis introduced the empress Julia Augusta to a knowledge of his commentaries, which till then were not known; as I was a good deal conversant in the imperial family from the encouragement given by the empress to rhetoric and its professors, she commanded me to transcribe and revise these commentaries, and pay particular attention to the style and language; for the narrative of the Ninevite was plain, but not eloquent. To assist me in the work, I was fortunate in procuring the book of Maximus the Ægean, which contained all the actions of Apollonius at Ægea, and a transcript of his will, from which it appeared how much his philosophy was under the influence of a sacred enthusiasm. I also happened to meet with the four books of one Meragenes, which were not of great value on account of the ignorance of the writer. I have now explained the manner of my collecting my materials, and the care taken in their compilation.' Life, p. 6.

On this statement we shall offer a few remarks. Why the translator should represent Damis as 'well read in philosophy,' we know not: the original has only *ἐκ σοφίας*, which amounts to little more, than that he had common sense: of his philosophical attainments we discover no intimation, unless, indeed, that, like a true Pythagorean, he every where evinces an implicit deference to the *ἀντι* of his master, never presuming to exercise his own understanding, except on points of too little importance to engage the attention of Apollonius; who is not backward in shewing that he held the philosophy of Damis in great contempt. But it signifies little, though Damis had been as wise as Socrates: he had been dead, probably, for a century, when a person, of whom we have no description, except that he was a relative of Damis, made the empress Julia acquainted with his commentaries, 'which till then were not known:' and even these were to be re-written and embellished to suit the empress's taste. In all this we have about the same proofs of authenticity which we expect from Messieurs the writers of 'Novels founded upon facts.' As to Maximus of Ægea, as he vouched only for what happened in that town, he may fairly pass: Apollonius did little else at Ægea than hold philosophical discourses. The four books of Meragenes were of no great value, and therefore little use was made of them: besides, we learn from Origen, that he had spoken of Apollonius as an impostor. Such are the authorities which satisfy the fastidious judgment of the sceptic!

From the use which infidelity has made of this work may have arisen the opinion entertained by many learned men, that it was written for the express purpose of discrediting Christianity. Cudworth and Huet were of the number: the latter even thought that Philostratus had the New Testament before him; and has attempted to trace parallelisms between the narrative of the Pagan and the writings of the Evangelists, especially in the gospel of St. Luke;

whose language, he thinks, has in some instances been borrowed. We confess ourselves unable to detect a sufficient degree of resemblance, either in the incidents or the phraseology, to authorize the suspicion. There are, indeed, two or three of the miracles of Apollonius, which have some similarity to others mentioned in the gospels; but, considering the multitude recorded by Philostratus, this circumstance may easily have been accidental. We agree rather with Lardner, who thinks that the object of the sophist was merely to write the life of a Pythagorean philosopher: it is observable that the history of Pythagoras, and of most of his followers, abounds in the same sort of fabulous narrations; a peculiarity, of which it may not be difficult to assign the cause.

Pythagoras himself has undoubted claims to our respect. He introduced sublimer and juster notions of the Divinity; he taught a purer and more humane morality; and even at this hour the world is indebted to him for one of the most important theorems in geometrical science. It was his lot, however, to live in an age, when the minds of men were too unenlightened to welcome knowledge unaccompanied by extrinsic recommendations. The marvellous was requisite to give interest to truth; wisdom could be successfully conveyed only through the medium of fable; and virtue was to be inculcated in mystical and oracular apothegms: even this was insufficient, unless the teacher was believed to hold immediate converse with the gods. To favour this illusion, it became necessary that he should practise extraordinary austerities: but if, in such a state of society, wisdom was not easily imparted to the multitude, neither could the teacher himself acquire it, but by visiting the remote seats of science: accordingly we find Pythagoras conversing with the priests of Egypt and the gymnosophists of the East; distinguishing, perhaps, by the force of native intellect, the truths which they delivered, from the incumbrances of a fantastic superstition, yet probably on his return not very anxious to exhibit the doctrines which he had thus learnt, in their simplest but least attractive form. Magic and mystery were found to have their use in impressing the imagination and in conciliating respect. It is a well-known injunction of Pythagoras, *μηδὲν πᾶσι τιμῆν*. His disciples, in their method both of acquiring and imparting instruction, seem closely to have imitated their master. 'Certè Pythagoras,' says Pliny, 'Empedocles, Democritus, Plato ad hanc (scil. magicam) descendam navigavère, exiliis verius quam navigationibus susceptis; hanc reversi prædicavère, hanc in arcanis habuère.' Lib. xxxi. § 1. It thus became almost impossible to set up for a Pythagorean, without laying claim to performances beyond the reach of ordinary mortals; and the biographer, who neglected to maintain these claims, must have disappointed his readers. 'All true Pythagoreans,' says Iamblichus, 'credit

'credit stories of this kind, and they frequently hazard additions of their own!' Ed. Kuster, p. 116.

It was, we believe, precisely in this spirit that Philostratus sat down to the Life of the Tyanean. His hero was devoted to the doctrines of Pythagoras; great things were reported of him, as of all the philosophers of that sect, and still greater were to be told: the opening of the history powerfully confirms this opinion. Even Damis, though no great philosopher, had probably the gift of lying; and yet the principal reason with our biographer for re-writing the memoirs was, as we suspect, that Damis had not made the most of his subject. The Ninevite, it is admitted, related his story *κατὰ μὲν, ὡς ἀληθὲς εἶ.* Neither does Philostratus pretend, that Damis was an eye-witness of all which he had recorded: on some interesting occasions we are told that Damis was not permitted to be present. 'In all conferences, which were merely dialectical, Apollonius and Damis both assisted;' (this happened in India, where Apollonius acquired all his skill;) 'but Damis says, Apollonius only was admitted by Iarchas' (the great Indian sage) 'to the discussion of the mysteries of astrology and divination, and futurity and sacrifices, and evocations, in which the gods take pleasure.' p. 172. We have indeed a pretty broad hint from Philostratus himself, that he was not a very rigid believer of all which he related: 'for my part, I think the science of astrology and the art of divination are above human capacity; and I am doubtful whether they are possessed by any one.' *ibid.* Yet, according to Apollonius, they may be acquired by those who will practise certain kinds of self-denial: the recipe is only to live on vegetables, to abstain from woollen garments, to go bare-footed, and to let the hair grow: 'scissars,' says our sage, 'should never come in contact with the hair of a wise man.' p. 443.

With these preliminary observations, we shall enter upon the history: and notwithstanding that we have thus far felt it right to exercise our function with gravity, we can assure the reader, that the volume is by no means dull; but presents a succession of surprising adventures, not without a plentiful admixture of the ridiculous. We see not why, from its utter want of truth and nature, from its moderate demands on the understanding and attention, and from its delightful variety of absurdity, it should not obtain a place among popular works of fiction.

Apollonius was of an ancient family, and inherited a considerable fortune; of which, however, he retained but a small part, giving the remainder to his brother. His mother fell asleep in a meadow, and 'in this situation a flock of swans formed a chorus around her, and clapping their wings, as their custom is, sang in unison, all the time the air was fanned by a gentle zephyr.' In the midst of this concert she wakes, and Apollonius is born. He was sent at fourteen

teen to study at Tarsus; but he did not like the place: the people, it seems, 'were fonder of fine clothes than of philosophy;' they were 'accustomed also to sit on the banks of the Cydnus like water-fowl,' a fault of which he admonished them by letter, forbidding them 'to intoxicate themselves with water.' He obtained his father's permission to remove with his tutor to Ægea in Cilicia: here he conversed with professors of every sect; but his decided preference was given to the doctrines of Pythagoras. He was, indeed, rather unfortunate in his preceptor Euxenus: this man was a mere parrot; he knew a few of the philosopher's sayings by rote, and nothing more: but that was not the worst; in chusing his sect he had unaccountably blundered between Pythagoras and Epicurus; 'he was of an amorous temperament, and fond of good living.' p. 12. Our youth was not likely to remain long with such an instructor: he takes leave of him with saying, 'Live you in what manner you please; I shall live after the manner of Pythagoras.' p. 13.

The most memorable transaction at Ægea is his cure of a drop-sical Assyrian, by giving him wholesome advice: 'this youth,' we are told, 'from the pleasure he had in inebriating himself, neglected every remedy in the way of *exsiccation*.' He seems to have understood the principle, but by a common mistake to have applied it to a wrong object; he exsiccated, not himself, but his bottle: 'Apollonius, after a clear declaration of his opinion, restored the Assyrian to health.' p. 16.

Our philosopher was too zealous a Pythagorean not to observe the indispensable *quinquennium*; which, however, having on all occasions a great deal to say, he found to be very irksome. During this period, the people of Aspendus in Pamphylia, where he then was, felt the misery of a monopoly of grain, and were proceeding, as is usual in such cases, to burn the mayor: the tumult, however, was quelled by a much simpler process than swearing-in constables and reading the riot-act. Apollonius wrote the following address, and gave it to the magistrate to read aloud:

'APOLLONIUS to the Monopolisers of Corn in Aspendus, greeting:

'The earth is the common mother of all, for she is just. You are unjust, for you have made her only the mother of yourselves: and if you will not cease from acting thus, I will not suffer you to remain upon her.'

'Intimidated by these words, they filled the market with grain; and the city recovered from its distress.' p. 26.

Soon afterwards he resolves to visit India, and, in his way, to converse with the magi of Babylon and Susa; but of seven companions not one had sufficient philosophy to undertake the journey.

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On reaching Ninus in Commagene, he, for the first time, meets with Damis; whose great recommendation seems to have been, that 'if he knew any thing, it was the road leading to Babylon.' He understood, indeed, the languages of the barbarians; this, however, was of no great use to Apollonius, who 'knew all languages himself, though he had never learnt them.' p. 32. 'While Damis stood in amaze at what he heard, Do not be surprised, continued Apollonius, at my knowing all tongues; for I know the very thoughts of men, even what they do not say. When Damis heard this, he adored him, considering him as a demon.' *ibid.* We need hardly stop to remark the extreme credulity of Damis; no man, surely, was ever blest with a readier faith. Either he, however, or Philostratus, forgets himself; for on a future occasion 'Damis says, he was first sensible of Apollonius possessing a nature something divine, and above what was human.' p. 420. Neither do we afterwards discover any proofs of Apollonius's great skill in languages: we find him at one time inquiring if such a one can speak Greek, and at others employing an interpreter: in short, he had precisely the acquaintance with languages to be expected in one who had never learnt them. But his talent as a linguist was not confined to the languages of men; he understood the speech and even the thoughts of brutes: in this, it seems, there is nothing miraculous; 'the talent is obtained, according to some, by feeding on the heart, and, according to others, on the liver, of dragons.' p. 35.

The following extract lets us somewhat into the character of Damis, with which we think her imperial majesty Julia Domna, if she had any feeling of the *τὸ γελοῖον*, must have been highly amused. We know not whether Cervantes had ever read the delectable history of Don Apollonio de Tyana; or we should at once conclude, that Damis was the prototype of Sancho.

'When Apollonius was drawing near Cissia, after entering the province of Babylon, he had the following vision. He thought he saw some fishes cast on the shore panting for breath, who complained like mortals, and bewailed the element they had lost. They looked as if imploring the aid of a dolphin, who was swimming near them, and seemed as much to be pitied as men in exile, deploring their hard fortune. Apollonius, without being at all moved by the dream, considered with himself what it might signify; however, to frighten Damis, he affected to be alarmed as to what it might portend. This was successful; for Damis, terrified as if he had seen the result, advised him not to go farther, and said, we may perish like those poor fishes, driven from our houses, and may lament in a strange land; and perhaps, if we fall into great straits and difficulties, may be forced to apply to some prince or potentate for assistance, who will treat us as those fishes are treated by the dolphin.'

The third book of this work (we had forgotten to apprise the reader that it extends to eight) gives an account of Apollonius's proceedings in India after passing the Hyphasis; and here wonders upon wonders pass rapidly in review before us: the Arabian Nights are not more surprising; besides that the present narrative interests us more deeply by being strictly true. Damis was himself witness to many prodigies; and much, which he did not see, he heard from Apollonius, which answered his purpose just as well. The book is principally occupied with a visit to the Hill of the Sages. The chief of these is Iarchas, a man as superior to Apollonius as the latter to a common juggler. His marvellous sagacity is displayed in the following passage:

'To a father who came complaining of his children all dying as soon as they tasted wine, Iarchas said, it is better they died, for had they not, they must all have been mad, considering the warmth of their natural constitutions. Therefore I think your children should so abstain from wine, as not to be even affected by the desire of it. And if hereafter you happen to have a child, (by the way I see you have had one within the last week) you should first observe where the owl builds her nest, then rob it of its eggs, and make your child eat of them, after being gently boiled. For if he eats of them before he tastes wine, he will loath that liquor, and become the most moderate of men, possessed only of that temperature of constitution which is natural to him. Apollonius and Damis, full of all they saw and heard, and amazed at their superior knowledge, asked many questions, and were asked many in their turns.'—page 171.

Apollonius leaves the Hill of the Sages much improved by his visit; indeed he went thither a very novice: henceforward we find him able to predict earthquakes, to cure the plague, to call up the shade of Achilles, and to raise the dead. As a specimen of his miraculous powers, we cite the following relation: versified and embellished in the German taste, it might make a very pleasing tale of terror.

'Menippus, a young Lycian, about 25 years of age, was intelligent and handsome, with the open manly air of an athlete. It was said a rich woman, beautiful and delicate in her appearance, had fallen in love with him, of which nothing was real, all imaginary. As the story goes, a figure met him, on the road to Cenchrea, which had the look of a woman. She said, she was a Phenician, but at present dwelt in one of the suburbs of Corinth, which she named, where, added she, if you come, you shall hear me sing, and shall drink such wine as you never drank of before. You shall have no hindrance in your amours from a rival, and with a man of honour I shall live honourably. The youth overcome by what he heard (for though he loved philosophy much, he loved Venus more) visited her in the evening, and continued afterwards to visit her as his mistress, without the slightest suspicion of her being

being a spectre. But Apollonius looking on Menippus as a statuary would do, delineated him fully in his own mind, and said, you who are beautiful, and courted by beautiful women, know this, that you cherish a serpent, and a serpent cherishes you; at which Menippus being amazed, Apollonius continued, you love a woman whom you can never make your wife. Do you think yourself loved by her? I think I am, said the youth. And do you propose marrying her? I do, returned the other, for that will be the completion of all my happiness. For what day, said Apollonius, are the nuptials fixed? Perhaps for to-morrow, said the youth, as all things are prepared, and, as we say, the iron hot. Apollonius, who had marked the precise time of the wedding feast, entered along with the other guests, and instantly asked, where is she, who is the cause of this banquetting? Here at hand, replied Menippus, who rose blushing. Apollonius continued, this gold and silver, with all the other rich ornaments of this apartment, whose are they? The bride's, said he; for what fortune I have consists in this cloak, which he shewed. Then, continued Apollonius, have you ever seen the gardens of Tantalus, which are; and are not? We have seen them, said they, in Homer; for we have not yet descended to the infernal regions. As are the gardens in Homer, so is all you see here—all shew, and no reality. And that you may know the truth of what I say, your intended wife is one of the *Empusæ*, who pass under the name of *Lamiæ* and *Larvæ*. They are little affected by the passion of love, and are fond of nothing but flesh, and that human; for by their attentions they attract all whom they wish to devour. Take care, Sir, of what you say, said she; and seeming much disconcerted at what she heard, ran out into many invectives against the whole race of philosophers, as being given up to vain and impertinent trifling. But, as Apollonius said, every thing vanished into air, the gold and silver vessels, cup-bearers, and cooks, and the whole domestic apparatus. Whereupon the phantom appearing as if in tears, begged not to be tormented, nor forced to make a confession. But Apollonius was peremptory, and said she should not stir till she confessed what she was. She then owned herself to be an *Empusa*, who had pampered Menippus with rich dainties, for the express purpose of devouring him. I have been induced to mention this transaction, as it was one of the most celebrated performed by Apollonius, and as it happened in the center of Greece. The account of it is taken from *Damis*, and the writings he left behind him.' p. 217.

On reading this story we were inclined to ask (and the question is equally apposite in almost every other instance) if *Damis*, as is alleged, vouched for this transaction, what was the value of his testimony? and if he did not, what is the credit due to *Philostratus*? *Damis's* journal may not have recorded a single event out of the ordinary course of things.

Our limits forbid us to attend the travellers through the whole of their peregrination; let it suffice to observe, that after wandering
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over the habitable globe, Apollonius is cited to Rome, to answer charges of treason against Domitian. At Puteoli, he meets with one Demetrius, a brother philosopher, who very kindly dissuades him from venturing to appear at Rome. His representations are, of course, thrown away upon Apollonius; not so upon Damis, whose fears were always awake, whenever danger was at hand.

In the court, Apollonius, like a true state-felon, taking advantage of the popular feeling, intimidates the Emperor into an acquittal. Domitian, however, wished to detain him for the purpose of private conversation: but we are told, that 'he vanished (*ἠφανίσθη*) from the tribunal, taking the wisest part, as I think, when all the circumstances of the case are considered,' p. 431. We are then presented with a long and tiresome speech, intended to have been spoken, the philosopher's prescience not enabling him to foresee, that it would not be wanted. In the evening of the day of acquittal and evanescence, he appeared to Damis and Demetrius at Puteoli: he confessed, however, that this miracle had fatigued him. We find him afterwards at Ephesus, where we have an undoubted instance of second-sight. The whole scene of Domitian's murder at Rome was so visible to the philosopher, that he published it over Ephesus before it was completed: he is even represented as calling out at the moment, 'strike the tyrant!' as if he were encouraging the assassins. Shortly afterwards 'thinking it probable that he should die,' and wishing to spare the feelings of Damis, he sends him on a sleeveless errand to Rome: 'and here,' says Philostratus, 'ends the History of Apollonius, the Tyanean, as written by Damis. Concerning the manner of his death, *if he did die*, various are the accounts.' Some said that he was fourscore, some fourscore and ten, and others that he exceeded a hundred. Thus he began and finished his career like Pythagoras, respecting whose age the same uncertainty prevailed: but whether he died at Ephesus, or *disappeared* at Landus, or in Crete, Philostratus was unable to ascertain.

Such is the far-famed Life of Apollonius, the Tyanean; a narrative, manifestly framed after the model of histories universally regarded as fictitious. In evidence both internal and external it entirely fails: it has not a single character of truth; its pretensions to credibility are set up with the ostentation, and maintained with the timidity of conscious falsehood; and the importance which has been attached to it, as it marks the impotence of sceptical malignity, must be numbered among the triumphs of religion.

To expose the weakness of one of the holds of infidelity is avowedly the aim of the translator. While, however, we applaud his purpose and admit that his labours can hardly fail to promote it,

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we cannot bestow on the execution of his task our unqualified commendation. He appears, indeed, upon the whole, to have understood his author; and he has generally allowed himself sufficient freedom to give the sense with ease. The volume has little of the stiffness of a translation, and may be read as an original work. This we consider to be its principal merit: and it is, perhaps, the highest excellence to which a translator can aspire. We have, however, observed with surprise the gross inaccuracy of his language. 'You, Esculapius, exercise a philosophy becoming *yourself*, not suffering the wicked to come near *thy* shrines,' p. 18. 'The Nile *run* mixed with honey,' p. 320. 'The wine sunk, as if it was *drank*,' p. 349. 'To *you*, who *refusest* being crowned,' p. 351. 'I *would* not like to see diseases in the temples, to *where* the sick repair,' p. 447. &c. &c. Neither is the style of Mr. Berwick, in his original composition, remarkable for elegance or compression.

The work is illustrated with notes, selected in great measure from Olearius, but interspersed with many which are original; and to this part of his task the translator has brought a respectable portion of classical and miscellaneous reading. He has, as he himself professes, filled a chasm in English literature: nor have we reason to infer that he possesses talents, which admitted a more useful or more honourable application.

ART. XII. *Select Poems, &c.* By the late John Dawes Worgan, of Bristol. To which are added, some Particulars of his Life and Character, by an early Friend and Associate. With a Preface by William Hayley, Esq. 12mo. pp. 311. London. Longman. 1810.

IT is not surprising that an interest unusually strong should attach to the literary remains of those who are cut off in the blossom of their genius. The consciousness that these fruits of early talent are the last we can receive, brings with it a certain solemnity of feeling, a sense of melancholy, which prompts us to exaggerate our loss, and exercise a degree of fanciful conjecture as to what might have been the excellence of which we are deprived. Posthumous productions are thus invested with an importance not their own: and this remark must apply with particular force where relations of personal intimacy and private regard lead us to view every thing connected

nected with the lamented object through a magnifying medium, and to indulge our admiration in exact proportion to the keenness of our sorrow. This is a sacred feeling, and we are little disposed to violate it by the levity of unnecessary censure: but however as men we may incline to testify our respect for it, by remaining silent where we cannot conscientiously applaud, as critics we must render a strict account of every work which comes before us. It was, therefore, with some embarrassment that we took up the present volume; as our opinions might differ, on a variety of points, from those of the respectable character now no more, and our estimate of his powers of mind and fancy fall far short of that, which a natural, and not an unamiable partiality had been led to form.

The publication is ushered into the world under the auspices of the unwearied Mr. Hayley, a name sufficiently familiar to readers of biography. He has, however, in this instance, confined himself to a preface, in which he rests, we think injudiciously, on Worgan's excellence as a poet; and which he concludes by some elegiac stanzas of his own, as dull and prosaic as usual. The rest of the volume consists of a biographical memoir, a collection of letters and miscellaneous poems, and a few essays on vaccination, which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine.

John Dawes Worgan was the son of a watchmaker at Bristol; he was recalled from a commercial school, to assist in the trade; but on the death of his father he became earnest to enter on a course of classical education, with a view to becoming a clergyman of the Church of England. By the kindness of the Rev. J. T. Biddulph, who is mentioned as a steady and benevolent friend to him through life, he was placed at the school of the Rev. Samuel Seyer; whose worth and erudition are not unknown to us.

It appears that young Worgan passed through the usual course of Latin and Greek in a year and a half; a very uncommon instance of zealous application and aptitude for learning. Some of his leisure hours he devoted to the study of Hebrew.

Having completed his school-education, he undertook the office of private tutor; and at an age short of seventeen was admitted, in that capacity, into the family of the celebrated Dr. Jenner, to whom the work is dedicated, and who, with kind solicitude, watched over his last illness.

A friend had made proposals to facilitate his entering himself at college, which, from prudential motives, he was compelled to decline; he prosecuted his studies, however, with unremitting ardour, and added to his other acquisitions the knowledge of French and Italian.

In the spring of 1807, he was attacked by a typhus fever, from
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the effects of which he never recovered. He seems also to have suffered from mental anguish, arising from disappointment in a tender attachment. An hemorrhage from the lungs at length terminated his existence at the premature age of nineteen years. A uniformly religious life enabled him to meet death with a cheerfulness of resignation devoutly exemplary.

The reader will probably be struck with a coincidence between Worgan and Kirk White. Both superior to their station in life, and pressing forward to literary distinction; both strongly imbued with a cast of devotional melancholy; and both snatched from the world in the spring-time and promise of their laudable ambition.—But here the parallel must cease. The industry of Worgan was conspicuous; but did not reach that insatiableness of knowledge and avidity of time which distinguished Kirk White. In powers of original thinking, and original fancy too, Kirk White leaves Worgan far below him; and if in zeal for literature and sincerity of devotion they draw nigh to each other, in the single quality of genius they recede to a vast distance.

The biographical memoir is the first piece in the collection which claims our notice. It was begun by Worgan in the intervals of his last illness as a relic of affection to his friends. There is nothing remarkable either in the narrative itself, or in the feelings and opinions interwoven with it, except the air of serious and genuine piety which pervades the whole.

It appears that at the expiration of his fourth year he was able to read a chapter in the Testament, and had gotten by heart some stanzas from a hymn-book of the United Brethren. To this, which others as young have attained with a readiness which implies no extraordinary capacity, he attaches an importance rather disproportionate to the occasion. 'Many suppose,' he observes, 'that children, till arrived at their tenth or twelfth year, are incapable of being impressed with permanent ideas.' To the absurdity of such a supposition we assent; but we do not see the felicity of his illustration when he adds, 'an example is here afforded of one, in whom the memory was formed, and into whom a taste for poetry was instilled, and a wish for eminence inspired through the benefit of instruction before his sixth year was accomplished.'

It is not to this kind of technical instruction, that we attribute such effects. It is not by this parrot recitation that a child acquires the power of forming those ideal pictures, and vivid associations of feeling which constitute the essence of poetical taste. The memory of words is not the memory of things. There is a fondness not uncommon for tracing back any particular bias of talent or disposition, to certain fancied excitements in childhood. It probably

arises from that secret estimation which delights to connect something wonderful with whatsoever concerns self. We question whether any man, be his persuasions what they may, can really recal the feelings and impressions of his very early childhood; and we doubt whether Worgan's literary bent was at all decided, as he seems to think, by the accidental circumstance of his conning some chapters of the New Testament, or getting by heart some portions of a hymn-book.

It is not improbable that the languor of sickness may have given to his mind something of that tone of melancholy moralization which throws a gloom over this short narrative, and which often leads him to plead a degree of sinfulness, which no one would have thought of imputing to him. In this light, he regards the natural and happy levity of boyhood, which escapes from the dryness of precept to thoughts and pursuits congenial with its age and temper. He reminds us indeed of Baxter, who thought it necessary to remember, among his youthful errors, an excessive and sinful love of apples and pears.

In delineating the character of Worgan, the editor observes, that 'he experienced none of those sudden transitions from intellectual energy and inspiration to inability and depression, which often mark the towering genius.' Our own observation would have led us to infer this, and for a very obvious reason. To inspiration, by which we understand the glow of a creative fancy, Worgan had few pretensions. Where there is no extraordinary elevation, there can be no depression: that to active and persevering industry, he joined the power of investigation, we readily believe; but that he had genius, as the term is properly understood, we see nothing in the compositional before us that warrants us in admitting.

In his letters, which turn chiefly on literary and religious opinions, he objects with more warmth than we think necessary, to a short manual of female education, entitled, 'A Father's Legacy to his Daughters.' We must be Christians, he observes, not because devotion is a soothing companion in our mortal pilgrimage, but because it is indispensably necessary to rescue us from everlasting perdition. But what is the religion which Dr. Gregory inculcates? An attendance on public worship, private devotions, and charitable offices. We hear nothing of the renewing change in heart and life which constitute the soul of religion.

Now we are not inclined to find much fault with Dr. Gregory for not heating the fancies of his daughters, and teaching them to watch for miraculous calls and supernatural visits. We do not blame him for preferring the devotion which leads to practice, before that which is apt to evaporate in the ravings of a troubled imagination;

gination; nor for bearing in mind what is incontestably the scriptural doctrine, that men will be judged by their Christian works, not by their states of feeling. To the much perverted doctrine of a particular conversion it is owing, that the baneful error here noticed is so prevalent, especially among the lower and more ignorant classes of society. He who persuades himself that he is suddenly renewed in spirit, will the more readily dispense with any farther exertions to guard against the temptations incident to human frailty. We mean not the slightest insinuation as to the purity and sincerity both of faith and practice in Worgan himself; we contend only that the principles, which it appears from this and other passages he professed, are frequently perverted by knavery or self-delusion, and that they lead to such results.

Nothing, moreover, in our opinion, more palpably betrays an unacquaintance with the philosophy of the human mind, than the notion of enforcing religious principles by the terror of authority, in preference to instilling them by gentle and persuasive means. Dr. Gregory knew human nature well enough to know that it requires to be allured even to what is good. It is true that religion is a duty, but the wise man will attract his proselytes by representing it also as a pleasure; as the soother of affliction; the supporter of adversity, and the prop of age. Neither the Old Testament, nor the New describe the Divinity as always armed with the dark and terrible majesty of an avenger: He will repay iniquity; but he is called, in an eminent sense, 'The Lord, merciful and gracious; long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin.' *Exod.* xxxiv. 6, 7.

Worgan proceeds to regret, 'that a man of Dr. Gregory's character should have spoken so mildly on modern public amusements and theatrical entertainments:' and he is at a loss 'to conceive upon what principle they can be vindicated by any man who entertains the smallest regard for the interests of virtue and religion.' The arguments against the drama have been urged again and again, and as often exposed and refuted. A bad play may have an immoral effect on the mind; but all plays are not necessarily bad. If the *Beggar's Opera* stimulated the desperate resolution of a few highwaymen, who were already depraved, the *Gamester* and *George Barnwell* have done much service. That the finest lessons may be drawn from Shakspeare nothing but fanaticism can dispute; and it is self-evident that these lessons must have greater power and persuasion when embodied and displayed by living imitation, by emphatical tones, pathetic looks, forcible gestures, and all the illusions of scenic art, than when abstractedly contemplated. This is particularly

ticularly the case with respect to the lower orders of society, who have neither access to Shakspeare in his written page, nor would understand him if they had. It is useless to say that these people would be better employed in listening to a sermon; they would not be listening to a sermon: they would probably be guzzling or gambling in an alehouse. The great utility of the acting drama, however, is, not so much that it conveys moral lessons, but that it excites moral feelings; that it awakens sensibility in callous, and stubborn, and untutored minds, which are seduced into virtuous sympathy by what is offered in the guise of amusement; but which would probably be little influenced by the more austere tone of pulpit instruction. The stage, well conducted, may be said, indeed, to aid indirectly the cause of religion herself, by operating a beneficial effect on the heart and temper. It is moreover of importance as a great political engine. Shut up the theatres, and you close a door to the expression of the popular sentiment. As to the objection respecting the licentious company which finds admission to them, it is one which equally applies to any place of public course; to a sale-room or a court of justice; to the market or the street. Idle and debauched men and profligate women will assemble wherever others assemble, and will convert the most innocent and profitable opportunities into occasions of vicious pleasure. But the greater part of the audience go for the express and exclusive purpose of having their curiosity gratified, and their feelings interested; and are employed in harmless merriment or salutary sympathy.

People of this rigid turn of thinking object equally to all social intercourse, which has the gaiety of relaxation or the exercise of any agreeable art for its object. Kirk White gave a little into this monachism. We believe, however, that the relaxations of polished society and the enjoyment of arts are no less requisite for cultivated minds, than rest and mirth to the artisan and the labourer; that in fact they have a very beneficial effect on the temper and the social affections; and that, with due management, they enable the mind to return with new exertion to grave and contemplative pursuits. For these reasons, were we to see a few young ladies threading the mazes of a cotillon to the sound of the harp, we should feel no violent inclination to go and preach to them; nor should we sit down to agitate the casuistical doubt, whether dancing were an occupation befitting a person who was destined for eternity.

The advice of Dr. Gregory to his daughters respecting the man of their choice is mentioned in terms of indignant reprobation: 'If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full

full extent of your love; no, not although you marry him: this sufficiently shows your preference, which is all he is entitled to know.' This Worgan terms 'execrable.' His feelings were probably, at this time, wrought to a high pitch of romantic passion; but his violence was surely unnecessary. Dr. Gregory, who reasons on man as he is, seems to advise the continuance of a certain delicate reserve on the side of the woman, which by keeping alive something of the feeling of courtship, something of the anxiety to be beloved, might continue the lover in the husband. The thought is perhaps too finely spun; but it is ingenious, and not unphilosophical.

In the following passage of an affectionately earnest letter to the lady of his attachment, relative to the education of her younger sister, he gives into a very common, but very unfounded prejudice, which he also expresses in bad taste. 'As to moral principles, they are included in religion; but I would advise you particularly to show her how important is one thing; for which, excuse me, your sex is not famous: I mean the keeping secrets.' There are frivolous and worthless women, as there are frivolous and worthless men; but if women of understanding and virtue be meant, we believe that a secret is never consigned to more perfect security than when entrusted to a female bosom.

The following remarks are sensible and just. 'Inculcate with particular emphasis, even in her present early years, how innumerable are the pleasures and advantages to be derived from the perusal of the compositions of genius; that a love of reading may be fostered in her mind. This will be the best support and defence of her understanding and her heart. It will leave her no hours of idleness, which are more fatal to virtue than even hours of dissipation.'

From the icy glitter of Worgan's poetry, we are not surprised that he should so eagerly resent the attack of some of the Reviewers on his favourite Petrarch. The Reviewers were, however, in the right. They had common sense and natural feeling on their side, opposed to the antiquity of a name. No imitator of Petrarch ever produced any thing of true poetic fancy or poetic feeling. The madrigal writers and sonnetteers that sparkle in the poetical era of Charles, belong to the Petrarchal school; they ring eternal changes on snows and flames; on tears and pearls; on smiles and lightnings: and in their laborious idleness can find no better subjects for their muse than the gnat that flew into Cælia's eye, or the accidental discomposure of her hoop-petticoat. We grieve to see an inclination, in some of our poetic antiquaries, to revive these quaint trifles; we tremble lest the fashion should spread into imitation, and the pure simplicity of our poets once more give place to

this false and tawdry wit so incompatible with genuine nature. We are far from including in one sweeping censure every attempt towards the restitution of neglected literature; but we protest against the danger of the example. Of all schools the school of conceit is least worthy a revival.

It is not indeed conceit that can be objected to Worgan's poems, but he has probably imbibed from Petrarch his abstracted and metaphorical style. We doubt whether Worgan, had he lived, would have produced any thing of a strikingly original cast. A man's mind experiences various revolutions in taste before his judgment is matured; but if he possess genius it will shine through all the disadvantages of a bad manner. The poetry of Worgan affords not this promise. It is altogether mechanical. His verses have merely the cheap merit of a smooth, round cadence; they are eked out with a vague superfluity of trite epithets; and the cast of sentiment and description reminds us of all sorts of poetical common-places, which we had fondly hoped would remain for ever confined to ladies' repositories and newspaper poets' corners. We have had quite enough of the 'Sweet nymph, Affection;' 'Divine Philanthropy' is a very uninteresting personage; and as to 'Variola in blood-stained vest,' and 'Vaccina crowned with deathless honours,' they are rival queens whom we heartily desire never to see again.

The following lines, taken at random, have something about them which inclines us to suspect that they were favourites with the author.

'See, at her voice a new creation springs,
Exulting Fancy claps her eagle wings;
Swift on the clouds, by sportive zephyrs drawn,
Rob'd in the radiance of the purple dawn,
In magic hues resplendent from afar
The light-wing'd goddess rolls her beamy car:
By her sustain'd my soul the tempest braves,
Mounts o'er the tow'ring hills and foaming waves;
And glides, fair Milwood! to thy rural shades,
Thy grove revisits, and thy vale retreads.'

It is not necessary to be born a poet in order to manufacture such verses as these.

What is the meaning of the following rant?

'Yet thee, with heav'n's peculiar bounty blest,
Thy natal shore peruliar crimes infest;
And basest sins Almighty love requite,
While seraphs shudder at the fearful sight.'

What are the base and peculiar crimes which infest the shores of Britain? Can it be said of our churches

—velavit aranea fanum,

Et mala desertos occupat herba deos?

Can it be said of our courts of judicature

Τῆς δὲ Δίκης ῥόδος ἱλαρόμινος ἢ κ' ἀνδρὶς ἀγῶσι
Δυσφορέῳ, σκολιᾷς δὲ δίκαις κρίνῃσι θίμωτος?

Has the plague-spot of licentiousness broken out on every class of our people? No.—In every state which has reached a high point of civilization, there is an alloy of vicious luxury, of moral and political corruption; but the vices of Britain are neither 'base nor peculiar.' Fanaticism may libel our popular amusements, and scowl with a cynical eye on the most innocent arts of polished life; but let it spare the British character. Let it not be suffered, unrebuked, to generalize individual vice into national depravity, nor unworthily to degrade, in the scale of nations, a chaste, a manly, a thinking, and a religious people.

In the whole mass of poetry we can find nothing that will bear the faintest comparison with Kirk White's juvenile ode to the Rosemary. We shall, however, select what we regard as a favourable specimen of Worgan's composition: it comes recommended to us by a want of what may possibly lessen its value in the eyes of others, less aware than ourselves how easily 'the tempest fiend' may be made to guide 'his fiery chariot,' or 'celestial Peace' to 'extend her olive-branch' and wave her 'grey-plumed wing.'

TO ———, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

SONNET 32.

Sister belov'd! if pure affection's lay

Though short, an echo to thy heart may find,

Accept the warm vows from a brother's mind

Breath'd in a faithful strain; to greet the day

That gave thee birth: To live in lengthen'd years

I pray not for thee; since too well I know

That earth's most pleasant paths are paths of woe:

And soon each pilgrim's cheek is worn with tears;

But this I pray, that holy faith may raise

Thy wishes from the world: how brief thy date

It matters not, if Jesus' love create

Thy ransom'd soul anew, and guide thy ways:

Then may thy cares for earthly prospects end;

Heav'n is thy home; thy Saviour is thy friend.

ART. XIII. *An Authentic Narrative of four Years' Residence at Tongataboo, one of the Friendly Islands, in the South Sea.* By ———, who went thither in the Duff, under Captain Wilson, in 1796. With an Appendix, by an eminent Writer. 8vo. pp. 234. London. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. 1810.

IN our account of the mission to the South Sea Islands, (Vol. ii. p. 24,) it is mentioned that one of the missionaries renounced his office, accommodated himself to the manners of the natives, and remained in Tongataboo after the brethren effected their escape. The history of this man's adventures is now made public, and the narratives of Stade's captivity among the Tupinambas and Drury's in Madagascar, are scarcely more interesting.

The name of the adventurer is suppress ; it would be improper to repeat it here, lest it might expose him to uncivil curiosity, and therefore we shall call him by his baptismal name of George. He had been a bricklayer, and was in his twenty-fifth year when he was landed, with nine other brethren, in Tongataboo. Connelly and Ambler, two Europeans (runaways, as it afterward appeared, from Botany Bay,) whom they found upon the island, were their negotiators with the dugonagaboola or chief. Moomooe, who held that office, was in the last stage of debility and disease ; he went on board the ship, and the exertion so exhausted him, that he was obliged to rest at the gangway. Having reached the deck, he would not appear before the Captain till he had been shaved, a circumstance which the journalist seems to consider as a proof of great decency. This chief readily promised to take the missionaries under his protection. The *abbee*, or estate, however, which he offered them, was not deemed an eligible situation. The chiefs usually resided in a different part of the island ; they drew after them the greater part of the inhabitants, and the missionaries supposed the more they mingled with the people, the greater would be their usefulness. There was yet a weightier objection to the place of abode ; if they accepted it, they placed themselves under the protection of Moomooe, a man evidently near his end—that event would leave them without a protector—their property would become an object of desire and contention among the chiefs, and their lives, not improbably, endangered. For these reasons they preferred settling under the protection of his eldest son Toogahowe, a middle-aged man. Stout, sullen, and morose, his voice, when in anger, bellowed like the roaring of a lion.—This chief soon succeeded to his father ; but the missionaries finding that while they remained together, the temptation of conversing in their own language impeded their progress in that of the country, resolved to separate into small parties. George chose to live

live entirely with the natives, and took up his abode with one of the principal lords, by name Mulkaamair.

Such was their situation when the Duff left them. They watched her in the distance—then looking round upon the island exclaimed—‘This is the ground where our bodies will moulder—this we must look upon as our country and our grave.’ Reflections of this kind made no very lasting impression upon George. A funeral sermon, it seems, had frightened him into Methodism, about a year before he embarked in the mission. On the voyage his fervour was not likely to abate, stimulated as it was by the sympathy of all around him; but when he went to live among men, to whom his routine of prayer was unintelligible, he found it far more easy to sympathize with them, than to make them comprehend, and participate in a devotion which he now rather affected than felt.—The brethren had been informed, before the ship departed, that he cohabited with one of the native women, and they saw that some parts of his conduct corresponded with the information: but he denied the charge, and both they and Captain Wilson thought it better to leave him on the island, than to take him to Europe. The ship had not sailed many days before his falling off was fully discovered. Its first manifestation was putting on the dress of the natives; in this, however, the missionaries would have done right to follow his example. It consists, among the better ranks, of a piece of cloth, several yards in length, wrapped round the body, and fastened below the breast by a peculiar kind of knot, for which, if it were accurately described, a sailor’s vocabulary might probably furnish the fit name; from thence it hangs loose below the knees, and being closely girdled, is sufficiently long for the upper part to be thrown over the shoulder. This, however, is a costly dress, and what is called the *jiggee* is more generally used. It is made of the leaves of the *gee* plant, which are very broad and strong; these are finely shredded, and being thickly entwined in a belt, and fastened round the waist, they hang down to the mid-thigh like a full fringe. The women commonly wear it in their festive dances, with the addition of a few strings of flowers. A similar dress is described by Le Moyne de Morgues as in use among some of the old Floridan tribes. The inferior classes most frequently wear nothing but a belt about six inches broad, crost and fastened round the waist.

The jesuits always adopted the fashion of the people among whom they were stationed, unless they were invested with authority which enabled them to appear in their own habit, as a superior race. The Tupinamban missionaries were, however, shocked at the appearance of their brother in the native garb, and regarded, as empty excuses, the warmth of the climate, the custom of the people, and the folly of wearing European clothes, in a country where, when
worn

worn out, it was impossible to replace them. Thus far George had reason on his side; but his companion, when he shook his head in grief at the metamorphosis, was right in foreseeing that this was but the prelude to farther conformity. Mulkaamair, his protector, advised him to take a wife, and offered him a relation of his own, a handsome girl about eighteen. The young women of Tongataboo pride themselves upon their virginity; a feeling belonging to a more advanced state of society than that of these islanders, and probably retained among them from the first peoplers, or the subsequent race of conquerors. Their hair remains uncut till marriage, as a token and ornament of maidenhood; it is then shorn, and by a peculiarity of language, which ought to imply a better system of morals than accompanies it, husband and wife are designated by the common word *oanna*. The daughters of the chiefs are always under the care of women, who may be called *duennas*: from their birth, they are never suffered to be without one or two of these attendants; and after marriage, a similar guard is provided by the husband. This, however, seems to be more an attendance of ceremony than of precaution; or if intended for precaution, it is of little avail, for the sense of honour preserves the maiden from incontinence. The wife has no sense of duty to preserve her, and all feeling of affection is precluded or destroyed by the practice of polygamy, and the frequency of divorce.

The young women are not allowed to chuse for themselves; the father, or his representative, always chuses for them; and an instance of refusal on their part has never been known. George's bride was brought to him, modestly dressed in her best apparel, at the head of a number of women, one of whom took her by the hand and seated her by his side. This was all the ceremony. Mulkaamair entertained a large company in honour of the marriage, and they danced and sung till a late hour. The news soon reached the two brothers who dwelt nearest, and they, in their own words, 'dealt with him on this mournful occasion according as they were enabled.' He received them coldly, yet, he says, not without much inward alarm at the enormity of his conduct; they continued to admonish him, and as he would not consent to abandon his wife, as he called her, they judged it best to marry him according to the English form. It was a remnant of grace in George; and if he felt it as an indissoluble engagement, that was all the good which was to be expected from it: but the brethren, instead of impressing this upon him, endeavoured to explain it to the woman, and terrified her so much by the austerity of their manner, that she burst into tears, and refused to go through a solemnity which must necessarily have appeared to her as a piece of foreign conjuring, the cause of which she could

could not divine, and the consequences of which, from the manner of the officiating priests, she might well apprehend to be something dreadful. She was therefore sent back to her father: this separation did not continue long. George began to consider, that to all lawful purposes in Tongataboo, she was his wife already; Mulkaamair, at his request, sent for her again, and gave them a habitation near his own, and here they lived, for some time, in great comfort. He daily advanced in his knowledge of the language, and determined to pass the remainder of his days upon the island.

The mode of life which he had enjoyed with Mulkaamair, before he began an establishment of his own, was indeed sufficiently tempting. The habitation of this chieftain was fifty feet in length, and of an oval form. One large and lofty post was fixed in the centre, and an oval ring of lesser ones, at equal distances, planted round it; layers were fixed upon these, from which rafters extended to the pillar in the middle; thus uniting the whole edifice. The outer roof was rather of basket-work than thatch, the inner warm and beautiful matting. Screens of matting, made from the cocoa tree, were fastened to the outer post in rainy weather, at other times the whole seems to have been open. The floor was matted, and this matting was not less useful than beautiful; its texture was so close that it was impenetrable to insects. One of Mulkaamair's wives, for he had generally from four to eight, usually slept with him in this apartment, in a space separated from the rest by an inclosure of matting. The rest were lodged with the children in small contiguous dwellings. About seven they usually retired to their matting, but instead of going immediately to sleep, such conversation then took place till ten or eleven, between the chief and his numerous household, that George considered this time as the most social of the whole day. He listened to them for hours, and was often, he says, improved as well as surprised by the shrewdness of their remarks, and the good sense of their reasonings.

At break of day they rose, and proceeded to the ceremonies of breakfast, which is a very serious business in Tongataboo. The whole company seat themselves cross-legged in a circle, the chief in the place of honour, and his tackhangers, or ministers, on each side of him, to superintend the preparation of the kava. They give the word of command, (for the movements of a regiment at parade are not conducted with more regularity,) and the person who is to mix it splits the root into small pieces with a flat piece of wood or of whale-bone, which they procure from the fish that are sometimes cast upon their coast. The pieces are then handed to the young people who have clean teeth, fit for chewing it. Even in this beastly mode

mode of cookery, which is almost universal among savages, there is every where some fashion of delicacy. The Northern Indians, of whom Hearne has given so excellent an account, are especially nice about the state of the masticators' teeth; here the young alone are permitted to operate: among some of the Paraguay tribes it is the exclusive office of old women, they being considered as purified from all uncleanness by age. Each person has a leaf by him on which he spits his portion; a large bowl is then handed round into which the whole is emptied. It is then placed opposite the chief, two young men being seated on each side to drive away the flies with fans of plantain leaves. The superintendent informs the tack-hangers that all the kava is chewed, and they give orders to mix it: cocoa-nut shells filled with water are brought, which one of the fly-flappers pours in while the other continues to keep off the insects, till the tackhanger bids him stop. The pulp is then squeezed by handfuls, that these orderers of the feast may judge the strength of the liquor as it falls into the dish. It is then passed three or four times through a strainer made of the inner bark of a tree, and notice is given that the kava is clean. The company meantime are employed in manufacturing their own dishes, which are made of plantain leaves, so skilfully platted as to hold water. The serving men rise from the circle and carry their dishes to the great bowl, and as the superintendent fills it, he calls out, whose is this kava? The person whose name is pronounced claps his hands, and the cup-bearer presents it to him with the greatest decorum. If it be to any of Duatonga's family, who are considered sacred, he must sit down cross-legged before he delivers it; Hebe herself could not officiate with more grace, or dexterity. Baked yams are now brought in leaf-baskets, from an outhouse built for the purpose—they eat them after the drinking is finished, and the whole meal with all its preparations lasts sometimes from break of day till noon. The kava is certainly an intoxicating liquor; yet according to this account no time is allowed for fermentation: it should seem therefore to owe its powers of exhilarating to some deleterious property.

After this breakfast, which may vie with Homer's dinners in length, they lie down and sleep for two or three hours. The business of the higher ranks is then how to be idle through the day. They wrestle and they box. Cooke's sailors tried their skill with some of these islanders 'for love,' and in every instance the savage was the conqueror. It would be a worthy mission for one of 'the fancy' to make a voyage to Tongataboo for the purpose of examining the state of the science among them, and bringing back a professor to be matched against the Champion of England. Bathing is a favourite resource; they go out at high water when the sea rolls with great force upon their flat shore, swim some way out, then
ride

ride in upon the swell: a bystander, ignorant of their skill and power in this element, would think they must be dashed lifeless upon the beach;—one hand is stretched out like a prow, the other steers them behind; suddenly they turn on one side, dart back through the next wave, swim out, and again float in, till satisfied with the sport, they shoot through the returning billow, and land with perfect ease. They have a water game played by two parties. Two posts are fixed about a hundred yards distant from each other, in a depth of about four feet; a large stone is placed between them, and the struggle is which party can first drag the stone to their own post. Another sport peculiar to these islanders is the royal diversion of rat-catching, in which the chiefs are particularly skilful. The kernel of the cocoa-nut toasted and chewed is first strewed as a bait; the sportsmen take their stand with bows and arrows, and squeak so naturally that the rats come out at the call. The chiefs, like pigeon-shooters in England, let fly alternately, and he who kills the most in the same number of shots wins the game. George could never partake in the water games; but he soon became an excellent shot at the rats.

When the day is wholly devoted to idleness, which in their intervals of peace is not uncommon, the chief sends round the district and collects forty or fifty youths of both sexes to dance with his attendants. Their dances are performed by the light of torches, formed of the old bark of the cocoa tree. The costume of the women is after the fashion of our stage dancers; their necks and shoulders are encircled with wreaths of flowers, and other flowers, peculiarly white and fragrant, are interwoven with their dark hair. They dance in companies of eighty or a hundred, performing their complicated evolutions with a promptness and regularity not to be exceeded. It would have been curious if the quondam missionary had explained some of the names of their dances, that we might have seen whether they vied in elegance with *My Garter's* loose, *Moll* in the *Wad*, *The Devil* among the *Tailors*, and other such amiable titles, which are called for in the first circles of fashionable life. They keep up the dance till midnight, sometimes till morning, one set relieving another. It is their ceremony of joy, and they conclude with it their ceremonies of mourning. As the women grow eager with the sport they throw off the scanty coverings in which they began the performance; the decency of the narrator prevents him from bringing any farther charge against them, but it is sufficiently known to what excesses of licentiousness these amusements are the forerunners and incentives.

Soon after his marriage, George purchased the *abbee*, or estate of *Omataanee*, containing about fifteen acres, for a spade, an axe, a small canoe, and a couple of knives. There were several habita-

tions

tions upon it; the tenants of which, in consequence of the ill treatment which some of their countrymen had experienced from the Botany Bay men, were afraid to remain under a European chief, till his promises and persuasions won them to continue. Society is not advanced in Tongataboo to that stage of barbarism where the labourers are slaves of the soil; their situation, however, is far from that of freemen: for though the labour which they bestow upon the estate on which they dwell and cultivate for their own subsistence and that of their lord, is an unobjectionable mode of paying rent, the inferior chiefs under whom they hold send them twice or thrice a week to work for the Dugonagaboola; and this *sadongyeer*, as it is called, is felt as a great burthen. George obtained an exemption from it for his property, and in consequence many requested to become his tenants. He went on purchasing land till at last his *abbee* comprized fifty acres, which were soon in the highest state of cultivation. He made a plantation round it of bread fruit, plantains, and cocoas, a gravel walk from his house to the high road, about two hundred yards in length, and planted on both sides with sugar canes. It is a proof, not less of European talents, than of the easiness of their agriculture, that his whole farm was soon like a garden; and that in the hungry season, as it is called, he had enough for his own household, made liberal presents to his neighbours, and yet fruits were left to drop from the trees. He even improved upon the natives in their own arts. Their mode of planting the sugar cane is to cut it in two or three pieces, and plant them upright; the top decays, and it shoots out stems only at the lower knots: He laid them lengthways in furrows, and obtained suckers from every joint. A principle of honesty hardly to have been expected in the natives was found among them; for though they stole European articles unblushingly, they would not plunder a plantation. George's farm was robbed but once, and that by a man of the lowest order. Some of the natives apprehended him, and convicted him with great dexterity, by fitting the fruit to the branches from which it had been broken: they would have put him to death if George would have permitted it; and they would not be satisfied till they had tied him up and flogged him.

His household sometimes consisted of not less than thirty persons; he kept open house, or rather open table, after the manner of the island, like a Bedoween chief. Any stranger who passed by when he was sitting at his door, or at the entrance of his *abbee*, would sit himself down beside him without invitation, and partake his meal. In the scarce season numbers resorted to him for yams and fruits, and the custom was never to refuse while they lasted. The advantages of a decent conduct, even among savages, were strikingly manifested by the different fate of this renegade mission-

ary,

ary, and of the two convicts Ambler and Morgan. These fellows, to obtain the respect of the natives, gave out that one was a duke and the other a prince; but that the missionaries were men of the lowest class, and servants to them in their own country. This stupid falsehood was soon discovered; the natives readily remarked, that if they had been the men of consequence which they pretended to be, property would have been left with them, as it was with the brethren. Their insolence and brutality soon made them odious. Ambler was killed for his insolence to one of the chiefs, and his endeavours to excite disturbances; Morgan put to death for brutally violating a chief's daughter in one of the Vavou islands. George meantime conducting himself peaceably and industriously, became a chief of some consequence himself. He accommodated himself indeed to the vices of the natives as well as to their manners, and never seems to have been troubled with any inconvenient principle of morality; but according to the standard of morals at Tongataboo he was a moral man; he took as many wives as he pleased, without offending any person; and while sitting under the shade of his own cocoas and bread-trees, receiving presents from Mulkaamair, the second person in the island, and sending others to him in return, though with little compunction of the tabernacle, he had no occasion to regret the days when he carried the hod and the trowel.

This state of prosperity continued between two and three years, when a conspiracy broke out, which destroyed his establishment, and laid waste one of the most fertile, and best regulated islands of Polynesia. A chief called Loogolala was the author of this conspiracy, of which the object was to murder Dugonagaboola, and make George's friend, Mulkaamair, supreme chief in his stead. The time chosen for putting the project in execution was at the performance of a religious ceremony, which has escaped the notice of the other missionaries. There was a chief in the island called Duatonga, the head of a family who were thought originally to have come from the sky: he was acknowledged by all the neighbouring islands as their mediator to converse with the gods, and procure them plenty, and Tongataboo derived its name from his residence there, signifying the sacred isle. Dugonagaboola himself did not receive so much homage as this religious chief; his own estate was ample, but contributions were brought him from all the other districts sufficient to support him in splendour; and whenever he appeared, all persons of whatever age or sex, instantly uncovered to the waist, sate down, crossed their arms and legs, and remained in that posture of reverence till he had passed by. His father had been the Dugonagaboola, so that the monarchy and priesthood seem to have been united in the same person; but dying when Duatonga was too young to succeed him, the sovereignty was wrested from
his

his widow, and no attempt was made to recover it when the son grew up. His own patrimony and his spiritual authority contented him. From this personage it might have been thought the missionaries would be in most danger; he appears however never to have molested them. A trifling circumstance taught him to despise them soon after their arrival, and this, perhaps, preserved them from any more dangerous feeling. The Duff had taken out an assortment of cuckoo clocks, which soon became objects of universal wonder; the general opinion was that a spirit spoke in them, and would detect them if they stole any thing from the ship or the missionaries. Toogahowe stood in such awe of it that he would not have one in his house; his father Moomooe regarded it differently, and when he found himself dangerously ill, requested that some of the brethren would come and sing psalms for him, and bring a cuckoo clock to assist in healing him. The high priest, however, knowing perhaps the mysteries of his own profession, was exceedingly delighted with these clocks, desired to have one, and as soon as he got it home, took it to pieces to examine the inside. To put it together again was beyond his skill, and unluckily it was beyond the skill of the missionaries too. None of them had been instructed in this branch of mechanism, and the discovery of their ignorance excited the contempt of the natives.

The chiefs of Tongataboo, and of all the neighbouring islands assembled once a year in the dwelling of Duatonga, to offer the first fruits of their fields to him, as the minister and representative of the god who caused fertility. Arrayed in various dresses, which denoted the districts over which they presided, they approached him with a slow solemn pace, and uttering a monotonous song, presented to him the first fruits on their knees; then past off in the same order, and with the same solemnity. The ceremony was generally followed by a dance, and often concluded with a rude imitation of war, in which they fought with branches of the cocoa-tree,—a Polynesian tournament. The Dugonagaboola, as well as the inferior chiefs, attended upon this occasion, and this was the time chosen by Loogolala for the execution of his conspiracy. He communicated the design to a number of daring men sufficient to fill two large canoes: they appeared at the ceremony, and after its conclusion embarked, as if to return to their own part of the island; but they waited off the coast till it was evening, then relanded, stationed a watch at every road leading to Dugonagaboola's residence, and proceeded in search of him. They found all his attendants asleep, but as it was dark, they could not see which was the chief, and were afraid to strike any one, lest they should kill the wrong person, and thus give the alarm. Unhappily for him, it is the peculiar privilege of the sovereign to anoint his head with oil strongly scented with a
fragrant

fragrant wood, which is brought from the Feejee islands. By this he was discovered, and they murdered him. Having made sure of their object, they began to massacre his attendants; some of them, however, effected their escape, and the conspirators re-embarked.

The friends of the slain chief took up the body of Loogolala's father, and exposed it upon a tree, as the greatest indignity that could be offered to his family, and then flocked to Mulkaamair, that he might lead them on to vengeance. To their great astonishment he joined Loogolala, till they formed a formidable party, and the fate of the island was to be decided by war. Mulkaamair commanded his own forces, and George followed him to battle: he might have staid behind, but he was attached to his benefactor; and, moreover, had some curiosity to see their mode of fighting, which he expected would be but child's play. The preparations were, however, something formidable; conch shells were sounded for the alarm, and multitudes flocked to the summons. They had blackened their faces, and discoloured their bodies, that they might appear terrible; and their hair was cut close, except a bunch which was tied close on the crown of the head like a crest, perhaps for the double purpose of securing it from the grasp of an enemy, and forming some defence. George was impatient for the battle, and pressed forward: his party was superior in numbers; they made sure of victory, and in their confidence neglected the best means of securing it. They took up their quarters carelessly for the night, and George, who was with the advanced division, lay down to sleep among them. The measures of the enemy were more wisely taken; just before day-break they stole in upon the camp, hoping to surprise Mulkaamair, and terminate the war by putting to death the man for whose aggrandizement it had been so wantonly provoked. For this purpose they crept in a single file, each man laying hold of the girdle of the one before him, and treading silently in his steps. A considerable number had in this manner past the advanced guard before they were discovered. The alarm was given, George started up, and saw a large straggling body coming to attack them. He ran forward as if to see a spectacle—one who knew him pulled him back, telling him he did not know his danger, to which, in fact, he seems to have been insensible, not from courage, but from an unaccountable thoughtlessness altogether different from it. The son of Mulkaamair was before him engaged in fight with a strong adversary—he had manufactured an English scythe into a tremendous sword, and with this he struck off the head of his enemy at a single blow, then stuck the point into it, and ran back to display the bloody trophy. George's first thought had been to assist him; but the enemy were pressing on, and seeing the effect of their weapons,

his courage suddenly deserted him. They were armed with bows, clubs, spears, and the boggebogge, a sort of wooden battledore, like the *macana* of the Brazilian tribes, having the sides of its head sharpened to an edge, and the middle thick and heavy. Of all these instruments George instantly conceived a most respectful opinion; his own party were losing ground, he forced his way through them, so as to be foremost in the retreat, and ran a full quarter of a mile before he looked behind him, nor did he halt till he fell into a hole and sprained his leg. This did not stop him. He continued to limp away with all imaginable velocity, and remained in such wholesome fear of the boggebogge, that he never again ventured within its reach. He had once seen a man knocked down with one, which laid open his head, and scattered part of his brains on the ground. His enemies supposed him to be dead and left him; his friends, however, took him up, bound up his head, and in a short time he walked on with them—

‘The times have been,

That when the brains were out the man would die.’

and notwithstanding this instance to the contrary, George thought it was very likely to prove so still in his own case; and ever after he acknowledges that he took care to run away in time.

Mulkaamair met with the righteous reward of his ambition. He was carried, as appears to be the custom, on a *fatta*; that is, a rude palanquin formed of two rails tied together, and covered with matting. The enemy came up to him. About eighteen or twenty of his household fought bravely in his defence, till they were all overpowered and slain: among them were two of his wives. He himself was made prisoner and immediately put to death. Some of the missionaries had been compelled to accompany the army of the loyalists, or Aheefonians as they are called, their main strength lying in the district of Aheefo. For a little while every trifling advantage was imputed to their presence, and they came in for their share of the warmest acknowledgements in common with the god Tallaeitoobo and his compeers: even their dog was caressed, and regaled with food as a tutelary being. But as the brethren took no active part, and were too simple-hearted to keep up by any artifices a delusion so advantageous to themselves—this superstition soon gave way to contempt and indignation, and it was fortunate for them that they were permitted to steal away. Three of their number resided in a different part, with a well-inclined man who had been left on the island by an American ship. The conquerors came to their place of abode in the heat of pursuit, and a savage to whom they had formerly refused something which he asked, instigated his comrades to murder them. They were much to be regretted. One of them

(Bowel)

(Bowel) who had been a shopkeeper, was a man of considerable talents, and having made great progress in the language, was forming a grammar of it. Their garden was flourishing, they had introduced the pine-apple, and the cotton tree, which was beginning to bear, when they and all their labours were thus destroyed.

Loogolala arrived with another division of his party, in time to save the wreck of Mulkaamair's army, and the fortune of the war was changed. They slept in their canoes that night, and on the following morning routed their opponents. The beaten party took refuge in a large *fiatooka*, the burying-place of Dugonagaboola, hoping that its sanctity would protect them. The conquerors attempted to pull up the fence, but as those within could see them, while they themselves were unseen, they made a successful defence. The assailants judged it best therefore to set fire to the thatch,—but this would have been a crime,—and with a strange inconsistency of superstition (akin to that of the old wild Irish, who left their right arms unchristened) they applied to George, as one who might commit sacrilege with impunity. Amid all the lamentations for his backslidings, no expression of regret escapes the re-regenerated sinner for this day's work. He threw a firebrand upon the thatch—instead of feeling that every place in which the helpless and the innocent take refuge ought to be truly sacred. It was soon in a blaze, and all who rushed from the flames were massacred—only a few young women were spared. The dead bodies were roasted and eaten. The fiercest savages of America are not more merciless than these islanders. Women and children were massacred in some places without sparing one, and this in a war preceded by no hostile or factious feelings, between people of the same nation or tribe, united but a few days before under one government, and now only disputing for the choice of a chief, under whom they were to be united again!

A district called Mafanga was considered as a country of refuge for all who fled there; and happily for those who escaped to it, no species of casuistry was discovered by which the conquerors could violate it by proxy. Loogolala, now completely victorious, took the refugees from this asylum, but did them no injury. The surrounding islands submitted, and he made excursions among them to take possession and enjoy his new dignity, while the principal island recovered from its devastation, and accumulated provisions for his return. George accompanied him on these excursions—he had now completely accustomed himself to the native habits of life, and among others to their frequent practice of bathing, a diversion which they generally took thrice a-day. But upon these occasions George was exposed to the scoffs of his companions for appearing naked when he was undressed; and it was thought indecent not to be tat-

tooted : they called him *ouchedair*; the mystery of which name he has left unexplained, but it operated upon him strangely—his eyes were opened to his nakedness—it offended his sense of honour and delicacy, and he resolved to be tattooed. The pain was so great that he could not go through the operation, for George was no hero : at length however shame prevailed, and the work was renewed by an experienced hand. It was performed every third day, the swelling and inflammation which followed not subsiding sooner. When it was completed he was in a condition to appear full-dressed without his clothes, and his European skin displayed the blue stain to such advantage, that he became as much an object of envy to the nation as he had ever been of scorn.

The book was not written by George, but taken down in short hand from his conversation, and then composed by a member of the established church. It wants therefore the fulness, originality, and raciness of auto-biography, but it would probably not have appeared at all had it not been for the clergyman's assistance, and the public are certainly much indebted to him. Parts of the history have been slurred over, which, if George had indited in the true spirit of one confessing his sins, would have been more clearly detailed. Thus it appears that when the war broke out he had no wife—which as he had several a few months before, implies a tolerable proficiency in the vices of Tongataboo. He had been betrothed to a niece of Mulkaamair ; she was now marriageable, and he went to live with her at her father's habitation. He was however sickened of savage life, by the horrors which he had witnessed, and still more by the dangers which he had escaped : and missing an opportunity of going in the same ship with the surviving brethren, he felt it, he says, as a just punishment of his dereliction of duty, and he was scarcely able to bear the thought of spending his future days among such a race. He had yet to behold new horrors. The people of Aheefo rebelled against the usurper—George landed with Loogolala's men to suppress them—and the sights which he discovered in the district which they had wasted, were indeed sufficient to shock an Englishman who had not yet divested himself of all sense of humanity. Human bodies, laid transversely upon each other, were piled up in large stacks, as trophies of victory : this, however, was done in the taste of ordinary barbarism—the politest of the orientals, the Persians, whom French writers have complimented with the title of the Parisians of the East, erect monuments with skulls. But a little way from one of these human stacks, he came upon a spectacle which, he says, almost froze his blood :—a mother and her child had been murdered, and these accursed savages had amused themselves with placing the dead infant at the dead breast, and leaving them to stiffen in that attitude. The philosophists who have de-
claimed

claimed in favour of the savage state, could have found no admirers, if the public had not been as ignorant as themselves: old travellers, and the primitive historians of America were not in the ordinary course of reading, and the facts of monstrous inhumanity which they witnessed, were boldly disbelieved as matters of gross and palpable falsehood. But Hearne and Collins, and the missionaries, have supplied us with new facts, which, because of their novelty, will be generally known, and these contemptible sophisms cannot again be repeated in our generation.

Loogolala revenged himself by taking every opportunity of landing on Tongataboo to '*tootang*;' that is to massacre in secret, to plunder, cut down the plantains and cocoa-trees, and commit every kind of devastation. The island before this war broke out had been like a garden, and the people were by these means reduced to a state of starving. This evil extended to all the adjoining islands, the ruling party crowded there, and devoured all before them. George was made superintendant over one of these islands, because it was supposed that the feeling of hospitality would be strong enough to prevent the younger chiefs, as well as the other natives, from plundering what was under his care: but hunger is too strong to be restrained by any laws: George's field of plantains was robbed, and the traces on each side of the hut in which he lay to guard it, plainly showed, that if he had heard the robbers and sallied out, men had been stationed there to transfix him. They were obliged to eat the root of the plantain with the improvidence of famine, and to drink the unripe milk of the cocoa; numbers died for want, and George leaving his island went to Loogolala for food.

The brother of this chief appointed him superintendant of his district. This brother profited by the example of ambition which Loogolala had shown—began to fancy himself equally entitled to sovereign power, and resolved to revolt against him, and take possession of the Vavou islands, for which accordingly he set off with a party of followers. George was now in great perplexity. There was no rule of principle or duty to direct him, if he had had virtue to follow it: all he had to do was to take measures for his own preservation, and this was no easy task, when his immediate lord had revolted, and left him in charge of his district. As the safest side he abandoned his trust, went to Loogolala, and put himself under his protection. He soon acquired his confidence, took an active part in his concerns, and in consequence of the reputation which he had acquired as a farmer, was sent by him to one of the Vavou islands, with a number of men to bring it into a state of cultivation, and thus contribute to remedy the general scarcity. The prospect of having an island of his own delighted him, and he set off for his little dominion in high spirits, anticipating, he says, the hap-

piness of being freed from the many inconveniences of dependence.

About midnight they reached the Vavou islands. The moon was up, and as they were about to land they saw a man getting out of his canoe, as if returned from fishing. George, who was hungry, jumped upon the beach, and called to him to give him some fish. Fluently as he spoke the language, it was still easily distinguishable that he was a foreigner, and the man, instead of answering his demand, told him there was a ship of his country, which had been there for three days. As soon as he was convinced that this intelligence was true, he became exceedingly agitated, and all his thoughts were bent upon effecting his escape. His agitation was increased, when on the following morning, while he was urging the chief of the canoe which had brought him there to proceed to the ship, promising to get him iron tools from his countrymen, another canoe arrived belonging to the Hoorn islands; and the men who had been twice at Vavou informed him that Loogolala's brother was master there, and had vowed vengeance upon him for leaving the district of which he had made him superintendant. The men yielded at length to his persuasions, and put off in secret to the ship; just as they were approaching her she got under weigh. The wind blew only a light breeze. She was some time in getting round, and the canoe gained upon her. George was steering, but when he drew near, the natives refused to let him stand at the helm any longer, lest he should run the canoe against the ship. He called out, how do you do countrymen? His dress and his tattooed skin belied his tongue, and the sailors only laughed at him, supposing him to be a native who had picked up this English phrase. They therefore held on, and this opportunity of escape was likely to be lost for ever. He attempted to tell them who he was, but he had so long been disused to his mother tongue, that he intermingled it with Tongataboo words, so as to confirm the sailors in their opinion, and increase their laughter. He jumped overboard to swim to the ship. The chief of a canoe which was near him told him to get in and he would take him to the vessel. No sooner however was he in the canoe, than this wretch turned with him toward the shore. He cried out loudly in his broken language, and lifted up his eyes to heaven in utter despair.

Happily his cries and his gestures caught the attention of the Captain:—that must certainly be an European, he said, and ordered out a boat manned with eight men. The islanders seeing this pushed for the shore, scoffing him, and saying, he must visit Loogolala's brother before he left them. A sailor at the head of the boat beckoned to him to leap into the water—he watched his opportunity,

portunity, sprang over, and dived that they might not strike him with their paddles.

The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, which had carried out a reinforcement of missionaries, under William Wilson, formerly chief officer of the *Duff*, and George found on board two of his former associates, renegadoes like himself, Smith the one, was acting as purser, the other was Broomhall the metaphysician, the only person on board who had the kindness to clothe this poor runaway from his own wardrobe. They stopt at the Hoorn islands, and while they were bartering for provisions, George met an acquaintance who gave him intimation of a design to cut off the whole boat's crew, which but for this warning would probably have succeeded. During the voyage he was in a wild state of mind, sick of savage life, and yet too long accustomed to its privileges to look with any complacency to the restraints of society, and day-labour with the trowel; and when they came in sight of Timian, he wished to be put ashore, that he might end his days in solitude. The wish, however, was not strong enough to make him ask to be left there. They reached China, where Broomhall remained, and George applied himself so earnestly to learn the duties of a sailor, that he got employed in an American vessel, and made his way to England by way of the United States. For a time he felt an insuperable reluctance to regular labour, and a settled life. After which, however, a female relation persuaded him to go to the town where his first religious sentiments were received, in hope that the society of his old friends might rekindle in his heart the almost extinguished sense of religion. The experiment succeeded; he followed his former occupation, and as he tells us, was 'induced by his pious friends to attend the long neglected means of grace.'

There is a passage in the beginning of the book, which might weaken our opinion of its veracity, if the narrative were not in all other parts probable, consistent, and confirmed by the missionary accounts, wherever it can be compared with them. Describing a whale which rose near the ship, he says the scales seemed very hard, like slates upon the roof of a house. The editor ought to have known that the skin of the whale is smooth. A needless confusion is occasioned by calling the high priest sometimes Duatonga, (which is probably his title,) sometimes Tuttafatche—in one place (page 185), the two names are so used, that they appear to belong to different people. Farther information might not improbably be obtained from George by judicious queries concerning the state of property, the sacred family, &c. Perhaps the editor may think these hints worthy of attention, and in a second edition increase the value of a work for which we readily acknowledge ourselves obliged to him.

ART. XIV. *British Georgics*. By James Grahame. 4to. pp. 342. Ballantyne and Co. Brown and Crombie, Edinburgh; Longman and Co. and John Murray, London. 1809.

IN the earliest stages of civilization, maxims of practical wisdom were hitched into verse by those who could not write, for the benefit of those who could not read. As society advanced, it was perceived that whatever is to be committed to memory is soonest learnt and longest remembered in metre. Hence it is that proverbial sayings are usually either in jingle or antithesis; and the advantages of didactic verse are felt at this day by the learned who have been instructed in the mysteries of *Propria quæ maribus*, and by the learned and unlearned alike, who when they call to mind that September hath thirty days, are indebted for the recollection to the rhyme. Schoolmasters therefore should continue to give their instructions in this form; and if they add to the *callis, caulis, follis, collis, mensis et ensis*, and the *no, nas, navi, vocito, vocitas, vocitavi*, of old Lilly, the more barbarous hexameters of the *Memoria Technica*, their pupils will have reason to thank them in after life.

But when didactic verse is elevated into didactic poetry, the fitness of this species of composition may reasonably be doubted. If, for instance, as in the poem before us, the subject be agricultural, who is to profit by it? To the man who is already an agriculturist its instructions are superfluous; to him who purposes to become one they are necessarily insufficient; to any one else they are useless. The digressions and episodes that may be interwoven, are in the manner of Sterne's sermon which would suit any text; and whatever beauties, moral or descriptive, the work may contain, would have appeared better by themselves than clogged with scraps, conjunctive and disjunctive, of farming receipts. These things cannot be made poetical; they may be translated into phrase ornate, and moulded into grandiloquous metre; yet the matter remains the same:—however like a gentleman you may toss the dung about, still it is dung that you are tossing.

Rura laudamus merito poetæ
Rure floremus;

said Cowley, who wrote as sweetly in Latin as in English, and punned in both languages; and he goes on to say that the air of a city kills the laurel,

dominoque Laurum
Sole gaudentem, necat oppidorum
Nubilis ær.

If,

If, however, the laurel cannot flourish within a city-atmosphere, the farm-yard is little more congenial to it. The dunghill and the pigstye should be left to the painter, they are sufficiently picturesque in his hand; but the pastoral pipe should not be sounded too near the gruntings of the one, nor are the sweet flowers of poetry to be gathered from the other.

This opinion of the nature of didactic poetry is abundantly justified by the British Georgics, little from any deficiency of skill in the author, and certainly from no want of poetical powers. Mr. Grahame's Sabbath will always hold its place among those poems which are and deserve to be in the hands of the people. There is no living writer from whose works passages of finer feeling, or of more exquisite descriptive beauty, could be produced. Such is his picture of the prison-scene—

‘ even there
The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, though faint;
The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)
Have time to visit him;—
And on the little turf, this day renew'd,
The lark, his prison-mate, quivers the wing
With more than wonted joy.

Such too is this study in which a charm so truly poetical heightens the perfect picture:—

‘ The hawthorn here,
With moss and lichen grey, dies of old age:
Up to the topmost branches climbs the rose,
And mingles with the fading blooms of May,
While round the briar the honeysuckle-wreaths
Entwine, and with their sweet perfume embalm
The dying rose.’

A poet capable of producing such passages as these is sure, sooner or later, to have his merit acknowledged; and owing partly to the happy choice of subject, and the title of his first poem, Mr. Grahame's claim to distinction was speedily admitted and established. While the criticsasters of his own country were pronouncing sentence of condemnation upon it for its pious dullness and inanity, the Sabbath had found its way from one end of Great Britain to the other;—it was in the mouths of the young, and in the hearts of the aged.

If the poet has failed in his present attempt, the fault lies chiefly in the subject. There are the same marks of a pious mind, of amiable feelings, and of accurate observation of natural objects, as in his former works; but unhappily he has bound himself not merely to describe the operations of agriculture throughout the
year,

year, from January to December, but to give directions for them ; —for driving manure and lime, preparing compost, spreading manure, ploughing, paring and burning, &c. &c. What can be done with such subjects ?

‘ And now, when sun and wind have dried the fields,
 ’Tis time to clear your ploughshare in the glebe.
 If deep you wish to go, or if the soil
 Be stiff and hard, or not yet cleared of stones,
 The Scottish plough, drawn by a team four strong,
 Your purpose best will suit ; quick it divides
 The tumbling mould, while, whistling as he drives,
 The merry plough-boy cheers the cold bleak day.
 But if from nature, or from art, the soil
 Be soft and friable, the smaller plough,
 Drawn by one pair, obedient to the voice,
 And double rein held by the ploughman’s hand,
 Moves right along, or winds as he directs.’—p. 34.

This is a specimen of the didactic part of the poem ; and if it had been tricked off in all the buckram and brocade of Darwinian versification, it would have been no better. The descriptive parts have frequently the characteristic truth and beauty of Mr. Grahame’s former productions. Such is the passage wherein he marks the effect of snow upon sound.

‘ Now broadened, blinding flakes, by day, by night,
 In thickening showers descend, and oft, ere morn,
 The crow of chanticleer, obtusely heard,
 Announces that a deeper fall has thatched
 His chinky roof ; the doors are half blocked up ;
 From house to barn the path deep buried lies ;
 And, nigh waist-deep sinking, the threshers wade
 To ply their early task.’—p. 10.

Such, too, is the picture of a river when the frost breaks up :—

‘ The long-piled mountain-snows at last dissolve,
 Bursting the roaring river’s brittle bonds.
 Ponderous the fragments down the cataract shoot,
 And, buried in the boiling gulph below,
 Emerging, re-appear, then roll along,
 Tracing their height upon the half-sunk trees.
 But slower, by degrees, the obstructed wave
 Accumulated, crashing, scarcely seems
 To move, pausing at times, until, upheaved
 In masses huge, the lower sheet gives way.’—p. 35.

Such, also, is this beautiful image of April rain :—

‘ gentle showers
 That, in the opening blossoms, lie like tears

In infant eyes, soon giving place to smiles,
To sunny smiles of peace, of joy serene.'

Often as the tears of childhood have been compared to April showers, this simile is as new as it is beautiful. In descriptions of life and manners the poet is less happy; and where he attempts a lighter strain of satire (p. 232), it is so awkward as to remind us of Edinburgh caricatures, the utter witlessness and inanity of which can only be imagined by those who have seen them. There is nothing comic in Mr. Grahame's genius; it is marked by tenderness, a quick and lively perception of beauty, indignation at cruelty in whatever form and under whatever disguise, and a deep and unaffected piety that sees God every where, and loves him in all his works: but withal it partakes of that sombre character which is so perceptible to an Englishman as soon as he enters Scotland, which he perceives there alike in town and in country, in the landscape, and in the whole appearance and physiognomy of the people.

A few useful hints to agriculturists are scattered through the volume. It is recommended to preserve potatoes by heaping a mound of earth over them, rather than by burying them in pits, where if the water finds way to them they are inevitably spoiled. A good mode of drying corn sheaves is suggested;—to suspend them from a railing; the rain would then run from them, and they would imbibe no moisture from the ground. A more extraordinary project is that of agricultural *hot-dressing*: but this the reader shall have in the inventor's own words, and with his own annotation upon the passage.

‘ All powerful Fire !

The time is not remote, when, in the field
Of peaceful toil, (as now on bloody plains
The warrior's direst instrument thou art,)
By all, thou shalt be hailed the engine prime
Of husbandry ! Nor only in degrees,
So high as to calcine, thy power is proved ;
Upon the new-ploughed tilth, where seeds and germs
Of noxious herbs and embryo vermin lurk,
Thy subtle element will parch the springs
Of insect and of vegetable life.

‘ But how to bend the still ascending power,
And make it downward act, requires much thought,
More knowledge in the chemic art abstruse,
Than falls to bard. Yet will I venturous dare,
And should I fail, perchance some better skilled
May light the flame, where I but strike a spark.—
Use not direct combustion to the tilth ;
Vain were your cost and pains in such attempt ;
Accumulate the power ; and what so fit

As iron to retain or to convey,
 With equal energy, or down or up
 The wondrous element, which, save when bound
 In chains metallic, still to heaven aspires?
 And what more fitting form at once to hold
 The kindled fuel, and apply the heat,
 Than one well known,—the rolling cylinder,*
 Of bulk capacious? Glowing o'er the field
 Behold it slowly drawn, and see the ridge
 Send, from the hissing track, a steaming cloud.—p. 62.

As Mr. Grahame thus deprecates ridicule, we shall say no more of his field warming-pans, than briefly to express a wish that whoever makes an experiment with one may not burn his fingers with it. Nothing can be easier than to try the application of fire upon a small scale.

There is a virtue of omission which should be accounted among the merits of the British Georgics. Here are no vapid episodes of maukish sentimentalism, no tales of 'Patty'; Who hath not heard of Patty 'the fair milk-maid,' and Thyrsis 'the joyful heir of numerous acres, a large freehold farm,' who won her for his wife, and then 'his lowing herds called her mistress.' Nor are there any such stories as those with which Thomson, great and delightful poet as he is, has disfigured the Seasons. Mr. Grahame is also free from the sickly affectation, once so common, of lengthening out proper names with what was thought poetical language.

* I am convinced that the benefit derived from paring and burning, or from the combustion of substances, such as straw, brought and laid upon the surface, does not consist merely in the conversion of the substances so burnt into manures, but consists partly in the heat imparted to the soil. Where the operation of paring and burning cannot be performed, as in lands already under tillage, a very great degree of heat may be applied in the manner which I have attempted to point out. An iron cylinder of two feet and a half diameter would hold a cart of coals. It might be so divided into compartments, that the coals would not be broken down by shifting round. A number of holes in the sides (not in the circumference) would be sufficient for supplying the fire with air; and these holes might be so contrived, that any number of them might be shut or opened, so as to diminish or increase the violence of the combustion. A high degree of heat would not answer, as the iron, if red hot, would bend. The iron would need to be kept at that degree of heat which is between blue and red, but more on the blue. Cast iron, on coming in contact with water, would be apt to crack, and hammered iron would be expensive. I should think that a cast-iron cylinder, sheathed in hammered iron, would do. This may be a visionary project, and may perhaps subject me to ridicule. I state it with no degree of confidence; I merely throw it out as perhaps not unworthy of trial by those who have opportunities, and who can afford the expense of a full and fair experiment. To such as are disposed to treat with ridicule him who ventures to suggest what he conjectures may possibly be of use, I would observe, that such treatment, though in a great proportion of cases, as probably in this, it may be fitly enough applied, cannot tend to the advancement of science, which, it is well known, has sometimes derived improvement from the accidental discoveries and observations of persons equally ignorant on chemical subjects, as I, with regret, confess myself to be.—p. 269.

A Berk-

A Berkshire man is called by Dodsley 'fair Berkeria's son;' and in Dyer's *Fleece*, (a poem, however, far too beautiful to be mentioned without respect,) when the text speaks of 'Nuceus, sweet Hinckleian swain,' an unfortunate note informs the reader that this is 'Mr. Joseph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at Hinckley.'

These *Georgics* have their faults as well as their virtues of omission. There is a want of order in the poem. One passage does not grow out of another in natural sequence. Frequently no other reason can be assigned for the succession of parts, than that the author chose to arrange them so. This fault is not peculiar to Mr. Grahame. Half our modern poems, and among them some of those which have obtained most notoriety, have the same defect. The poet has availed himself of old sports and customs, thinking that descriptions of such things may tend not only to preserve their remembrance, but even perhaps to retard the rapidity of their decline. We fully agree with him that all innocent recreations of this kind ought to be encouraged, and that 'festivals, holidays, customary sports, and every institution which adds an hour of importance or of harmless enjoyment to the poor man's heart, ought to be religiously observed.' But either England is even now richer in these relics of old times than Scotland, or Mr. Grahame has not availed himself of this mine as freely as he might have done. His division of the poem into twelve books, bearing title from the twelve months, would have afforded easy and appropriate opportunities of introducing any topic of this kind. The English kalendar, indeed, is not less rich in subjects for poetry than the *Fasti* of the Romans; and some poet of purer faith and better taste than the Jesuit Sautel may one day build his fame upon it.

The poem might have been enriched if Mr. Grahame had more frequently recurred to the state of agriculture in former times, and the good and evil which arise from the present improved system. And here, if his disposition had led him towards satire, would have been a fine field for it; for even the worthies of the Four-in-hand Club are not more deserving the horse-whip of ridicule than those Medal-and-Cup men, who pride themselves upon growing tallow instead of meat, and spoiling the mutton for the sake of the fleece; who pen their cows in sties, and drench them with wash for the purpose of diluting the milk before it comes into the pail; and who instead of 'marrying the vine to the elm,' negotiate the meetings of their tups and ewes, and enact the part of 'Sir Pandarus of Troy' for a favourite bull.

ART. XV. *Mémoires de Physique et de Chimie, de la Société d'Arcueil.* 8. Vol. I. Paris, 1807. pp. 390. Vol. II. 1809. pp. 502.

THESE volumes are composed exclusively of the productions of a select decad of the most celebrated men of science resident at Paris, who meet once a fortnight to pass the day together, in making and discussing philosophical experiments, at the house of the elder Berthollet, now a count of the French empire, situated at Arcueil, in the neighbourhood of a villa which has lately been purchased by Count Laplace. These two gentlemen may be considered as the fathers of the society: the other members are Biot, Gay Lussac, Humboldt, Thénard, Decandolle, Collet Descotils, A. B. Berthollet, and Malus.

The formation of private associations of this kind seems to be a natural step in the division of literary labour. In this country we have had abundant instances both of independent and of affiliated societies, for the cultivation of particular departments of science, all of which had remained for many years united, as objects of the attention of the Royal Society alone: and several of these associations have already been productive of no contemptible contributions to the advancement of the several sciences to which they have been respectively devoted.

The researches of the society of Arcueil extend to the most important and interesting of the topics which constitute the occupation of the first class of the Institute of France: the individuals who compose it being the most eminent members of the Institute in their different departments, they must naturally have the same facts and opinions to produce and to compare in both capacities. Indeed a great part of the essays, which are presented to the public in abstract in the *Mémoires d'Arcueil*, has been read in a more extended form to the National Institute; nor is it likely that any jealousy will be excited in this celebrated body from the competition: it has always shown a laudable liberality with respect to the publication of the papers laid before it; rightly judging that the paltry consideration of copyright, and the reservation of the earliest notification of its discoveries, is wholly unworthy the care of a body devoted to the cultivation, and at the same time to the general dissemination of science.

There is not uncommonly a degree of zeal and emulation attending the pursuits of a private association, which cannot always be obtained in an equal degree by any public encouragement held out to science. Thus the stipends of the academicians of the Institute, which are sufficient to induce men of small fortunes and moderate

wishes

wishes to devote their attention to science, are by no means calculated to call the most brilliant powers into the strongest action; and a society so constituted is more likely to do a great deal tolerably, than a little admirably. In this country, we cannot boast of any very high encouragements directly held out to genius: but there is always a prospect, often indeed delusive, that talents may raise their possessor to situations of eminence and dignity, in whatever profession they may be exhibited; and the remote chance of a high prize seems to be more likely to produce extraordinary exertions, than a greater certainty of an inferior one. The advantages which are derived, in some of our colleges, from a moderate degree of success in mathematical and classical pursuits, are somewhat analogous, in their effects, to the encouragements which have been granted to scientific bodies on the continent, by their respective governments; but, including all the remote prospects of promotion, the prizes may on the whole be considered as much higher: they are however in general adjudged at so early an age, that their influence as a stimulus to application is but of short duration.

We do not intend, by this remark, to imply a censure of the system adopted by our universities in the adjudication of their honours and rewards; for it must be remembered, that the *advancement* of learning is by no means the principal object of an academical institution: the *diffusion* of a respectable share of instruction in literature and in the sciences, among those classes which hold the highest situations, and have the most extensive influence in the state, is an object of more importance to the public, than the discovery of new truths, or the invention of new modes of illustrating those which are already established: and this object appears to require, for its attainment, a continued succession of instructors, possessing precisely those qualifications which are most immediately encouraged by the present system. We might, perhaps, even venture to assert, that in almost all departments of learning, the *elementary* doctrines are of far more practical utility than the more abstruse investigations; and that, with respect to the general improvement of the talents, an intense application to a particular branch of study is as often prejudicial as advantageous. We think that we have observed numerous instances, both in public life, and in the pursuit of natural knowledge, in which great scholars and great mathematicians have reasoned less soundly, although more ingeniously, and written less elegantly, although more elaborately, than others, who being somewhat more completely in the possession of common sense, at the same time that they had not neglected those pursuits, which are very properly considered as essential to the education of a gentleman, were still far inferior to them in the refinements of learning or of science.

The

The two volumes of the Memoirs of the society of Arcueil are particularly interesting, as they contain, besides some original articles of high importance, a summary view of the principal investigations which have, during the last two or three years, employed the most celebrated of the philosophers of France. Our attention has also been more irresistibly directed to them by the manner in which they have been noticed in a well known periodical publication, which has acquired no inconsiderable reputation in this country, even with regard to matters of science. We are not very ambitious of obtaining the approbation of those readers, who can have attentively considered the articles to which we alluded, without discovering some of their numerous errors: yet we have known instances, in which the minds of some well disposed and candid persons have been led astray, by the specious and ostentatious performances of the same school: and we think the present a favourable opportunity for examining into the validity of its pretensions to the dictatorial character which it has assumed. The humiliating confessions of our national inferiority as mathematicians, which these too liberal critics have lately held forth to the world, have not escaped the vigilance of our hereditary rivals on the continent: a translation of their reflections upon this subject has been distinguished, in an unusual manner, with a place in the *Journal de Physique*. In the present instance, we must do them the justice to say, that they have not been deficient in their contributions towards the support and illustration of their own propositions respecting the actual state of the sciences in Great Britain. Nor have they been altogether deficient in affording occasional opportunities of triumph to the philologists, as well as to the mathematicians of the continent: we shall not enlarge at present on this subject; but we may perhaps have occasion to meet them at a future time on the 'Phœnician plains,' which they have very lately introduced to our acquaintance, in defiance of Laporte du Theil and Coray, as well as in opposition to all lexicographers and grammarians.

The contents of the first volume of the Memoirs of Arcueil, which has been published about three years, have already become generally known through various channels. The *magnetical* observations of Biot and Humboldt, which stand first on the list, are so far important as they relate to the intensity of the magnetic forces acting on the compass, which these philosophers have found to be 137 at Berlin, and 125 at Rome, calling it 100 at the magnetic equator: but the position, which they have assigned to this imaginary line, seems to be less accurate than that which it occupies in Mr. Churchman's chart. Mr. Thénard's various papers on the *bile*, and on *ethers* of different kinds, contain a number of remarkable

markable results relating to the chemical constitution of these substances. Mr. Berthollet has particularly examined the combination of sulfur with the muriatic acid, discovered by Dr. Thomson, and thinks that it ought to be considered simply as an *oxysulfureted muriatic acid*. Mr. Gay Lussac describes some interesting experiments on the *expansion of gases*. When two equal balloons were employed, and one of them being exhausted, a communication was opened with the other, the heat observed in the first was always nearly equal to the cold produced in the second, and both were nearly proportional to the density of the air concerned: but the proportion by no means held good for gases of different kinds: hydrogen, for instance, exhibiting a greater change of temperature than common air. The same gentleman has also made some observations on *evaporation*, and on the decomposition of the *sulfates* by heat. Mr. Biot finds that the air in the *bladders of fishes* is the purer in proportion as they occupy deeper parts of the ocean, consisting, in fishes which are found at great depths, of much more than half its bulk of oxygen. Mr. Berthollet describes a useful *manometer*, or rather *gazometer*. Mr. A. B. Berthollet shows that the *liquor of Lampadius* is, as that chemist supposed, a hyduret of sulfur, and not a carburet. Mr. Berthollet gives an account of a *cheesy substance*, obtained from muscular flesh. A short note by Gay Lussac, on the capacity of different bodies, with respect to *chemical saturation*, closes the first volume.

The second volume appears far to exceed the first in the importance of its contents. Besides those articles which we shall more particularly examine, it contains a continuation of Mr. Thénard's researches respecting the *action of acids on alcohol*, and an extension of the results of the investigation to the *neutral compounds* formed by acids with other vegetable and with some animal substances. In Mr. Berthollet's observations on the *proportions of the elements* of some combinations, allowance is particularly made for the quantity of water which has often adhered to some of these elements, when they have been supposed to be pure. This celebrated chemist has also directed his attention anew to the gases composed principally of *hydrogen and carbon*, and agrees with some of our countrymen in the opinion, that they all contain oxygen: he is also persuaded that their composition is not limited to any fixed proportions. Mr. Decandolle gives a very simple explanation of the well known *tendency of plants* to approach the light; observing that the colorific effects of light, by which also carbonic acid is decomposed, are accompanied by a contraction of the fibres on the side most affected, which naturally bends the young shoots; and that those plants which are not coloured by light, for instance the *cuscuta*, have no disposition to approach it. Mr. Gay

Lassac has presented us with three memoirs, on the relation between the *oxidation of metals* and their saturation with acids, on the mutual *combinations of gases*, and on the employment of nitrous gas or *nitric acid* in eudiometry, for the foundation of all of which he seems to be wholly indebted to the ingenious theories of Mr. Dalton: he has also described a eudiometer in which an excess of nitric acid is added, with as little agitation as possible, to the mixture to be examined; and one fourth of the diminution, produced by the formation of nitrous acid, represents very accurately the quantity of oxygen contained in it. MM. Thénard and Biot have very carefully analysed the *arragonite*, which they find to be perfectly identical, in its chemical constitution, with the common rhomboidal subcarbonate of lime, although its refractive powers are considerably greater, but not in the proportion that might be expected from the still greater excess of its specific gravity. Mr. A. B. Berthollet has entered into some elaborate researches on the composition of *ammonia*, which, although not perfectly conclusive, yet appear on the whole to be unfavourable to Mr. Davy's opinion, that this substance contains an appreciable portion of oxygen. MM. Provençal and Humboldt have made a great number of very accurate experiments on the *respiration of fishes*, showing that a supply of oxygen is absolutely necessary to their existence, although a very small quantity is sufficient; that the bulk of the carbonic acid produced is considerably less than that of the oxygen absorbed, and that there is some deficiency of nitrogen. Mr. Descotils makes some practical remarks on the operation of procuring *lead from its sulfuret*: he finds that there is a considerable loss wherever any gaseous substance is present, and recommends that it be smelted by fusion with iron only, or with some of the most metallic of its ores, where it is possible. Mr. Berthollet has related, in some short notes, the results of several very interesting experiments of a miscellaneous nature. The first is on the *heat produced by percussion*, which he considers as proportional only to the permanent condensation of the substance compressed: in some cases he found that no heat was produced, and observing that the apparatus was half a degree colder than the surrounding objects, he concludes that the agitation of percussion must increase the conducting power for heat: but this can scarcely be deemed a justifiable inference, since the elevation of temperature generally observed was 10 or 12 degrees, in comparison with which the difference of half a degree must have been wholly inconsiderable, especially as the time of contact was extremely short. The oriental *bezoar* he finds to be a concretion, probably of woody fibres. His experiments on the *respiration of small animals* agree with those of MM. Allen and Pepys, in exhibiting an evolution of nitrogen. In order to examine the truth of

Mr.

Mr. Dalton's hypothesis concerning the constitution of mixed gases, he left several combinations for some days in bottles, which communicated by a narrow tube, and in some cases there remained to the last very well marked differences in their respective contents: but he found that hydrogen mixed more readily with every other gas than any third species would do. He has confirmed the general result of the doctrines of Dalton, Wollaston, and Thomson, respecting the proportion of combinations, but thinks that it admits of many exceptions and modifications: and lastly, he has ascertained, that a portion of nitrogen adheres so strongly to charcoal, as always to form a part of the gas which is expelled from it by a strong heat in coated glass vessels; so that we can by no means consider charcoal, in its common state, as at all approaching to a simple elementary substance. Such are the outlines of the results of the principal investigations related in this volume, besides those which we are now to proceed to notice somewhat more in detail.

Experiments on the Propagation of Sound in Vapours.

By Mr. Biot.

When a liquid of any kind is introduced into the vacuum of a barometer, the mercury is more or less depressed, according to the nature of the liquid, and to the temperature of the atmosphere, the elasticity of the vapour, which rises from the liquid, assisting the weight of the mercury in counteracting the atmospherical pressure: and if we cause the space occupied by the vapour to be diminished or increased, by adding to or taking from the quantity of mercury in the basin of the barometer, or by altering the inclination of the tube to the horizon, the effective height of the mercury will remain in all cases the same, provided that there be an excess of the liquid in the tube. Under these circumstances, therefore, the elasticity of the vapour is not increased by compression, nor diminished by rarefaction; a deposition of a part of the vapour taking place in the one case, and an additional evaporation in the other. Hence Mr. Biot argues, that a vapour simply so constituted could not transmit sound, since its elasticity would not be increased at the part which receives the positive impulse of the vibrating body, nor diminished where the body is retreating: and the only way in which he thinks that sound could be conveyed by such a medium, is by means of the heat evolved by its compression, which must enable it to retain the elastic form with a temporary increase of density, where the positive impulse is to be transmitted. Hence, finding that vapour does actually transmit sound very perceptibly, that of ether indeed almost as well as atmospherical air, he infers, that such an elevation of temperature must be produced by the compression of vapour in general, and he concludes also that a similar effect must take place in

the ordinary transmission of sound through the atmosphere, according to the explanation which Mr. Laplace has given of the difference between the observed velocity of sound, and the velocity calculated from the simple elasticity of the air, as exhibited by slow compression.

We do not wish to withhold our approbation of Mr. Biot's diligence in attempting to reduce the ingenious theory of Laplace to the test of experiments; but we must confess that, in the present instance, the experiments, however interesting in themselves, appear to be both inconclusive and superfluous, as applied to the theory in question.

We think them inconclusive, because it seems manifest to us that sound might be transmitted by a vapour, without the property of the evolution of heat by simple compression. The first stroke of the vibrating body would cause a slight deposition of the liquid, and the portion thus deposited would by no means be instantaneously reconverted into vapour, upon the retreat of the body. The space would therefore be left a little undersaturated, and the sound would be transmitted without farther impediment: for a vapour, below the point of saturation, possesses all the properties of a permanent gas. Besides, the conversion of a part of the vapour into a liquid would unavoidably be attended by the extrication of a certain portion of heat, which would increase the elasticity of the remaining gas, without any immediate evolution of heat by its compression. It may also be shown, that even in the actual circumstances of a vapour capable, in all probability, of being heated by compression and cooled by expansion, the space must inevitably be somewhat undersaturated during the transmission of every sound through it. Whenever a gas, nearly saturated with humidity, is expanded, there is a deposition of visible moisture; and we have every reason to believe, according to the experiments of Mr. Dalton, that the same must happen to a vapour unmixd with a more permanent gas: consequently the expansion of the vapour, where it has followed the receding particles of the vibrating body, must necessarily be attended by a deposition of a minute portion of the liquid, which will not instantly evaporate; so that the vapour will never remain precisely at the utmost point of elasticity which the general temperature is capable of supporting, and will therefore never be, mathematically speaking, in the circumstances which Mr. Biot supposes.

But even if it be granted that these experiments have a tendency to support Mr. Laplace's theory, we cannot help thinking that their support is perfectly unnecessary. The velocity of sound must obviously depend on the temporary elasticity of the medium at the respective points concerned, which is only required to continue for a time

is to be augmented one half, but *its excess* above the mean pressure; and this excess, or the actual condensation, is probably seldom so great as one thousandth of the whole density; and it will be sufficient if such a condensation be accompanied by an elevation of *one fourth* of a degree, in order to justify the opinion of this celebrated philosopher.

We could easily pardon a mistake of this kind in a hasty opinion expressed privately by an individual; although from an author of any description, however inexperienced and unassuming, we should expect a greater degree of attention: but when such errors are dictatorially proclaimed by an arbiter of science, as the ultimate decisions of critical accuracy, and in defiance of the authority of a mathematician who, as we are taught to believe at the distance of a few pages only, has so 'few rivals,' that 'Lagrange is the only man now living who may be fairly placed by his side,' we cannot help feeling the truth of the observation, 'that the foolhardy proceed boldly because blindly.'

An attempt, equally futile, has been made by the same critic, where he endeavours to improve on the refined calculations of Mr. Lagrange respecting the velocity of sound. The chain of reasoning, by which these calculations are established, is unimpeachable in the circumstances to which it is applied: the observations, which the critic has made, on the initial motion of the separate particles of the medium, are verbally true, but effectively fallacious, since the contemporaneous motion, to which they relate, although it might take place in the last of a system of a very small number of atoms, 'A, B, C, D, and E,' yet would become absolutely imperceptible, if their number were only increased to as many particles of air, as would stand on the point of a needle.

'Professor Leslie' is certainly much obliged to his *kind countryman* who has endeavoured, in his account of this paper, to support the tottering hypothesis of aerial undulations, as contributing to the transfer of radiant heat. These undulations are supposed to be 'gentle,' and not to excite in the air 'the tremor which causes noise:' yet they are imagined to be violent enough to transfer so much heat, as will elevate the temperature of a body several hundred degrees, by the simple effect of the progressive condensation, as producing a change of capacity in the air, which gives out this heat to the air in contact with it, prepared for its reception by a favourable and apparently *spontaneous* dilatation, while the condensation seems only to be produced by the pressure of the heat, first thrusting the air before it, and then penetrating it without resistance. If any thing is necessary for the confutation of so unintelligible and so unprofitable a speculation, after the full establishment of Dr. Herschel's discovery of invisible solar heat, and after some late observations on the actual

actual transmission of some portion of the heat of a fire by radiation through lenses, it may be found in Mr. Davy's elegant experiment on the radiation of the heat excited by galvanism, in the vacuum of an air pump, where the effect of reflection is not only not inferior to that which takes place in the open air, but incomparably greater and more rapid.

It is indeed remarkable that so much ingenuity and happy invention, as are exhibited in Mr. Leslie's work on heat, should be alloyed by so much inaccuracy of reasoning, and so much want of mathematical precision. Among many instances of this kind, we will only adduce one passage, p. 127. 'If,' says this author, 'an ivory ball strikes against another of equal weight, there should, according to the common theory, be an exact transfer of motion. But if the velocity of the impinging ball be very considerable, so far from stopping suddenly, it will recoil back again with the same force, while the ball which is struck will remain at rest.' In other words, the common centre of inertia, which was moving forwards before the collision, will be made to move backwards after it. Now we have been taught by the laws of motion, laid down in the *Principia*, that '*Quantitas motus, quæ colligitur capiendo summam motuum factorum ad eandem partem, et differentiam factorum ad contrarias, non mutatur ab actione corporum inter se;*' and we must unavoidably deny the truth either of this fundamental law of motion, or of the observation recorded by Professor Leslie. In fact, it is perfectly obvious, that the experiment has never been made, and never can be made, with either of the balls absolutely at rest.

On the Motion of Light in transparent Mediums. By Mr. Laplace.

We should have had very little to say of this essay, in addition to the remarks inserted in our 4th number, p. 337, on the abstract of it before published in the *Journal de Physique*; since the farther details of calculation, which it contains, present no difficulties, and consequently display no ingenuity: but here again our attention has been particularly excited by some supposed improvements on the theory of extraordinary refraction, which have been suggested in this country, and we cannot refrain from inquiring how far these improvements are real.

Entertaining the opinion which we have already ventured to express on the subject, we cannot hesitate to agree in the sentence, that the 'present memoir is grounded on assumptions,' at least 'as gratuitous and arbitrary, as those involved in the hypothesis, with which it is contrasted.' But we were not a little surprised in reading that the phenomena in question, might 'admit of a very simple investigation, from the fundamental principle of accelerating or retarding

tarding forces : ' and we were utterly confounded, at first sight, with the next sixteen lines of the paragraph, in which, as we are told, the law of extraordinary refraction is at once deduced from that principle, ' without requiring any more aid of the integral calculus.' It is characteristic of a great master to obtain the most striking results by the most simple means ; in the present instance, the result is far more satisfactory than that of the original memoir ; and we were flattering ourselves for a moment with the idea, that at least one of our countrymen, who had thus happily succeeded where Laplace had failed, would deserve to be placed between him and his great 'rival,' in that seat, which the ' Emperor of half of Europe' was once delighted to occupy. But our exultation was of short duration : we soon perceived that the mode of reasoning employed would serve equally well for any other imaginable purpose ; and that the apparent brevity of the statement could not be considered as surprising, since a demonstration which proves nothing may easily be concise. It is advanced as one step of this argument, that the extent of the action of the extraordinary force, exhibited by the Iceland crystal, ' is reduced' in the ratio of the cosine of the inclination of the ray. But *why* is the space of action thus reduced ? Only because it is necessary for the success of the demonstration that it should be so ; for *how* it should become reduced in this ratio, rather than in any other, the critic does not inform us, nor have we any means of discovering ; and it appears to be as unwarrantable to assume such a reduction, as it would be to take for granted the original proposition as self-evident. It is not merely the desire of pointing out one more of a multitude of errors, that has led us to make this objection ; for the question implicates a material point in the comparison of the two theories of light, which the next paper will require us to institute.

On a Property of reflected Light; and On a Property of the repulsive Forces which act on Light. By Mr. Malus.

The discovery, related in these papers, appears to us to be by far the most important and interesting that has been made in France, concerning the properties of light, at least since the time of Huygens : and it is so much the more deserving of notice, as it greatly influences the general balance of evidence, in the comparison of the undulatory and the projectile theories of the nature of light.

It was known to Huygens and to Newton, that a ray of light, transmitted and divided by one piece of Iceland crystal, or rhomboidal subcarbonate of lime, was either subdivided, or not, by a second piece, according to the relative position of the two crystals : so that if we looked down through both of them, and the obtuse angle of one was situated on the north side of the ray, and that of the

the other on the north east side, four images of any object would be seen; and only two, if the obtuse angle of the second was either on the north side or on the east. Now in the simple Huygenian theory of an undulation resembling that of sound, the ray must be alike on every side, as well after as before its passage through the first crystal; nor can it be imagined how its affections can be different with respect to north and north east, or to any other points of the compass: and this was advanced by Newton as an objection, which Huygens had not been able to overcome. We ventured to suggest, on a former occasion, that the curvature of the undulation, or in other words the divergence of the light, might possibly be different in different directions: now Mr. Malus's experiments are precisely such as to afford an answer to this suggestion; since they shew that the divergence is absolutely unconcerned in the phenomena, and that a similar division of the light may be produced by simple reflection from a plane surface, where no change of divergence takes place in any direction.

This statement appears to us to be conclusive with respect to the insufficiency of the undulatory theory, in its present state, for explaining all the phenomena of light. But we are not therefore by any means persuaded of the perfect sufficiency of the projectile system: and all the satisfaction that we have derived from an attentive consideration of the accumulated evidence, which has been brought forwards, within the last ten years, on both sides of the question, is that of being convinced, that much more evidence is still wanting, before it can be positively decided. In the progress of scientific investigation, we must frequently travel by rugged paths, and through vallies as well as over mountains. Doubt must necessarily succeed often to apparent certainty, and must again give place to a certainty of a higher order: such is the imperfection of our faculties, that the descent from conviction to hesitation is not uncommonly as salutary, as the more agreeable elevation from uncertainty to demonstration. An example of such alternations may easily be adduced from the history of chemistry. How universally had phlogiston once expelled the ærial acid of Hooke and Mayow! How much more completely had phlogiston given way to oxygen! And how much have some of our best chemists been lately inclined to restore the same phlogiston to its lost honours! although now again they are beginning to apprehend, that they have already done too much in its favour. In the mean time, the true science of chemistry, as the most positive dogmatist will not hesitate to allow, has been very rapidly advancing towards ultimate perfection.

The outline of Mr. Malus's important discovery may be thus familiarly represented. Suppose the altitude of the sun on the meridian to be $19^{\circ} 10'$, and a plate of glass, not silvered, to be so placed,

as to reflect a ray of his light directly downwards: then if a second plate be fixed below and parallel to it, this plate will again reflect the descending ray into a direction parallel to the original one, and nothing remarkable will happen. But if we turn round this second plate, without altering its inclination to the horizon, as soon as it faces the east or the west, it will no longer reflect any part of the light, either from its anterior or from its posterior surface; when, however, it has made half a revolution, and fronts the south, it will again reflect the usual proportion of the incident light; and in the intermediate positions, the reflection will be more or less perfect, as the reflected ray approaches more or less to the plane of the meridian. If now, instead of the second plate, we place a piece of Iceland crystal with its principal section in the plane of the meridian, the whole of the reflected ray will be transmitted by the ordinary refraction: but if we turn round the crystal till the direction of its principal section become east and west, the ray will now be subject to the extraordinary refraction only; and in all intermediate situations of the crystal, it will be divided into two portions. Mr. Malus has entered into several more particular details, respecting the results of similar experiments under various circumstances; but they do not add materially to the interest of the facts as thus simply stated.

The angle of incidence, at which this modification takes place the most completely, is different for substances of different densities: for water it is $52^{\circ} 45'$; for glass $54^{\circ} 35'$, and for Iceland crystal $56^{\circ} 30'$. Black substances, such as polished ebony, have a similar property; but metals are entirely destitute of it. When a modified ray is reflected by a metallic mirror, so as to continue in its principal section, or to proceed in a plane perpendicular to it, it still retains its properties: but if its new direction be equally inclined to both these planes, its modification will be destroyed.

Mr. Malus has discovered, that in all doubling crystals, one of the refractions is always of the extraordinary kind; and that whether we employ carbonate of lead, sulfate of barite, crystallized sulfur, or rock crystal, the modifications which take place are precisely of the same nature. He has also ascertained, that the internal reflection of the doubling crystals causes, in general, a further subdivision of the light reflected.

We are perfectly satisfied, from our own observation, of the accuracy of Mr. Malus's account of his principal experiment: but we are by no means disposed to agree with him in believing, that the modified light is wholly transmitted by the surface, where it is in no degree reflected; on the contrary, we are inclined to think, that the portion usually reflected is in this case wholly absorbed, if not destroyed. We will not presume to oppose our authority to that

that of Mr. Malus; but he has been so little particular in the detail of his experiments, that we are at liberty to doubt of the validity of some of his conclusions. By employing six or eight successive transmissions through as many parallel plates, the question might be easily decided; and as far as we have examined the phenomena, our results have differed in this respect from Mr. Malus's statements, which he appears rather to have set down as the natural consequences of other facts, than from direct experiment.

Mr. Malus observes very truly, that the ordinary phenomena of optics may be explained, either according to the hypothesis of Huygens, or by the doctrine of Newton: but he thinks that those properties, which he has discovered or confirmed, are only capable of an explanation from a polarity, such as was attributed by Newton to the particles of light; and for this purpose he lays down a law respecting the position of their supposed axes, which he appears to consider as satisfactory, but which we cannot help thinking manifestly and utterly inadequate to the solution of any of the difficulties.

It seems to be undeniable, that the general tenour of these phenomena is such, as obviously to point at some property resembling polarity, which appears to be much more easily reconcileable with the Newtonian ideas than with those of Huygens. We must however observe, not only that the admission of the projectile theory is by no means sufficient for the explanation of Mr. Malus's experiments; but also, on the other hand, that there is another very extensive class of phenomena, which seems to lead us even more directly to the doctrines of the Huygenian school, than those, which Mr. Malus has discovered, appear to divert us from them. We allude to the multiplicity of facts, which are referable to the general law of the mutual destruction of two portions of light, some slight rudiments of which are to be found in the works of Grimaldi; and which has been particularly investigated and extended by our countryman Doctor Young. It has been justly conceded, that 'we should not hastily reject even the wildest hypothesis;' for 'if a hypothesis be not allowed to warp the understanding, it may serve at least usefully to connect certain insulated facts.' The truth of this observation is shown in a remarkable manner by the assistance which Dr. Young has derived from the Huygenian theory, in the discovery and establishment of a law, which reduces to a single principle, and explains with a degree of accuracy, in general perfectly mathematical, and always within the probable limits of the errors of observation, the phenomena, before insulated, of the colours of thin plates, of thick plates, of mixed plates, and of inflected or diffracted light, in an infinite variety of forms. This law is not only the necessary consequence of a doctrine like that which has been founded on the theory of Huygens, but is also accompanied

accompanied by some other conditions immediately connected with that theory; and it is rendered still more inseparable from it, by its extension to the chemical phenomena of the invisible blackening rays, which could not be explained, upon the Newtonian doctrine of the undulatory nature of the sensation only of light, as transmitted by the optic nerve.

Of the phenomena of light which are more commonly observed, the greater part will admit an explanation equally satisfactory from either of the theories: others, although perhaps not absolutely incompatible with either, appear to us to be more naturally referable to the Huygenian than to the Newtonian. The effects of simple reflection and refraction belong to the former of these divisions: those of the dispersion of the rays of different colours may also be compared, either with the different velocities, acquired by projectiles of different magnitudes, in a resisting medium, or with those of waves of different breadths, spreading on the surface of an imperfectly elastic liquid. The transmission of light, with little interruption, through the densest transparent substances, affords a difficulty of the same kind in the Newtonian theory, as the aberration of the stars in the Huygenian: in the first instance, the ultimate atoms of matter must either be supposed permeable to light, or to be scattered at distances inconceivably great, in comparison to their own magnitudes, through the apparent dimensions of the solid bodies: in the second, the porosity of the substances concerned needs not by any means to be supposed so excessive; but there is some difficulty in conceiving the free and rapid passage of the ethereal medium through the densest bodies, at the same time that it must remain in some measure accumulated within them.

Among the facts which appear favourable to the Huygenian theory, we must first enumerate the uniformity of the velocity of light in any one medium, under all circumstances that have hitherto been observed; since it is a fundamental law of this system, while it cannot easily be explained from any probable mode of operation of repulsive forces: and in the second place, the precise agreement of the hypothesis of Huygens, respecting spheroidal undulations, with the phenomena of extraordinary refraction, and the immediate connexion, which we have pointed out, in a former article, between this hypothesis and the simplest possible supposition respecting the constitution of a stratified medium; while on the other hand we imagine that we have said enough to make it evident, that neither Mr. Laplace, nor his critic, has succeeded in deducing any explanation of the facts from the ordinary laws of accelerative forces. The rectilinear motion of the light, passing near a material substance, has often been adduced as an argument in favour of the projectile system; but we are inclined to class the phenomena,

nomena, which occur under such circumstances, with those which are most conveniently explained by the undulatory theory. The dimensions of the shadow of a hair, as observed by Newton and other authors, are such as to show undeniably, that light passing at a distance of one *tenth* of an inch, or more, from an opaque body, is deflected in its course, and at length dissipated into the surrounding space: now it is contrary to all probability, and even to direct experiment, to maintain, that any repulsive force can act on light at such a distance; indeed, if we judged of the extent of the supposed repulsive force by that which is exhibited on the approach of two hard bodies, we should not expect it to act beyond the distance of one *ten thousandth* of an inch. It has also been ascertained, that the phenomena of light, inflected in this manner, are totally independent of the refractive density of the bodies concerned, which they could not well be, if the same forces were employed in them as are the immediate agents in reflection and refraction. We do not know that any attempt has been made, to assign the precise magnitude of the addition to the breadth of the shadow from this diffraction, at different distances, but we believe it will always be nearly represented by $\frac{1}{200} x^2$, x being the distance from the object in inches. There are also many other cases in which it is absolutely necessary to suppose such a diffraction, in order to reconcile the phenomena with the results of calculation.

Having thus endeavoured to state the arguments on both sides, in the most impartial manner, we must leave our readers to satisfy themselves, if they can, with the theory to which they may be most inclined: for ourselves, we confess that we are compelled to remain for the present undecided, and we can only look forwards for farther information to the discoveries which may result from future experiments.

Abstract of Memoirs read to the Institute from the 7th March, 1808, to the 27th February, 1809. By MM. Gay Lussac and Thénard.

The principal part of these eight memoirs relates to the brilliant and important discoveries with which our countryman Mr. Davy has enriched the science of chemistry. It is true that the authors have confined themselves principally to the relation of their own experiments, many of which are certainly in some degree original, and possess great merit: but in other instances, they have not been so accurate in avoiding the appearance of laying claim to the discoveries of another, as might have been consistent with perfect liberality of sentiment. We are also sorry to observe in various parts of these volumes, that the obligations of several authors to the

the theories and experiments of Mr. Dalton have not been so distinctly acknowledged, as candour might have required. We have heard indeed, that the successes of the chemists of other nations have sometimes been held up as reproaches to the members of the National Institute by a powerful protector; and that these reproaches have even been accompanied by threats of abandonment. Supposing this to have really happened, we can readily make allowances for the substantial causes, which may have contributed to make the sight a little dim in reading across the channel.

But we are not disposed to be quite so indulgent to that imperfection of the organs, which obscures all objects that are merely seen across the Tweed. We think that no impartial judge, exempt from the influence of an Antianglican spirit, would have professed to believe, that MM. Thénard and Gay Lussac have established 'most convincingly, that the new metals are not simple substances, but really compounds of the several bases with hydrogen.' Mr. Davy has most abundantly confuted this rash and ill-supported opinion, derived from the accidental result of a single experiment, and incapable of being reconciled with the opinions professed even by its authors in other memoirs. And who in this island has a right to expect, that his cursory adoption of a foreign hypothesis shall be put in competition with the deliberate judgment of a chemical philosopher like Mr. Davy? A man whose candour is equal to his ingenuity, and whose uncommon talents have been seconded by the most ardent zeal for the acquirement of knowledge, and have been crowned by a good fortune commensurate to his exertions and his opportunities! The coherence of the analogical argument, which is offered in support of the hypothesis of the French chemists, is well calculated to accompany the modesty with which the truth of the opinion is asserted. 'Every compound must have the intermediate density of its distinct ingredients.' This observation is in no sense universally true: but let it pass. Now 'the specific gravity of the alkaline metals is far less than that of the substances from which they are derived.' If these words convey any ideas at all, they are certainly not such as are applicable to the very simple case in question. Potassium is very light: when combined with fixed oxygen, it forms potass, which is heavier than potassium, but may, for aught we know, be far lighter than fixed oxygen; nor, if it were otherwise, would the case be absolutely unique.

The difficulty, which has given rise to this unwarrantable opinion respecting the metals of the alkalis, originated in an experiment on the decomposition of ammonia, in which a considerable portion of hydrogen appeared to be set at liberty. But according to Mr. Davy's latest repetition of this experiment, in a tube bored out of solid platina, there seems to be very little mystery in the process: the

the hydrogen and nitrogen are both recovered in their proper proportions, except that there is rather a deficiency of hydrogen than an excess, this substance appearing partly to enter into combination with the platina. If however, in other circumstances, the results should appear to be more complicated, we shall be much more willing to admit Mr. Davy's modest conjecture respecting the constitution of nitrogen, than the singular hypothesis of the French chemists respecting that of potassium.

In the fluoboric gas, discovered by the authors of these memoirs, there seems to be a singular exception to Mr. Dalton's general laws of hygrometry: for this substance does not appear to be capable of containing any aqueous vapour; while Mr. Dalton maintains, that the quantity of aqueous vapour, which may be present in any space, is nearly independent of the nature of the gas that occupies it. The contradiction is, however, perhaps more apparent than real, since the condensation of the vapour is owing to the formation of a new substance, in consequence of the strong chemical attraction of the gas for water; and this new fluid, which is a most corrosive acid, follows its own particular laws with respect to evaporation, being extremely little disposed to assume a gaseous form.

Experiments on the Propagation of Sound through solid Bodies, and through the Air contained in very long Pipes. By Mr. Biot.

From a number of very accurate experiments on the transmission of the sound of a bell, fixed to one end of a series of pipes of cast iron, 3121 feet in length, Mr. Biot has inferred that its velocity, in passing through the substance of the pipes, was between 10 and 11 times as great as in the air which they contained. A whisper was easily heard at night through the whole of this length, but in the day the words spoken by the loudest voice could not be distinctly understood at a much shorter distance. In speaking through the whole of the pipe, it was observed that several repetitions of an echo returned to the speaker at intervals of half a second each; this circumstance is not explained: perhaps it arose from some accidental projections within the pipes; but it is singular that these should have been at equal distances. This difficulty may indeed be avoided by attributing the echos to the return of the sound from the opposite extremity of the whole pipe, through its substance, which, by the former observation, ought to have occupied exactly .52": but on this supposition an equal number of repetitions should have been heard at the other end of the pipe; while in fact one sound only was heard, and this was conveyed through the air.

Mr. Biot's determination of the velocity of the transmission of sound, through the substance of the pipes, is so far interesting, as it

it tends to the confirmation of other experiments, which are in their nature susceptible of more accuracy: but the precise results, which he has obtained, are of no value whatever. The ends of the separate pieces of pipe, the shoulders of which were screwed together, with the interposition of wadding, must have materially retarded the transmission of the sounds, by the increase of their bulk, in the same manner as any dilatation or contraction of a cylindrical cavity, for instance that of a chimney pipe, retards the vibration of the medium contained in it. Mr. Chladni's experiments, which are exempt from this cause of error, make the velocity 16 or 17 times as great in iron as in air.

Before we take our leave of the contents of these volumes, and of the remarks which have been made on them, we must submit to our readers one more specimen of inaccuracy, which appears to us to be sufficient of itself, to determine the degree of confidence which ought to be placed in those remarks. 'Chladni,' says the critic, 'had assigned the celerity of vibration through iron and glass at 17,500 feet in a second; and Leslie had shown, in one of the curious notes annexed to his book on heat, that through a fir board the velocity of impulsion, which he proved to be the same as that of vibration, is 17,300 feet in a second.' Now, having referred to Professor Leslie's note relating to his experiment, p. 519, we find that the height of the column, measuring the elasticity of fir, is there calculated to be only '671,625 feet,' which corresponds to a velocity of 4,640 feet in a second: and in the text it is asserted, probably on the ground of an earlier and still more hasty estimate, that motion is conveyed through deal 'with 5½ times the velocity of sound,' that is, with a velocity of about 6,220 feet in a second. It appears, therefore, that 'the velocity of impulsion,' as really calculated by Professor Leslie, is less than *one third* of that which Chladni had assigned from more direct experiments. Where then can the critic have found a number approaching so much more nearly to the truth? We can only answer, that we have found it by looking into the index of Dr. Young's Natural Philosophy, for the article 'sound in wood:' we are there referred to a passage in which it is said expressly, vol. ii. p. 266, that 'according to the elasticity of fir, as inferred from an experiment, of Mr. Leslie, the velocity of an impulse should be 17,300': and it appears, from the same volume, p. 49, that Dr. Young's calculation was the result of a series of original investigations, applied, in this as well as in several other cases, to circumstances which had not before been sufficiently examined. Perhaps the critic had long ago consulted the same index, and found the same passages; perhaps, considering it as of no importance to the establishment of a point of calculation, to recollect from what work it was borrowed, he has *unintentionally* substituted

substituted the name of a Tyrian for that of a Trojan, *nullo discrimine*. We confess, however, that we think a censor ought to be more rigidly correct.

We have perhaps detained our readers too long with the correction of errors which may be thought incapable of misleading those who reason at all for themselves: but the work, in which they are contained, has long assumed an air of authority, which may have imposed on the timid, and satisfied the superficial student; and it was time that some attempt should be made to reduce its pretensions to their natural level. We trust that our remarks may have a prospective as well as a retrospective effect; and that, without being again obliged to undertake the disagreeable task of controversial discussion, we shall have inspired the candid lovers of science with a salutary distrust, which will prevent their acceding unguardedly to all the dogmas that may hereafter be dictatorially proclaimed through the same channel, in conformity with the system, which seems to have been adopted, of the uniform discouragement of all domestic pretensions to scientific merit, beyond the limits of a particular school.

ART. XVI. *Old Ballads, Historical, &c.* By Thomas Evans.

Revised, &c. by his Son, R. H. Evans. 4 vols. cr. 8vo. pp. 1504.

London. Evans. 1810.

Essays on Song Writing, &c. By John Aikin. A new Edition, with Additions and Corrections, and a Supplement. By R. H. Evans. cr. 8vo. pp. 380. London. Evans. 1810.

Vocal Poetry, or a select Collection of English Songs. To which is prefixed, an Essay on Song Writing. By John Aikin, M.D. post 8vo. pp. 304. London. Johnson. 1810.

WE class these publications together as being a species which characteristic simplicity and the powerful union of music render generally acceptable, as well to high-born dames in bower and hall as to 'the free maids that weave their thread with bones.'

The reviver of minstrel poetry in Scotland was the venerable Bishop of Dromore, who in 1765 published his elegant collection of heroic ballads, songs, and pieces of early poets, under the title of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The plan of the work was adjusted in concert with Mr. Shenstone, but we own we cannot regret that the execution of it devolved upon Dr. Percy alone. It was divided into three volumes, each forming a distinct series of ancient poetry, selected with classical elegance, and interspersed with modern imitations and specimens of lyric composition. The various subdivisions of the work were prefaced by critical and curious dissertations upon subjects connected with or tending to elucidate the ancient ballads which they preceded. The arrange-

ment of the specimens was so managed as to exhibit the gradation of language, the progress of popular opinions, the manners and customs of former ages, and the obscure passages of our earlier classical poets. The plan of this publication was eminently calculated to remove the principal obstacle which the taste of the period offered to its success. To bring Philosophy from heaven to dwell among men, it was necessary to divest her of some of her more awful attributes, to array her doctrines in familiar language, and render them evident by popular illustration. But Dr. Percy had a different course to pursue when conducting *Legendary Lore* from stalls and kitchens and cottage chimneys, or at best from the dust, moths and mould of the Pepysian or Pearsonian collections, to be an inmate of the drawing-room and the study. The attempt was entirely new, and the difficulties attending it arose from the fastidious taste of an age which was accustomed to receive nothing under the denomination of poetry, unrecommended by flowing numbers and elaborate expression. To soften these difficulties Dr. Percy availed himself, to a considerable extent, of his own poetical talent, to alter, amend, and decorate the rude popular rhymes which, if given to the public with scrupulous fidelity, would probably have been rejected with contempt and disgust. It was not then so much the question whether an ancient poem was authentic according to the letter, as whether it was or could be rendered worth reading; and it might be said of Dr. Percy's labours as an editor, *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. It may be asked by the severer antiquary of the present day, why an editor, thinking it necessary to introduce such alterations, in order to bring forth a new, beautiful and interesting sense from a meagre or corrupted original, did not, in good faith to his readers, acquaint them with the liberties he had taken, and make them judges whether in so doing he transgressed his limits. We answer, that unquestionably such would be the express duty of a modern editor, but such were not the rules of the service when Dr. Percy first opened the campaign. His avowal of alterations, additions, and conjectural emendations, at the bottom of each page, would have only led his readers to infer that his originals were good for nothing; not to mention that a great many of those additions derived their principal merit from being supposed ancient. In short, a certain conformity with the general taste was necessary to introduce a relish for the subject; accuracy and minute investigation of the original state of the ballads was likely to follow, and did follow so soon as the public ear had been won by the more elegant and polished edition of Dr. Percy. It had been well if the industrious Ritson, and other minute and accurate labourers in the mine of antiquity, had contented themselves with exhibiting specimens of the ore in its original state, without

without abusing the artist who had made the vein worth digging, by shewing to what its produce might be refined.

The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry seem, shortly after their publication, to have exceeded even the expectation of the Editor in giving a strong and determined impulse to public taste and curiosity, the effects of which have only abated within these very few years. Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller, was the first who endeavoured to avail himself of the taste which they had excited, by publishing the collection of which his son has now given us a second edition.

This publication, although intended as a supplement to the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, cannot be considered as continued upon the same plan. There are no dissertations prefixed, and the preliminary matter which prefaces the ballads is but meagre. The ballads themselves are chiefly such as the more cautious taste of Dr. Percy had left unpublished, either because their rude structure was incapable of decoration, or because they were so well known as to render decoration unadvisable. The principal source from which they were taken, is a small publication in three vols. 12mo. entitled *A Collection of old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient Copies extant, with Introductions historical, critical, or humorous: illustrated with copper-plates*. It is now, we believe, extremely rare, and sells at a price very disproportionate to its size. The volumes appeared separately, and from the edition now before us, the first seems to have been reprinted in 1723, the second in the same year, the third in 1725. The editor was an enthusiast in the cause of old poetry, and selected his matter without much regard to decency, as will appear from the following singular preface to one or two indelicate pieces of humour. 'One of the greatest complaints made by the ladies against the first volume of our collection, and indeed the only one which has reached my ears, is the want of merry songs. I believe I may give a pretty good guess at what they call mirth in such pieces as these, and shall endeavour to satisfy them, though I have very little room to spare.' From this fountain the late Mr. Evans seems to have drawn such supplies as it afforded. Most of his historical ballads are taken from it, and many of the Tales of Robin Hood, although he probably used some of the Garlands respecting the hero of Sherwood, in correcting and completing that series. In the present edition these are materially improved by comparison with and reference to the black-letter copies.

But although Mr. Evans did not imitate Dr. Percy in the more learned and critical department of his labour, and although he stands acquitted of having taken the same licence with originals of acknowledged antiquity; yet he not only followed his plan in admitting the compositions of modern authors in imitation

of the ancient ballad, but the third and fourth volumes of his works contain also some pieces presented as ancient, which, from the orthography, language, sentiments, and numbers, are evidently spurious. These ballads, which we have always considered as the most valuable part of Mr. Evans's collection, as far as poetry is concerned, are Bishop Thurstan and the King of Scots, Battle of Cuton Moor, Murder of Prince Arthur, Prince Edward and Adam Gordon, Cumnor Hall, Arabella Stuart, Anna Bullen, The Lady and the Palmer, The Fair Maniac, The Bridal Bed, The Lordling Peasant, The Red-Cross Knight, The Wandering Maid, The Triumph of Death, Julia, The Fruits of Jealousy, The Death of Allen. These seventeen ballads, which we believe have never been published except in this work, have a sort of family resemblance which indicates a common parent. The antique colouring in all of them originally consisted in the adoption of a species of orthography embarrassed with an unusual number of letters, and regularly *exchaungynge* the *i* for the *y* in the participle, which is, for farther dignity, graced uniformly with a final *e*. These injudicious marks of imitation, which can no more render a modern ballad like an ancient than a decoction of walnuts can convert the features of an European into those of an Asiatic, are rejected by the present editor, Mr. R. H. Evans, who thus leads us to infer that he does not consider the poems we have enumerated, as authentic remnants of antiquity. We wish he had favoured us with some light upon their history. They appear to us to be the work of an author endowed with no small portion of poetical genius. Many marks of haste appear in the composition, which the writer probably considered as of little importance, since he never intended to be responsible for his offspring. But there are touches of great beauty of description, and an expression of sentiment peculiarly soft, simple and affecting in almost every one of these neglected legends. The knowledge of history, too, which they display, argues that the author mingled the pursuits of the antiquary with those of the poet, and was enabled, by the information so collected, to realize and verify the conceptions of his imagination when employed upon the actual manners and customs of the feudal ages. To vindicate our eulogium we beg leave to quote a few stanzas from the tale entitled the Bridal Bed.

‘ It was a maid of low degree
 Sat on her true-love’s grave,
 And with her tears most piteously
 The green turf she did lave;
 She strew’d the flow’rs, she pluck’d the weed,
 And show’rs of tears she shed:
 “ Sweet turf,” she cried, “ by fate decreed
 To be my bridal bed!

“ I’ve

" I've set thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r
 Of manhood lieth here;
 And water'd thee with plenteous show'r
 Of many a briny tear."
 And still she cried, " Oh stay, my love,
 " My true-love, stay for me;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee.

" Sweet turf, thy green more green appears,
 Tears make thy verdure grow,
 Then still I'll water thee with tears,
 That thus profusely flow.
 Oh stay for me, departed youth,
 My true-love, stay for me;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee.

" This is the flow'ry wreath he wove,
 To deck his bride, dear youth!
 And this the ring with which my love
 To me did plight his troth;
 And this dear ring I was to keep,
 And with it to be wed——
 But here, alas! I sigh and weep
 To deck my bridal bed."

A blithsome knight came riding by,
 And, as the bright moon shone,
 He saw her on the green turf lie,
 And heard her piteous moan;
 For loud she cried, " Oh stay, my love,
 My true-love, stay for me;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee."

" Be calm, fair maid," the knight replied,
 " Thou art too young to die;
 But go with me, and be my bride,
 And leave the old to sigh."——
 But still she cried, " Oh stay, my love,
 My true-love, stay for me;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee."

" Oh leave," he cried, " this grief so cold,
 And leave this dread despair,
 And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,
 A lady rich and fair:
 Thou shalt have halls and castles fair:
 And when, sweet maid, we wed,
 O thou shalt have much costly gear,
 To deck thy bridal bed."

" Oh hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,
 Nor urge me to despair ;
 With thee my troth I will not plight,
 For all thy proffers fair :
 But I will die with my own true-love—
 My true-love, stay for me ;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee.

" Thy halls and castles I despise,
 This turf is all I crave ;
 For all my hopes, and all my joys,
 Lie buried in this grave :
 I want not gold, nor costly gear,
 Now my true-love is dead ;
 But with fading flow'r and scalding tear
 I deck my bridal bed."

" Oh ! be my bride, thou weeping fair,
 Oh ! be my bride, I pray ;
 And I will build a tomb most rare,
 Where thy true-love shall *lay* :"
 But still with tears she cried, " My love,
 My true-love, stay for me ;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee.

" My love needs not a tomb so rare,
 In a green grave we will lie ;
 Our carved works—these flow'rets fair,
 Our canopy—the sky.
 Now go, sir knight, now go thy ways—
 Full soon I shall be dead—
 And then return, in some few days,
 And deck my bridal bed.

" And strew the flow'r, and pluck the thorn,
 And cleanse the turf, I pray ;
 So may some hand thy turf adorn,
 When thou in grave shalt *lay*.
 But stay, oh thou whom dear I love,
 My true-love, stay for me ;
 Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
 And I will follow thee."

This dirge is certainly not ancient ; but it is no treason to say it is better than if it were. We cannot suppress a suspicion that these legendary pieces flowed from the pen of a poet to whom neither his own nor this generation has been altogether just. We mean William Julius Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*. His *Sir Martyn*, written in imitation of Spenser's manner, with much
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of the copious and luxuriant description of his original, shews his attachment to the study of the ancient poetry of Britain; and his two beautiful ballads, entitled *Hengist and Mey*, and the *Sorceress*, have the same harmony of versification, the same simple and affecting turn of expression, with the imitations of the heroic legend which we are now considering. If Mr. Mickle should have been a friend of the elder Mr. Evans, as we believe, we consider that circumstance, joined to internal evidence, as sufficient to ascertain his property in the ballads in question.

We have also to complain, that in publishing some other imitations of the ancient ballads, the authors names have been withheld where, perhaps, they were more easily attainable than in the case just stated. Thus the ingenious Mr. Henry Mackenzie (author of the *Man of Feeling*) is well known to have written the beautiful Scottish ballad entitled '*Kenneth*;' and Michael Bruce that of *Sir John the Ross*. The ballad of the *Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heughs* is also known to have been, in a very great measure, the production of the Rev. Mr. Lambe, late vicar of *Norham*, and editor of the *Battle of Flodden-field*. It is founded upon a prevailing tradition in *Bamboroughshire*, and the author has interwoven a few stanzas of the original song concerning it, which begins,

Bambro' castle's built full high,
It's built of marble stone,
And lang lang may the lady wait
For her father's coming home, &c.

In revising his father's publication, Mr. R. Evans has, with great judgment, discarded a number of sing-song imitations of the ancient ballad by *Jerningham*, *Robinson*, and other flimsy pretenders, who, seduced by the apparent ease of the task, ventured to lay their hand upon the minstrel lyre. For a different reason, he has omitted the contributions which his father levied upon *Goldsmith*, *Gray*, and other eminent moderns, whose works are in every one's hand. By this exclusion he has made room for a selection of genuine ancient poetry, compiled, by his own industry, from the hoarded treasures of black-letter ballads.

It is no disgrace to Mr. Evans, that these veterans, whom he has introduced to recruit his diminished ranks, are, generally speaking, more respectable for their antiquity than for any thing else. *Percy*, *Ellis*, and other editors of taste and genius, had long ago anticipated Mr. Evans's labours, and left him but the refuse of the market. Some of the ballads indeed exhibit such wretched doggerel as serves, more than the dissertations of ten thousand *Ritsons*, to degrade the character of our ancient song-enditers.

The '*Warning to Youth*,' for example, 'shewing the lewd life of a merchant's sonnè of *London*, and the misery that at the last he

sustained by his notoriousnesse,' might, notwithstanding the valuable moral attached to it, have been left, without injury to the public, to 'dust and mere oblivion.' Had we known Mr. Evans's curiosity in such matters, we could have supplied him with as much stale poetry of a similar description as would have made his four volumes 20.

But although Mr. Evans's love of antiquity has occasionally seduced him into publishing what is no otherwise valuable than as it is old, a prejudice by which all antiquarian editors are influenced in a greater or less degree, we have to applaud the diligence with which he has traced and recovered some beautiful, and some curious pieces of poetry which possess intrinsic merit and interest. Among the former we distinguish the address to a disappointed, or rather a forsaken lover, which has, we think a turn of passion that is new, upon a very thread-bare subject.

' I am so farre from pittying thee,
That wear'st a branch of willow tree,
That I do envie thee and all,
That once were high and got a fall :
O willow, willow, willow tree.
I would thou didst belong to mee.

Thy wearing willow doth imply,
That thou art happier farre than I,
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be,
Though now thou wear'st the willow tree :
O willow, willow, sweete willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow.

I doe defie both boughe and roote,
And all the fiends of hell to boote
One houre of paradised joye,
Makes purgatorie seeme a toye :
O willow, willow, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not make me more accurst.

I have spent all my golden time,
In writing many a loving rime,
I have consumed all my youth
In vowing of my faith and trueth :
O willow, willow, willow tree,
Yet can I not beleevd bee.

And now alas it is too late,
Gray hayres, the messenger of fate,
Bid me to set my heart at rest,
For beautie loveth yong men best :
O willow willow I must die,
Thy servant's happier farre then I.'

The 'Symptoms of Love,' p. 246, is another very pretty song, and there are many scattered through the volumes which have considerable

siderable elegance of expression, or a quaintness rendered venerable by antiquity, and which, like the grotesque carving on a gothic nich, has a pleasing effect, though irreconcilable with the strict rules of taste.

These praises apply chiefly to the songs and minor pieces of lyrical poetry.—The only ancient ballad, actually connected with history and manners, which Mr. Evans's labours have presented to us for the first time, is the Murder of the Wests, by the sons of the Lord Darsy: its chief merit is its curiosity.

Among the poems which are deservedly inserted, we cannot help remarking that entitled 'The Felon Sow and the Freeres of Richmond,' as belonging to a class of compositions which has been but slightly discussed by our antiquaries; we mean the burlesque romance of the middle ages with which, doubtless, the minstrel and tale-teller relieved the uniformity of their heroic ditties. In these ludicrous poems, which are a kind of parody upon the metrical romances, church-men and peasants are introduced imitating the knightly pastimes of chivalry; and their awkward mishaps and absurd blunders, must have been matter of excellent mirth to the doughty knights and gallant barons who listened to the tale. Thus, in the case before us, the felon sow was the undisturbed tenant of the woods of Rookby, and the romantic banks of the Greta—her size and ferocity are described with great emphasis—the Lord of Rookby, a man of humour, gave her to the Friars of Richmond, provided they could catch her. Friar Middleton sets off with two wight men at musters, to possess himself of the prize: they compel the sow to take refuge in a lime-kiln, where they hamper her with cords from above. But the felon sow breaks forth upon them, routs the escort, reduces the friar to conjuration out of his breviary, and at length to betake himself to a tree. Friar Middleton and his companions return in evil plight to the convent; and the warden, to redeem the disgrace, hires two bold men at arms to follow forth the adventure of the sow:—they enter into solemn indentures to 'bide and fight' to the death, and the warden on his part becomes bound to say masses for their souls if they miscarry. The men at arms, more successful than Friar Middleton, vanquish and kill the felon sow; and the convent sing 'Te Deum' merrily, 'that they had won the beast of price.'

'If you will any more of this,
In the Friery at Richmond written it is,
In parchment good and fine,
How Freer Middleton so hende,
At Greta Bridge conjured a fiend,
In likenesse of a swine.'

This tale, which possesses some portion of Cervantic humour, resembles

resembles the tournament of Tottenham (See Percy's Reliques, Vol. II.) in which the peasants of a village are introduced imitating all the solemnities of a tournament, and battering each other's heads with flails, as knights did with long swords and maces. Another remarkable example of this class of comic romances, is entitled the 'Hunting of the Hare.' A yeoman having found a hare sitting in the common field of a village, announces his discovery to the inhabitants. The peasants, resolving to course her, bring to the spot their great yard-dogs and mastiffs, 'with short shanks and never a tail.' The confusion and disarray which follow the congregating of this ill-assorted pack is described with great humour:—the ban-dogs, more addicted to war than sport, fall foul of each other; their masters are gradually involved in the quarrel, and poor puss steals away, leaving her enemies engaged in a grand scene of worrying and wrangling. This poem has never, we believe, been printed. We could add largely to these examples, and shew that low romance formed a distinct stile of composition during the middle ages: but we have already exceeded our bounds, and must dismiss Mr. Evans's publication, which, always curious, has been greatly improved by his personal taste and labour.

The next articles in our title, which are allied in subject to the Collection of Ballads, are two editions of the same work—Dr. Aikin's well-known collection of songs, with the preliminary essay. Mr. Evans, it seems, from his preface, considered Dr. Aikin to have given up any intention of reprinting his collection.

'The many years which have elapsed since the publication of the last edition, seemed to leave no hope that Dr. Aikin could be prevailed on to gratify the public by a revision and enlargement of his work. He had declined the task in the prime and vigour of life; and he might now think it unbecoming his years, to engage in a republication of these *nuga canora*.—*Turpe senilis amor*, the Doctor might exclaim, and though he might be pleased to see his volume ranged by the side of those of Percy, Ellis, and some other similar publications, yet he has abandoned the friendly office of revision to other hands.'

Mr. Evans has, however, reckoned without his host in this matter, and we are sorry that he did not take some more certain means of ascertaining the Doctor's intentions, considering his own labours; for we are not to suppose, that one who is an editor, as well as a bookseller, would have so far neglected the *comites* due to a brother author, as to publish against him a rival edition of his own work. Dr. Aikin prefaces his edition with the following account of his motives.

'As inquiries were still from time to time made after it among the booksellers, the Editor was asked the question, whether he had any intention of reprinting it; accompanied with the intimation, that, as the

copy-right

copy-right was expired, should he decline the business, others would be ready to undertake it. Conscious that the Essays were the juvenile attempts of one whose taste was by no means matured, and whose critical knowledge was circumscribed within narrow limits, the Editor was unwilling that his book should again be given to the public with all its imperfections on its head. He was obliged, therefore, to declare, that if it were reprinted at all, it should be with many material alterations, corresponding to his own change of taste and opinion in various points during so long an interval.

Under these almost compulsory circumstances, although he perhaps should not now have chosen for the first time to appear as the collector of productions, the general strain of which is more suitable to an earlier period of life, yet he thought he might without impropriety avail himself of the opportunity of making a new and much more extensive selection of compositions which will not cease to be favourites with the lovers of elegant poetry, whatever be the vicissitudes of general taste.

In the singular predicament of reviewing two rival editions of the same work, and without pretending to give a decision against Mr. Evans, although we think he has treated Dr. Aikin with somewhat less attention than his age, situation, and talents, perhaps demanded, we cannot regret that we are possessed of both editions of the book, and trust, that (as the old song runs) 'the world's wide and there's room for them all.' We are particularly glad to have an opportunity of comparing Dr. Aikin's original ideas upon the subject of song writing, with those which he has since adopted. His four essays upon songs in general, upon ballads and pastoral songs, upon passionate and descriptive songs, upon ingenious and witty songs, are now blended into one general essay; but we love the classical turn of these little discourses so well, that we are glad they are preserved in their original state. Such directions and rules of composition, whether in their separate and detailed, or in their new moulded shape, were never more necessary than at the present day. The marriage between harmony and 'immortal verse,' has, like fashionable wedlock, frequently made some very ill-matched pairs; and we suspect that poetry must soon sue for a separate maintenance. The ladies, who ought, in common charity, to feel for her situation, are those who aggravate her hardships; for it is rare to hear a fair songstress utter the words of the song which she quavers forth. But where taste and feeling for poetry happen to be united with a sweet and flexible voice, it is scarcely possible to mention a higher power of imparting and heightening social pleasure. We have heard Dr. Aikin's simple ballad, 'It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,' set by Dr. Clarke, sung with such beautiful simplicity as to draw tears even from the eyes of reviewers. But the consideration of modern song opens to the critic a stronger ground of complaint, from the degeneracy of the compositions which have been

been popular under that name. Surely it is time to make some stand against the deluge of nonsense and indecency which has of late supplanted, in the higher circles, the songs of our best poets. We say nothing of the 'Nancies of the hills and vales.' Peace to all such!—let the milliner and apprentice have their ballad, and have it such as they can understand. Let the seaman have his 'tight main-decker,' and the Countess her tinselled canzonet. But when we hear words which convey to every man, and we fear to most of the women in society, a sense beyond what effrontery itself would venture to avow; when we hear such flowing from the lips, or addressed to the ears, of unsuspecting innocence, we can barely suppress our execration. This elegant collection presents, to those who admire music, a means of escaping from the too general pollution, and of indulging a pleasure which we are taught to regard as equally advantageous to the heart, taste, and understanding. Both editions are considerably enlarged by various songs extracted from the best modern poets, and in either shape the work maintains its right to rank as one of the most classical collections of songs in any language.

ART. XVII. *The Lady of the Lake, a Poem.* By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. Ballantyne, Edinburgh; and Longman and Miller, London. 1810.

IF the poem which we are now proceeding to examine were the production of an unknown or obscure author, our task would be short and easy. A simple outline of the plan, a selection of the most striking beauties, with some examples of its defects, and some general remarks on the leading characters and incidents, would suffice to adjust its true rank in the scale of contemporary poetry, and amply satisfy ourselves and our readers. Conscious of our own impartiality, and sure of having no prejudices to encounter on the part of the public, we should anticipate, with some confidence, the general confirmation of an opinion, deliberately formed after a careful and diligent perusal.

But in reviewing the recent compositions of a distinguished and popular writer, it is not easy to preserve our minds in the same state of steadfast and sober neutrality; because, in the literary as well as in the political world, the appearance of every highly eminent character usually gives birth to two great parties, by one of which the most candid critic is liable to be biassed: and if he should ultimately preserve his mental independence, he must expect that his opinion, being too temperate to suit the tenets of either, will excite the dissatisfaction and perhaps the hostility of both.

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No poet of the present day has acquired the same celebrity as Mr. Scott. It has been justly observed, that his compositions 'possess very great merit, and various kinds of merit; both in the picturesque representation of visible objects, and in the description of great and striking events;' but in the choice of his subjects he has, for reasons best known to himself, thought fit to select such as were most congenial to his own inclinations, or suggested by the course of his favourite studies. Instead of following, as he unquestionably might have done, the examples of Voltaire and Tasso, who imitated Virgil, and of Virgil, who imitated Homer, or of writing, like Spenser, an allegorical epic, or like Milton, a sacred epic; he has abstained from writing any epic at all; and has repeatedly composed long poetical narratives, not formed on any classical model, but rather resembling, in the irregularity of their construction, the obsolete romances of chivalry. And this he has continued to do, notwithstanding the remonstrances of very acute and enlightened friends, who reminded him that they 'never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition;' who 'ventured to express their regret at this abuse of his talents;' who observed to him, that 'to write a modern romance of chivalry, seems to be much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey, or an English pagoda;' and who declared that a second production of the same sort 'imposed on them a sort of duty to drive the author from so idle a task, by a fair exposition of the faults which are in a manner inseparable from its execution.'

Now, whether Mr. Scott is justifiable for having made his own estimate of his own powers; whether he had a right, either on the plea of modesty or of indolence, to renounce his claim to the highest and become a candidate for a subordinate class of literary honours, is an intricate question which we forbear to discuss. The degree of moral guilt incurred by his disregard of the admonitions and authority of his critical friends, is a second question on which we think it right to maintain a cautious reserve. But there is a third question in which we are unwillingly involved. The *Lady of the Lake* is not an epic poem; it is, about as much as its two predecessors, a romance. We, therefore, who have undertaken to decide on the character of this poem, are compelled, either to acquiesce in the declaration that it is necessarily a compound of absurdity, or to dissent from that proposition, and to canvass our opponent's arguments; and we adopt, though reluctantly, the latter alternative.

The 'fair exposition of the faults which are, in a manner, inseparable from the execution' of a romance, begins with an abstract of the story of *Marmion*. This is followed by a series of comments intended to prove, 1st. That the narrative is almost made up and composed of episodes, and resembles a mere gallery of detached groups

groups and portraits rather than a grand historical picture in which all the personages are concerned in one great transaction. 2d. That the plot is unravelled in a manner most obscure, laborious, and imperfect; and that the leading incidents are woven together into a petty intricacy and entanglement, which remind the critic of the 'machinery of a bad German novel, or the trial of a pettifogging attorney.' 3d. That the whole story is a tissue of improbable and incredible accidents. 4th. That the principal characters are so entirely worthless as to excite but little of our sympathy; or insipid; or contemptible. 5th. That there is, throughout, too much neglect of Scottish feelings and Scottish character.

Supposing all these points to be completely established, it would certainly follow that Mr. Scott had utterly failed in the execution of the task which he had prescribed to himself; not that the task itself was idle and foolish, or that the faults thus enumerated have an intimate and necessary connection with a romantic narrative. Indeed it is distinctly alleged as a charge against the poet, that his incidents are *not* suited to the persons introduced, that the feelings ascribed to his principal characters are *not* chivalrous feelings; and it is evident that the scantiness of the narrative and intricacy of plot attributed to *Marmion*, are faults which have nothing in common with the crowded adventures and rude contrivances of ancient romance. We readily bear witness to the zeal with which the critic has discharged the 'sort of duty imposed upon him;' we admit that he has conducted his scrutiny with unusual keenness and sagacity; we think that, although the charges of 'debasement and vulgarity of expression,' and 'flatness and tediousness of the narrative,' are not fairly made out, he has detected many errors of haste and inadvertence; has exposed them with much friendly severity; and has fully proved that the beautiful poem which he has examined might be susceptible of considerable improvement. But we have vainly sought for an argument in favour of the original proposition, which seems to be utterly forgotten during the whole discussion, until it finally gives rise to some invective against 'monkish illuminations,' antique dresses, 'scraps and fragments of antiquarian history and baronial biography,' and to a prophecy that the popularity of the tales of chivalry introduced by Mr. Scott will be as short lived as that which has attended the poetry of Dr. Darwin. We venture to doubt the future completion of this prophecy; we doubt the critic's own expectation of its accomplishment; and we moreover doubt his seriously entertaining the opinion which we have presumed to combat; not only because, having employed it as a motive for the salutary chastisement which he proposed to bestow upon his friend, he shews so little solicitude concerning it, but because,

cause, in a passage which we will now proceed to quote, he seems to consider it as at least extremely questionable.

'But the times of chivalry, it may be said, were *more* picturesque than the present times. They are *better* adapted to poetry; and every thing that is associated with them has a certain hold on the imagination, and partakes of the interest of the period. We do not mean *utterly* to deny this: nor can we stop, at present, to assign exact limits to our assent: but this we will venture to observe, in general, that if it be true that the interest which we take in the contemplation of the chivalrous era arises from the dangers and virtues by which it was distinguished, from the constant hazards in which its warriors passed their days, and the mild and generous valour with which they met those hazards,—joined to the singular contrast which it presented between the ceremonious polish and gallantry of the nobles, and the brutish ignorance of the body of the people:—if these are, as we conceive they are, the sources of the charm which still operates in behalf of the days of knightly adventure, then it should follow, that nothing should interest us, by association with that age, but what serves naturally to bring before us those hazards and that valour, and gallantry, and aristocratical superiority. Any description, or any imitation, of the exploits in which those qualities were signalized, will do this most effectually. Battles, tournaments, penances, deliverance of damsels, instalments of knights, and intermixed with these, we must admit some description of arms, armorial bearings, castles, battlements, and chapels: but the least and lowest of the whole certainly is the description of the servants' liveries, and of the peaceful operations of eating, drinking, and ordinary salutation.'

Now we should be unwilling to confound a qualified negation of utter dissent with a frank concession; it is perhaps rather less intelligible and more ungracious; but since the proposition in question is, that 'that the times of chivalry are *more* picturesque than the present times, *better* adapted to poetry,' &c. any modification of assent to its truth seems to furnish a sufficient exculpation of Mr. Scott's practice. Besides, the following *i/s* (proverbially peacemakers) lead to something like an amicable negotiation on the basis of 'the charm which still operates in behalf of the days of knightly adventure;' 'battles,' &c. are recognized as members of the association; and not only 'arms and armorial bearings,' but even 'castles and chapels' are permitted to treat as allies, instead of being rebuffed like abbeys and pagodas. All this, it is true, terminates with fresh denunciations of hostility against servants' liveries, eating, drinking, and bowing; but we, in our turn, do not mean 'utterly to deny' the justice of the censure passed on them, though we 'cannot stop to assign exact limits to our assent.'

We have already stated our reasons for thinking it incumbent upon us, to take some notice of a topic very closely connected with
the

the immediate object of our attention; and we trust that we shall be thought to have shewn due deference to an authority which we are not bound to consider as absolutely infallible. If it be permitted to us to offer our own poetical creed, we should wish to say, in the first place, precisely what by the critic's admission 'may be said;' and to defend it by the very reasons on which he has grounded his hypothetical concurrence. We should add that, in general, any narrative, inasmuch as its merit must partly depend on the skill and taste of the narrator, may be a proper subject for the embellishments of poetry; that if the scene of such narrative, whether true or fictitious, be laid either in a distant age or country, it will necessarily require a description of all such visible objects as cannot be familiar to the untravelled or unlettered reader; that the essential merit of these descriptions is fidelity, which on many occasions supposes minuteness and even length, because 'armorial bearings, castles,' &c. cannot be depicted by algebraic symbols, or by any equally compendious mode of expression; and we should, in our turn, venture to predict, that the amusing and beautiful, however improbable, tale of *Marmion*, will continue to be perused with delight, when not only the cloying sweetness of Darwin's poetry, but even the shrewdest criticisms on Mr. Scott's compositions, including those which we are now about to offer to our readers, shall be consigned to utter oblivion.

'The scene of the following poem is laid, chiefly, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, in the western highlands of Perthshire. The time of action includes six days, and the transactions of each day occupy a canto.' Of these cantos, entitled the *Chase*, the *Island*, the *Gathering*, the *Prophecy*, the *Combat*, and the *Guard-room*, we will exhibit the contents in succession; occasionally assisting our feeble language by extracts from the poem.

The '*Chase*,' which, if it had not been longer and more distressing than chases usually are, would not have formed a proper introduction to the story, commences near Glenartney, on the side of the mountain Benvoirlich, and, after conducting us through a country which is far too intricate for any southern sportsman to encounter, leads us, after twice crossing the Teith, and coasting Loch Achray, into the woody fastnesses of Ben-ledi, near Loch Katrine. One only sportsman, whose 'gallant grey' appeared to be as indefatigable as the hounds 'of St. Hubert's breed,' was able to reach this spot, and was preparing to dispatch the stag, when the animal, by a desperate leap down the side of a rocky glen, eluded the pursuit of his enemies. An attempt to recover the prey only occasions the death of the good horse; and his master, after duly lamenting its fate, has full leisure to blow his bugle, to recal his hounds, and to contemplate his present situation. He finds himself

self, at the close of day, in a solitary dell, thickly wooded, and encompassed with rocks.

' And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd;
In all her length far-winding lay;
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, which, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, which, like giants, stand
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world.
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides, and summits hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-An heav'd high his forehead bare.'

This enchanting picture naturally suggests to our wanderer the reflection that a good baron's castle on some height, a lady's bower in the vale, a monastery on one of the distant meadows, a hermitage in the lonely island beneath him, and other symptoms of civilization, would be very agreeable accompaniments to such wild and picturesque scenery; and that his prospect of a supperless night spent in the woods, and followed by a most unpromising search after some beaten track, to be performed on foot, was not much enlivened by the chance of being robbed by some highland plunderers. Possibly, however, some of his companions in the chase may be within hearing. He blows his bugle, and at the instant a small skiff, conducted by a damsel, issues from the island and shortly reaches the shore, scarcely giving him time to quit his post and to take his stand,

———— ' conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paus'd, as if again
She sought to catch the distant strain;
With head up-ris'd, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,

In list'ning mood she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.'

The glow of youth and health diffused over her cheeks, and rendered more animated by recent exercise; the loveliness of her form unconsciously thrown into the most graceful attitude; her air of conscious dignity; her rich but not splendid dress; her eloquent countenance which told the successive emotions of her heart while she loudly uttered the name of 'Father!' and with a more faltering voice inquired if 'Malcolm' had sounded the bugle, were not lost upon the stranger, who eagerly advanced to address her.

'The maid alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And, when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though flutter'd and amaz'd,
She paus'd, and on the stranger gaz'd.
Not his the form, not his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.'

Neither did she fly; but, after hearing his story, informed him, to his great surprise, that a certain prophetic minstrel had foretold his arrival, and that preparations were already made at her father's abode for his reception.

Being permitted to row her over to the island, which exhibits no marks of being inhabited, he is conducted through an intricate coppice to a large mansion of rough timber, at the porch of which Ellen (for so his fair conductress is named) stops him, and gaily exclaims,

'On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall.'

He enters, and at the instant a huge naked sword, which, together with all possible implements of war and the chase, had been suspended from the walls, drops at his feet. This ominous accident startles him; he picks up the blade, observes that he never saw but one man capable of wielding such a weapon in battle, and is informed by Ellen that it belongs to her father. He has no time for farther comment, being now introduced to the Lady Margaret, a stately matron, who entertains him at table with great courtesy; after which he declares himself to be James Fitz-James, the knight of Snowdown; and endeavours in his turn, by various hints, to learn the name and quality of his hostesses; but Lady Margaret eludes his inquiries, and the answer of Ellen is not very satisfactory:

'"Wierd women we! by dale and down,
We dwell afar from tower and town.

We

We stem the flood ; we ride the blast ;
 On wandering knights our spells we cast ;
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
 She sung, and still a harp unseen
 Filled up the symphony between.'

The song being concluded, and the supper removed, Fitz-James is left to take that rest which, it might have been supposed, the fatigues of the day had rendered necessary. But the perplexing mystery which attended his whole entertainment, and the torment of unsatisfied curiosity on the subject of the ominous sword, produce a succession of bad dreams. His horse dies under him ; his barge sinks from beneath his feet ; he is overthrown in battle ;

' Again returned the scenes of youth,
 Of confident undoubting truth ;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
 They come, in dim procession led,
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
 As if they parted yesterday.'

He woos the fair Ellen, whose yielded hand is suddenly changed within his grasp into a cold gauntlet, and her whole person expands into the giant form of an armed warrior. He wakes ; but the armour on the wall retraces his hideous dreams. He starts from his bed of heath, and rushes into the open air, where the calmness of a fine moonlight night restores his recollection. A soliloquy, in which he indulges, informs us that the conflict in his mind is connected with some secret cause of dislike to the Douglas family : after which he returns to his couch, and, having said his prayers, sleeps soundly till morning.

The second canto introduces to us the prophetic minstrel, the 'white-haired Allan-Bane,' who, whilst Fitz-James was passing from the island to the main, had wandered down to the shore of the lake for the purpose of greeting him with a farewell song. He sate on the beach,

' Reclined against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
 As from the rising sun to claim
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,
 Seemed watching the awakening fire ;
 So still he sate, as those who wait
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate ;

So still, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair;
 So still, as life itself were fled
 In the last sound his harp had sped.
 Upon a rock, with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.'

It was a smile of exultation, on observing the unwillingness of Fitz-James to lose sight of her altogether; a transient gleam of coquetry with which her conscience reproached her as vain and selfish; and, to make her peace with the upbraiding image of her Malcolm, she ordered the minstrel to sing 'the glory of the Græme.' He strikes his harp; but the harp, which having formerly belonged to St. Modan, had ever since been addicted to prophecy, returned a mournful sound, similar to that which, the minstrel said, had foretold the banishment of the Douglasses. He now apprehends some impending calamity; but Ellen laughs at his fears, expresses her contentment with her present lot, and playfully observes, that she has no occasion to resort to courts in search of suitors, since her charms, as he well knows, have captivated the stern Sir Roderick, the pride of the highlands and the terror of the low country. The minstrel chides her for her ill-timed mirth; reminds her of Sir Roderick's fierce and unmanageable character; of that impetuosity which had led him to kill a personal enemy in the presence of his sovereign; of the haughtiness with which he continued to set King James's power at defiance; of the asylum which he had granted to her exiled father and herself; and hints to her that her obligations to him and to his mother the Lady Margaret, and her sense of the advantages which might result to her father by her marriage with such a chieftain, ought to inspire her, at least, with respect and reverence. Ellen repels these arguments in an answer equally rational and animated, which she concludes by saying,

'The hand, that for my father fought,
 I honour, as his daughter ought;
 But, can I clasp it reeking red
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
 No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
 They make his passions darker seem,
 And flash along his spirit high,
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
 Whilst yet a child, (and children know,
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,)
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear
 His haughty mien and lordly air;

But,

But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
 To change such odious theme were best;—
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest?

The minstrel now recurs to his alarming omens and forebodings; but the conversation is soon interrupted; first, by the sounds of distant music, and then by the appearance of four barges, which, on a nearer approach to the island, are discovered to contain Sir Roderick himself, whose 'bannered pine' floats on the breeze, and whose pipers continue to sound their martial 'pibroch' till they are succeeded by the rowers, who chaunt a wild and animated boat-song. The Lady Margaret hastens to the beach to receive her son; and Ellen is reluctantly preparing to accompany her, when the sound of her father's bugle strikes upon her ear. She hurries with Allan Bane to her skiff, crosses to the main land, and is received into the arms of Douglas.

'Some feelings are to mortals given
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear,
 From passion's dross refined and clear,
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head!

At such a moment Ellen's eyes could scarcely inform her that Douglas was not alone, and that Malcolm Græme was his companion; but whilst her father addressed to him an elogium on the faithful minstrel, and avowed his exultation in the affection of such a daughter, she had leisure to catch a few glances of her lover, though apparently occupied in concealing the tumult of her joy by caressing the favourite dogs who fawned upon her, and the hawk who perched upon her wrist. Douglas had been hunting in the woods of Glenfinlas; had been nearly surprised by the royal party; and owed his safety to young Malcolm Græme, who, though a ward of the king, had risked his estates for the preservation of his friend. This she learnt whilst they returned to the island, to which even Malcolm is welcomed by Roderick, though with a reluctant and ungracious hospitality. But the tranquillity of the company is of short duration. The king, it seems, during a hunting excursion through the southern borders of Scotland, had surprised and hanged some chiefs of freebooters, and was thought to be preparing to act with equal severity against those of the northern and western highlands; and Roderick, having imparted this information to his

guests, and announced his resolution to repel force by force, closes his speech by a formal demand of Ellen in marriage. But Douglas, still loyal to his sovereign, whose injustice he imputes to the calumnies of his enemies, and convinced, by the deadly paleness which at the instant overspreads his daughter's countenance, of her aversion to the match, declines the offer, and declares his intention of concealing her in some more secret asylum. Roderick's passions are kindled; his

— 'darken'd brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way.
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart;
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.'

His jealous fury soon vents itself in an insult to Malcolm, who, on Ellen's rising to retire, had hastened to assist her. The rivals are equally inflamed; the defiance is retorted; their hands are on their swords; their mortal conflict is with difficulty prevented by the interposition of Douglas; and Malcolm, rushing down to the beach, and disdaining to receive from his enemy even the assistance of a boat, plunges into the lake and swims to the opposite shore.

The third canto opens with a description of the superstitious ceremonies attending the preparation of the 'cross of fire,' the signal for the 'gathering' of the clan. The impetuous Roderick, now convulsed by contending passions, cast many an impatient glance at the operation.

'Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake
Silenced the warblers of the brake.
A heap of withered boughs was piled
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke:
Brian, the hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood;
His grised beard, and matted hair,
Obscured a visage of despair;

His

His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
 The scars of frantic penance bore.—
 No peasant sought that hermit's prayer,
 His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
 The eager huntsman knew his bound,
 And in mid chase called off his hound;
 Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
 The desert-dweller met his path,
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,
 While terror took devotion's mien.'

The birth of this Brian resembled that of the fabulous Merlin. Shunned by the companions of his childhood as the supposed son of a demon; driven by despair to hide himself in a monastery, where he devoted himself to the study of magic; and from thence to savage solitude; this frantic visionary never visited the haunts of men but when the feudal lord of his clan demanded his assistance. The pile is lighted; a goat sacrificed; and Brian, holding up a cross of 'sepulchral yew,' begins his imprecations on all those who, being members of the clan, shall fail to rush to battle when demanded by this dreadful signal. The points of the cross are successively kindled, and quenched in blood, whilst the hermit again and again denounces vengeance against the cowardly or reluctant, his curses being re-echoed by all the attendants. The 'cross of fire,' thus consecrated, is delivered by Roderick to his trusty messenger, who, having passed the lake, bears it in breathless haste to the end of his appointed stage, the village of Duncraggan. The laird of the village was lately dead; all was desolation; and the maids and matrons were singing the coronach or death-song. But grief must not arrest the march of the fiery cross. The son starts from his father's bier, snatches the dreadful symbol, learns the place of muster, and hurries to the next station, where a bridegroom, on his way to church, becomes in his turn the messenger, and with equal speed conveys the summons to a new destination. Every occupation ceases; every passion subsides; the whole clan are instantly in motion, and in a few hours assemble at the place of rendezvous.

In the mean time Douglas, true to his resolution, had quitted the lonely isle, and retired with Ellen to the 'Goblin's cave,' a secure hiding-place amidst the crags of the mountain Benvenue; and Roderick had sent his scouts to examine and secure all the neighbouring passes. He had therefore no fears for the safety of his friend; he had vowed to forget, in the tumults of war, his ungrateful mistress, and the preparations for a contest so desperate as that which he now meditated demanded all his attention.

'But he who stems a stream with sand,
 And fetters flame with flaxen band,

Has yet a harder task to prove,
 By firm resolve to conquer love!
 Eve finds the chief, like restless ghost,
 Still hovering near his treasure lost;
 For though his haughty heart deny
 A parting meeting to his eye,
 Still fondly strains his anxious ear
 The accents of her voice to hear;
 And inly did he curse the breeze
 That waked to sound the rustling trees.'

His hopes are not quite disappointed. He hears the voice of Ellen, which, accompanied by the harp of Allan-Bane, chaunts a hymn to the Virgin; he continues to listen long after the sound has ceased, then hurries to his boat, and proceeds to join his clan at the vale of Lanrich.

The fourth canto commences with a fresh proof of zeal exhibited by the fiend-born hermit. He consults the fearful oracle of the *Taghairm*. Wrapped in the hide of a bull which had been sacrificed for the purpose, and laid on the verge of the pool into which a lofty cataract discharges its torrents,

'Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
 Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
 The wizard waits prophetic dream.'

And the inspiration, thus dearly purchased by a night of ceaseless horror, enables him to announce, that 'the party which shall first spill the blood of an enemy will be ultimately victorious.'—Roderick, who had just learned that a spy had entered his territory under the guidance of a clansman who had already received orders to betray him, heard with exultation the easy conditions on which victory might be secured. He at the same time learned that the earls of Moray and Mar were at Doune; and that, on the morrow, he might expect to be attacked. He therefore issued the necessary orders. Meanwhile Douglas has left the Goblin cave, without declaring the purpose of his journey, which the disconsolate Ellen attributes to some project of saving Roderick Dhu, now on the eve of risking a battle in her cause, or of liberating Malcolm, whom the second-sighted minstrel had announced as being a prisoner at Stirling. Allan-Bane is unable to dissipate her fears:—

'When in such tender tone, yet grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,
 The tear that glistened in his eye
 Drown'd not his purpose fixed and high.
 My soul, though feminine and weak,
 Can image his: ev'n as the lake,

Itself

Itself disturbed by slightest shock,
Reflects th' invulnerable rock.—
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne;
Buys his friend's safety with his own;
He goes to do—what I had done
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!

The minstrel then attempts to dissipate the grief which he cannot sooth, by reciting a long traditional ballad on the subject of the Goblin cave, their present place of retirement; and he has scarcely ended it when they are surprised by the sudden appearance of the stranger knight, the gallant Fitz-James. Ellen, alarmed by her knowledge of the dangers by which he is encompassed, and still more alarmed when she learns, by a declaration of his passion, that she is the cause of his rashness, generously explains to him the secret of her heart, convinces him that his suit is hopeless, and urges him to take, before his departure, some necessary precautions for his safety: but he heeds her not, and departs abruptly, after putting on her finger a ring, given to him, as he tells her, by his sovereign, whose life he had been so fortunate as to save, and which would secure to her any boon in the monarch's power to bestow. He has not proceeded far, when a loud shout from his guide awakens his suspicions. He beholds a raven feeding on the carcase of a horse which he recognises as the 'gallant grey,' the late companion of his chase; and to scare the bird from its prey is the motive alleged for the shout which had alarmed him. But the savage scenery which surrounds him, the entangled path which he is treading, the inauspicious omen which he has just encountered, and the still more inauspicious features of the 'red Murdoch,' the conductor on whose dubious fidelity his chance of a safe return depends, are not calculated to inspire him with security. A menace that the first symptom of treachery shall be punished with instant death, awes the guide into silence: they proceed sullenly on their journey; and encounter, on the edge of a precipice, a wretched female maniac, formerly captured during a foray in the lowlands, who, though rudely repulsed and threatened by Murdoch, attaches herself to Fitz-James, attracts his attention by a wild song expressive of her misfortunes, and, in the course of her incoherent strains, warns him that 'the toils are set,' and that 'the knives of his enemies are whetted' for his destruction. These obscure hints confirm his suspicions of Murdoch, who, being taxed with treachery, takes to flight, bends his bow, discharges an arrow at his pursuer which misses its aim but pierces the breast of poor 'Blanche of Devan,' and is almost instantly overtaken and killed by the indignant knight. The wound of the unhappy maniac is mortal; a ray of reason returns

turns in her last moments; she gives to her avenger a lock of hair, the pledge of her lover's affection:—

“ O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,
And for thy life preserv'd by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold and weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell;
Avoid the path!—O God!—farewell!”

Fitz-James, deeply interested by the scene before him, takes a lock of hair from the head of the murdered Blanche, unites it to that of her lover, dips both in her blood, places the braid on the side of his bonnet, and swears to take vengeance on the pitiless Roderick, whose sword, by depriving her of her lover, had first driven her to despair and madness. But a faint and distant shout, answered and repeated in various directions, recalls to his mind that the hour of retribution is not yet arrived, and that he must, if possible, provide for his own immediate safety. On all sides his progress is arrested, either by precipices or torrents, or by sounds which indicate an assembled enemy. He resolves to wait till night; but when he resumes his way, night only multiplies his difficulties. Wearied by constant disappointments, drenched by unseen torrents, chilled by the night air of the mountains, breathless with toil, and faint with hunger, he at length arrives on a craggy eminence, and,

— ‘ as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.
Beside its embers red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand.
“ Thy name and purpose, Saxon! stand!”
“ A stranger.” “ What dost thou require?”
“ Rest; and a guide; and food; and fire.
My life's beset; my path is lost;
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.”
“ Art thou a friend to Roderick?” “ No!”
“ Thou darest not call thyself a foe?”
“ I dare! to him, and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand!”

The mountaineer, convinced that an address so little conciliating is incompatible with the designs of a spy, asks with some hesitation whether such can be, as was reported, his real character. The charge is, of course, indignantly repelled. ‘ Is he, as his dress evinces,

evinces, a knight? 'Yes; and therefore the mortal foe of all oppressors.' By these answers Fitz-James so far ingratiates himself with the highlander, that he is instantly permitted to share his supper, his fire-side, his heathy couch, and his plaid. 'Stranger,' says his host, 'I am a clansman and a kinsman of Roderick; bound to revenge the insults thou hast cast upon him. I know that on thy life depends his success. I might, by a blast of my horn, call his clan to crush thee; I might easily destroy thee, weak and fainting as thou art, by defying thee to single combat. But honour, more imperious than any other duty, forbids me to assail the wearied stranger or refuse him the boon he implores. Rest here. I will myself guide thee, tomorrow, beyond the limits of Roderick's power.'

'I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given.'

"Well; rest thee; for the bitter's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."

With that, he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept, until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.'

In the beginning of the fifth canto Fitz-James and his companion set forth upon their journey, and, in spite of the intricacy and difficulties of their path, proceeded with some expedition till they reached the pass of Vennachar, where the guide, compelled to slacken his pace, resumed the conversation of the preceding evening. 'Why venture into these mountains without a pass from Roderick?'—'A soldier's pass is his sword; besides, when drawn hither four days ago in pursuit of my game, I saw nothing to apprehend.' 'But why return?' 'Perhaps to recover a stray hawk, or hound, or to meet some highland maid.' 'Thou knew'st not that Mar had collected his forces to attack us.' 'No. He armed only for the protection of the king's sports.' 'But whence thy enmity to Roderick?' 'I know him not. But he murdered a knight in the king's presence.' 'The provocation justified the act.' 'But, soldier, canst thou justify his life of eternal pillage?' 'Saxon! the rich country which we spoil was the property of our ancestors. Thou seest that which we now inhabit. These rocks, could they speak, would proclaim to us that they can afford us nothing beyond a temporary shelter; and that our subsistence must be purchased by the sword.' 'But why is my path waylaid, and my security dependent on thy protection?' 'Ask thine own rashness: a secret visitor is liable to suspicion.' 'Well! I will not offend thee by alleging

alleging further cause of enmity. Suffice it that I am bound by promise to encounter Roderick. Twice have I come hither in peace: when I return it shall be as an avowed enemy; and never was lover more impatient to meet a mistress than I am to meet this rebel chieftain and his band.'

"Have then thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill:
 Wild, as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe.
 From shingles grey their lances start,
 The bracken-bush sends forth the dart;
 The rushes, and the willow-wand,
 Are bristling into axe and brand;
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men;
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood and still;
 Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James, though scared and startled by this dreadful exhibition, returns the look of defiance, and, with his back against a rock, dares the master of his fate to give the signal for his destruction. But Roderick, assuming a more courteous air, waves his hand in silence, and the assembled clan is again couched on the ground. Whilst Fitz-James views with a look of suspense and alarm this new vision, his companion reminds him of the pledge of safety already given; directs him to follow; precedes him to the appointed ford; and, when arrived at a place of safety, dares him to single combat. The knight hesitates; he is unwilling to attempt the life
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of his savage and haughty but generous deliverer; but all his offers of conciliation are disdainfully rejected, and an insulting allusion to the 'braid of his fair lady's hair' in his bonnet at length awakens his resentment. Roderick, who had thrown down his target, is unable, though far superior in strength, to ward off the thrusts of his skilful and nimble adversary; he is wounded again and again; becomes faint and dizzy through loss of blood; is disarmed, and commanded to beg his life. In this extremity,

'Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.'

The weapon which he receives in his body only adds a convulsive strength to the natural vigour of his grasp; he is the victor in the struggle; he draws his dagger; he aims it at his fallen antagonist; but his brain is bewildered; his eyes wander; the weapon pierces the earth; and he swoons on the body of Fitz-James, who, thus enabled to extricate himself, returns thanks to heaven for his deliverance. Having accomplished his vow to Blanche, he blows his bugle, washes his hands and face, and is shortly joined by four mounted squires with two led horses, one of which had been destined for Ellen, and is now left for the conveyance of Roderick, whom the knight recommends to the care of two of the squires, whilst, attended by the other two, he mounts and gallops off towards Stirling. Whilst mounting the hill he recognises Douglas, who is also on his way to the city, disguised in 'poor array,' and who, having ascertained that Malcolm was, as he feared, a prisoner in Stirling, had procured for Ellen a secure asylum in the monastery of Cambus Kenneth, and was now preparing to offer himself for the redemption of his friend. But he perceives that the city exhibits marks of general festivity, and that the burghers' sports, which James V. never failed to attend, were going to begin; and it occurs to him that, by gaining some prize, he may have a chance of attracting the favourable regards of his sovereign. He easily eclipses all competitors in archery, wrestling, and hurling; but the king regards him not; and he carelessly throws the prizes amongst the populace. A stag is turned out for the amusement of the croud, and pursued by two of the royal hounds; but a favourite greyhound which had followed Douglas, instantly springs forward, distances its rivals, seizes the stag, and by this unexpected intrusion gives rise to a scene of general tumult. Douglas, hitherto so patient and enduring, when he sees his 'noble hound,' his own and his Ellen's companion, struck in anger by the king's huntsman, instantly fells the offender to the ground, threatens the other menials who

who croud to assist their companion, proclaims his name to the multitude and to the king, and is, for his presumption, ordered by his sovereign into close confinement. The populace attempt to rescue him from the guards, and will not, even at his own request, abandon their purpose, till by an eloquent address he succeeds in mitigating their fury. A messenger from the Earl of Mar announces an intention to attack the insurgents under Roderick, and the king sends orders to stop the march of the troops; but the report of a battle near Loch Katrine is spread through Stirling; and the city, so lately a scene of festivity, is filled with alarm and disaffection.

The concluding canto presents to us the 'guard-room' filled with a drunken and riotous soldiery, outlaws from all nations, enlisted under the royal standard, as a necessary, though dangerous guard against a disaffected nobility, and a giddy populace. Their nocturnal orgies had been frequently interrupted by the arrival of their wounded comrades from the Highland battle, and their noisy mirth had just recommenced with a Bacchanalian song, when an old soldier is introduced, accompanied by a minstrel and a damsel. Here is a fresh source of tumult; but when the damsel removes her tartan veil, the dignified air of Ellen represses their insolence, her beauty excites their compassion; she is introduced to their commander; explains her errand; shews the signet ring; and is respectfully conducted to an apartment in the palace, to await the hour of the king's levee. Mean while Allan Bane prevails on one of the guards to introduce him to his imprisoned master, and is conducted to a spacious, but gloomy room where, when the bolts and chains were removed from the door,

' Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering minstrel looked, and knew
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu.'

The astonished minstrel has scarcely voice enough to answer the many hurried questions by which he is assailed, but having at length declared that Ellen is safe; that the Lady Margaret is well; that there are hopes of Douglas's deliverance; and that the Alpine clan had disputed the late battle with invincible obstinacy,

' The chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequered his swarthy brow and cheeks;
"Hark! minstrel, I have heard thee play,
With measure bold on festal day,
In that lone isle, again where ne'er
Shall harper play or warrior hear,

That

That stirring air that peals on high,
 O'er Dermid's race our victory;
 Strike it! and then, (for well thou canst)
 Free from thy minstrel spirit glanced,
 Eling me the picture of the fight,
 When met my clan the Saxon might.
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
 These grates, these walls shall vanish then
 For the fair field of fighting men,
 And my free spirit burst away,
 As if it soared from battle-fray!"

Thus adjured the minstrel enters upon an animated and beautiful circumstantial description of the battle, through which, however, we must forbear to follow him, and content ourselves with stating that its close was preceded by the death of the gallant Roderick, whose 'lament' is immediately poured forth by the pious Allan Bane.—During this time, the melancholy Ellen, incapable of deriving consolation from the cold deference of a crowd of attendant menials, and casting a vacant glance on the useless magnificence which surrounded her, past the tedious minutes of suspense in reflecting on the quiet composure which she had so lately enjoyed in the 'lone island.' The contrast between the gaudy splendor of her present apartment and the rustic decorations of her humble mansion, where her father was her protector, and Malcolm her companion, continually called her mind to these recollections, and she was lost in meditation, when her ear was caught by the sounds of a well-known voice, which drew her to the window. The lay was Malcolm's, and it told her that he was a prisoner. But she hears a hasty footstep. It is the knight of Snowdoun, who is come to conduct her to the presence chamber. Somewhat reassured by the company of a friend on whom she can rely with a sister's confidence, she enters the brilliant circle; but, abashed by the gaze of numbers, conscious that on that moment depends the fate of her father and Malcolm, she hesitates, clings to the arm of Fitz-James for support, throws a fearful glance round the room in search of the dreaded monarch whom she comes to implore, and is astonished to find that every other eye is fixed on her conductor.

'As wreath of snow on mountain breast,
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay;
 And at the monarch's feet she lay;
 No word her choking voice commands;
 She showed her ring; she clasped her hands.
 O! not a moment could he brook,
 The generous prince, that suppliant look!
 Gently he raised her, &c.

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The king then informs her that he is already reconciled to her father, and calls him to witness the assertion; after which he explains to her, in a whisper, the riddle of his own metamorphosis; and finally commands her to name the boon by which he is to redeem the pledge of Fitz-James's faith. Ellen, no longer much alarmed for the fate of Malcolm, craves the grace of Roderick Dhu; and when, after learning his death, she is desired to make a fresh request, she blushes, preserves her silence, and places the ring in the hand of Douglas.

'Nay, then my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
"Malcolm, come forth!" and at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues;
From thee may vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name—
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"
His chain of gold the king unstrung;
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.'

We have ventured to lay before our readers a table of contents which may possibly appear too minute and particular, in preference to a more general and concise abstract of the fable, because we conceive that the merit of a poetical narrative consists nearly as much in the art with which the narrator avails himself of many little subordinate incidents for the purpose of promoting the main design, as in the construction of the series of principal events. We have also borrowed from Mr. Scott a few extracts which we thought particularly descriptive of his manner, on which we will now take the liberty of offering a few general remarks.

Never, we think, has the analogy between poetry and painting been more strikingly exemplified than in the writings of Mr. Scott. He sees every thing with a painter's eye. Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination which we are not accustomed to expect from verbal description. Much of this, no doubt, is the result of genius; for there is a quick and comprehensive power of discernment, an intensity and keenness of observation, an almost intuitive glance, which nature alone can give, and by means of which her favourites are enabled to discover characteristic differences where the eye of dulness sees nothing but uniformity: but something also

must

must be referred to discipline and exercise. The liveliest fancy can only call forth those images which are already stored up in the memory; and all that invention can do is to unite these into new combinations, which must appear confused and ill defined, if the impressions originally received by the senses were deficient in strength and distinctness. It is because Mr. Scott usually delineates those objects with which he is perfectly familiar that his touch is so easy, correct, and animated. The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents which he exhibits, are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist, deliberately drawn from different points of view; each has its true shape and position; it is a portrait; it has its name by which the spectator is invited to examine the exactness of the resemblance. The figures which are combined with the landscape are painted with the same fidelity. Like those of Salvator Rosa, they are perfectly appropriate to the spot on which they stand. The boldness of feature, the lightness and compactness of form, the wildness of air, and the careless ease of attitude of these mountaineers, are as congenial to their native highlands as the birch and the pine which darken their glens; the sedge which fringes their lakes, or the heath which waves over their moors.

The characters and manners of the ideal personages whom Mr. Scott has hitherto brought into action are, in our opinion, equally conformable to truth and nature, and they are so for the reason just assigned, because the models from which they are copied have been examined and studied with an earnest and fond attention. They are not, indeed, the characters and manners of the day, but neither are they those of a period so remote as to be obscured in the mist of antiquity; the times in which they are placed being distinctly known to all by numerous historical documents, and by the records of recent and credible tradition. Whoever attempts to tread in the more elevated walks of poetry is compelled to place his actors in an age antecedent to his own, not only because it affords rather more scope to his invention, or because it supplies him with words and images which are not degraded by too much familiarity, but for another and more important reason. The object of poetry is to describe the minds and passions of man, and the scenery in which his life is passed, and to render the representation at once forcible and pleasing; but individuals and society continue to undergo a succession of changes analogous to those which take place in the face of nature, and on some point in this series the poet must fix his choice. The gloomy horrors of the primæval mountains, offering no objects to the contemplation but bare ridges and yawning chasms; or the naked savage insulated by his wants, and scarcely sensible but to the returns of hunger, can neither suggest fit materials for splendid de-

scription, nor powerfully excite our feelings. It is not till the rocks have been shattered, till their collected fragments have given birth to the diversified beauties of vegetation; it is not till man, united in society, becomes accessible to all the varieties of passion; that mute scenery can excite admiration and pleasure, or human life awaken our sympathy. Again, there is a time when the torrent, which had corroded and washed away the mingled elements of its rocky channel, deposits them on the plain which it forms and fertilizes; and the varied surface of the mountain landscape is exchanged for a flat and tedious expanse of uniform luxuriance: there is also a time in the progress of civilization when the distinctions of human character are nearly obliterated, and when general opulence, and security and politeness, are accompanied by general insipidity and torpor. There must therefore be some middle term between these opposite extremes; some period at which civilization has softened down the ferocity without diminishing the energy of mankind; at which the expansive force of individual passion continues to maintain a struggle against the coercion of general law, without unsettling the foundations of society; a period, perhaps, affording a considerable latitude of choice, which may be considered as most peculiarly fertile in materials for the higher kinds of poetry. Such were the heroic ages of Greece, and such, we think, may be found in the history of modern Europe, during the whole interval which elapsed between the first creation of hereditary feudal power, and the final abolition of feudal servitude.

In the poem now under our consideration, we think that the two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon felicity. Fitz-James, who more nearly resembles the French Henry the Fourth than the Scottish James V, is gay, amorous, fickle, intrepid, impetuous, affectionate, courteous, graceful, and dignified; Roderick is gloomy, vindictive, arrogant, undaunted, but constant in his affections, and true to his engagements; and the whole passage in which these personages are placed in opposition, from their first meeting to their final conflict, is conceived and written with a sublimity which has been rarely equalled. Ellen is most exquisitely drawn, and could not have been improved by contrast. She is beautiful, frank, affectionate, rational, and playful, combining the innocence of a child with the elevated sentiments and courage of a heroine.

By means of these characters, aided by those of Douglas and Malcolm, the latter of whom seems to be rather capriciously neglected by the poet throughout the three last cantos, we are persuaded that Mr. Scott might easily have created a sufficiency of interesting incident for the completion of a long and regular epic poem. Much of the '*Lady of the Lake*' is written in that spirit; for animated description is very generally substituted for the cold-

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ness of narration, and many subordinate personages are created for the purpose of conducting us through the story. We are not expressly told that Roderick Dhu is bigotted and superstitious, but his clansman and confidential agent, Lrian the hermit, a visionary as wild and savage as the solitude from whence he is drawn, is introduced into our presence, where he repeats his execrations and his penance. We are not told that the cross of fire is carried with eager haste from village to village by distinguished members of the clan; but the messengers are named, their persons and offices described, and we behold their hurried attitude, and their rapid progress over the torrents and precipices which they successively traverse. The miseries inflicted by Roderick on the victims of his predatory fury are not recited, but they are presented to our eyes in the frenzied figure of Blanche of Devan, whose intervention is employed for the purpose of inspiring Fitz James with a personal animosity to Roderick. Every canto of the poem would furnish us with similar instances.

But Mr. Scott, contented with having written a beautiful and amusing tale, has abstained from urging a more ambitious claim, and has even solicitously avoided the appearance of wishing to attempt the majesty of epic composition. Perhaps he has acted wisely. Having traced out for himself a course on which he has long been exercised, he may confidently provoke the competition of all his contemporaries. Secure in his well tried strength, he may fairly be allowed to regulate his own efforts; sometimes bounding along with careless elasticity, and sometimes calling out the full display of his powers, and surprising us by the rapidity of his irregular but spontaneous exertions: by submitting himself to the rein, and by encountering a length of toil rendered more irksome by constraint, we are not sure that he would be able to attain the goal which has been reached by very few of his ablest predecessors. We are therefore rather disposed to approve than to blame the diffidence which shrinks from the attempt. Perhaps the wild scenery in which he delights is exhibited with more advantage by the sudden flashes with which his genius lights it up, than if it were more uniformly illuminated and exposed to steady observation. Perhaps the warfare of rival clans, however terrific in its results, and however favourable to the display of individual heroism, is too contracted in its extent, and too limited in its objects, to suit the gravity of the epic style; and the poet, after all his labour, might be reminded by some sagacious critic, that there is no task more idle than that of wasting beautiful poetry on the embellishment of county-history, and of immortalizing petty disputes which might have been more naturally settled by an application to a justice of peace, or to the court of chancery.

The measure of this poem, which is that of Gay's fables, is not, in our opinion, happily chosen. We admit that it is readily susceptible of grace and elegance: and, after reading the '*Lady of the Lake*,' we are compelled to acknowledge that it is capable of conveying the grandest and most awful as well as the tenderest emotions. But we object to it, as the vehicle of a long narrative, on account of its extreme facility, which leads to frequent negligence. Mr. Scott is such a master of versification, that the most complicated metre does not, for an instant, arrest the progress of his imagination; its difficulties usually operate as a salutary excitement to his attention, and, not unfrequently, suggest to him new and unexpected graces of expression. If a careless rhyme or an ill constructed phrase occasionally escape him amidst the irregular torrent of his stanza, the blemish is often imperceptible by the hurried eye of the reader: but when the short lines are yoked in pairs, any dissonance in the jingle, or interruption of the construction cannot fail to give offence. We learn from Horace that, in the course of a long work, a poet may legitimately indulge in a momentary slumber; but we do not wish to hear him snore. Another fault of this metre is its monotony. This is, indeed, partly relieved in the present instance by the introduction of a prefatory stanza or two to each canto, and of songs, lays, ballads, odes, or hymns in various kinds of measure, some of them eminently beautiful, but so numerous, that the reader is rather disposed to resent their frequent intrusion, than to welcome them as a relief from the uniformity of the couplet.

On the subject of the fable and contrivance of the poem we will only say that the author has avoided most of the leading faults with which his '*Marmion*' has been reproached. The plot is not laid in the marvellous concurrence of improbable accidents; it is not obscurely and laboriously unravelled; there is no petty intricacy or entanglement; the principal actors are not contaminated by such vices as destroy our interest in their fate; there is no inattention to Scottish feelings or Scottish character; no allusions to English black letter books; and not one word about servants' liveries. These are strong proofs of Mr. Scott's docility, and of his deference to those friends who attended his former triumphs, not to hail him with songs of gratulation, but to stand behind him on his ear, and to whisper sober or sarcastic remarks on the instability of his fame. We trust that his complaisance will recommend him to the select class of readers who are too circumspect to be surprised into delight, and who can suspend their sympathy and keep amusement at bay, until, after duly communing with their own minds, and solving all their scruples, they shall have satisfied themselves that there

is solid and legitimate ground for yielding to pity or joy or terror or enthusiasm.

But the majority of mankind appear to be of opinion that life is too short for these discussions. Multitudes of readers have admired the 'Lay' and 'Marmion,' and will probably admire the 'Lady of the Lake,' not, as we believe, from disregard or ignorance of the rules of rational criticism, but, because, in a moment of listlessness, they sought for entertainment and found it. To attract the earnest attention of the reader; to captivate his imagination by a series of pleasing illusions; to awaken and vary at pleasure all his emotions; and to conduct him, without impatience or languor through a poem of four or five thousand lines, is a task of which the accomplishment affords, in our opinion, the most obvious and satisfactory proof of poetical talent; and he who is able, like Mr. Scott, to recal the same reader with unabated eagerness to repeated perusals, may fairly claim a place amongst the greatest masters of his art.

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INDEX

TO THE
THIRD VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A.

- Aboukir*, battle of, described, 247—251.
Academical Printers, anecdote of tardiness in, 17.
Adultery, Chinese law concerning, 313.
Æschyl's Tragedia, a Butler, 389—remarks on Stanley's edition of *Æschylus*, *ib.*—Porson's corrections of this poet, 390—observations on Mr. Butler's plan, *ib.* 391—strictures on his corrections, 391—395—on the *Supplices*, 395—398.
Africa, expedition sent to explore its interior, 200—supposed failure of it, 204.
Agriculture, pursuits of, reviewed, 374—plan of the work, 375, 376—extracts therefrom, 377, 378.
Aikin's (Dr.) collection of songs, 490.
Albanians, 600, murdered by the French at Zante, 203.
America, illegal trade of, in the West Indies, frustrated by Nelson, 230—233—situation of, towards France, 335—337.
Analogy between poetry and painting, 512, 513.
Apollonius of Tyana, life of, 417—fictitious miracles ascribed to him, 418—his life written by Philostratus, 419—materials of his history, 420—remarks thereon, 421, 422—pretended memoranda of *Damis*, 422, 423—character of *Pythagoras*, 424—memoirs of *Apollonius*, 425, 426—singular vision of, 427, 428—specimen of his pretended miracles, 428, 429.
Aquinas, doctrine of, respecting vows, 354, 355.
Archimedes, observations on his mathematical knowledge, 90—general notice of his works, 91, 92—treatise on the sphere and cylinder, 93, 94—on conoids and spheroids, 95, 96—on spirals, 97—on equiponders and centres of gravity, 98, 99—on the quadrature of the parabola, 100—the *Arenarius*, 101, 102—treatise *de insidentibus in fluido*, 102—book of *Lemmata*, 103—observations on the French translation of his works, 103—107.
Arcueil, mémoires de la physique, &c. de la société d', 462—objects of the society's researches, *ib.* 463—analysis of the work, 464—480.
Arithmetic of the Greeks, memoir on, 110.
Arthur, king, account of, 351, 352.

B.

- Balguy* (Dr.) encomium on, 362.
Bank, restriction of its pecuniary payments considered, 159.
Barbarity, French, anecdote of, 203.
Barrow's voyage to *Cochinchina*, translated into French, 194. See *Malte-Brun*.
Bastia, fortress of, reduced by Nelson, 235, 236.

Battles,

- Battles*, of Aboukir, 247—251—off Copenhagen, 255—off Cape St. Vincent, 238—Trafalgar, 259, 260.
- Becket*, remark on his character, 354.
- Beneficial Effects* of Christianity on the Saxons, 353.
- Berthollet* on heat produced by percussion, 466.
- Berwick's* translation of Philostratus's life of Apollonius, 417—character of, 430.
- Biography*, remarks on, 111—causes of the imperfection of biography, 219.
- Biot*, magnetical observations of, 464—experiments on the propagation of sound in vapours, 467—471—and through solid bodies, and through the air contained in very long pipes, 479, 480.
- Birinus*, fictitious miracle of, 352.
- Books*, quarterly lists of, 263—518.
- Boothby's* (Sir Brooke) fables and satires, review of, 43—observations on the School of Ennui, 44—remarks on fable-writing, 45—strictures on, and extracts from, his work, 46—49.
- Breeding*, remark on the modern system of, 461.
- British Georgics*, review of, 456—observations on didactic poetry, *ib.* 457—extracts from, 458—460—strictures on the poem, 461.
- Burges's* edition of Euripides, 167—specimen of his corrections, 168, 169—remarks thereon, 169—strictures on his Latin style, 170, 171—unsuccessful attempt to convert the monostrophic odes of the poet into antistrophics, 171—173—specimens of such conversion, 174—180—remarks on his edition, 181—184.
- Burning Mirror*, invented by M. Peyrard, account of, 108, 109.
- Butler's* edition of *Æschylus*, 389—remark on Stanley's edition, *ib.*—on Porson's corrections, 390—strictures on Mr. Butler's plan, *ib.* 301—specimens of his corrections, with observations, 391—398.

C.

- Caledon* (Lord) sends an expedition to explore the interior of Africa, 200.
- Campania Felix*, dissertation on, 5—derivation of names of places from the Phœnician, *ib.*
- Carcy's* and *Marshman's* translation of the *Ramayuna*, 379—antiquity of the poem, 380—general remarks on it, 381—plan of the fable, with extracts, 382—387—remark on the industry of the translators, 387, 388.
- Catherine II.* attempts of, to civilize her subjects, 71—observations on her policy, 87.
- Catholic Claims*, considerations on Dr. Duigenan and Lord Grenville, 114—opinions on the tendency of the Roman Catholic religion, 115, 116—negociations relative to the veto, 117, 118—their opinions thereon, 119, 120—conduct of Lord Grenville towards the Catholics, 121—124—Mr. Smith's opinions on, 190—192.
- Cattle*, preposterous method of fattening, ridiculed, 377.
- Celibacy* of the clergy, remark on, 354.
- Character*, Chinese, remarks on, 278—286.
- Charnock's* life of Nelson, 218—its character, 220.
- China*, penal laws of, translated by Sir G. T. Staunton, 273—difficulties

- ties peculiar to the task, *ib.* 274—singular jargon used in commerce by the East India Company's servants, 275—facilities now afforded to Englishmen arriving in India, *ib.*—difficulties in learning the Chinese language, 276, 277—remarks on the Chinese character and language, 278—286—extracts from the exhortations of the Emperor Kang-shee, 287, 288—incorrect translations of the Catholic Missionaries, 288, 289—291—state of literature in China, 289, 290—292—ancient Hindu books, to be found in the temples of Fo, proofs that a religious intercourse formerly subsisted between China and India, 293—account of the Leu-Lee, 294 *et seq.*—general laws—ordinary punishments, 297—civil laws—system of government, 299—fiscal laws—enrolment of the people, 300—laws relative to marriage, 301, 302—law of divorce, 303—laws relative to public property, *ib.*—ritual laws, 304—miscellaneous observances, 305—imperial edict against the Roman Catholic Missionaries, 305, *note*—military laws, 306—308—criminal laws, 309—laws relative to homicide, 310, 311—concerning quarrelling and fighting, 312—incest and adultery, 313—curious specimen of Chinese justice, 314—316.
- Christ*, love of, to man, illustrated, 406, 407.
- Church of England*, Dr. Marsh's reasons for preferring, 209, 210—remark on dissent from, 217, 218.
- Churchill's* life of Nelson, 218—character of, 221.
- Churton's* life of Dean Nowell, account of, 111—general observations on biography, *ib.*—materials for and execution of the work, 112, 113.
- Clarke* and M'Arthur's life of Nelson, 219—qualifications for this work, 221, 222—character of it, 223, 224. See *Nelson*.
- Clergy*, present state of theological science among them, 206, 207.
- Code of Peter the Great*, account of, 78—of the Tsars Ivan IV. and Alexis, 77.
- Coin*, scarcity of, whence occasioned, 152—160.
- '*Coming of the Lord*,' explanation of that phrase, 401, 402.
- Commerce* (British) effects of the blockade on, 53 *et seq.*—envy of surrounding nations at, accounted for, 51, 52.
- Copenhagen*, battle off, 255.
- Cowan* (Dr.) sent to explore the interior of Africa, 200—supposed to have perished in his undertaking, 204.
- Criminal Laws of China*, 309.
- Criticism*, effects of, on authors, 185.

D

- Damis*, a biographer of Apollonius, anecdote of, 427.
- Delambre* (M.) on the arithmetic of the Greeks, 110.
- Dentrecasteaux*, voyage à la recherche de la Perouse, 21—expedition sent out under Perouse, *ibid.*—Dentrecasteaux sent in quest of the crows, 22—providential escapes of Captains Bligh and Inglesfield, 23—departure of the expedition from Brest, 26—phosphorescent appearance of the sea accounted for, *ibid.*—sails to the Friendly Islands, 27—Arrives at the Island of St. Paul, 28—enters the bay of storms, 30—description of the bay, *ibid.*—discovery of the passage called Canal de Dentrecasteaux, 31—arrival at Port St. Vincent, in New Caledonia, 32—description of that harbour, *ibid.* 33—Farther course

- course of the ships, 33, 34—revisits the Friendly Islands, 36—Account of Tongataboo, *ibid.* 37—arrives at the New Hebrides, 38—erroneous account of the people, *ibid.*—observations on the character of the Pacific islanders, 39—death of Dentrecasteaux, 40—strictures on his voyage and talents for discovery, 41, 42.
- Deschamps* (M.) on the existence of the bohun-upas, or poisonous tree of Cochin China, 202.
- Dissent* from the establishment, remark on, 217, 218.
- D'Ivernois* (Sir Francis) *Effets du Blocus*, 50—observations on the British orders in council, 50, 51—causes of the envy against the commerce of Britain, 51, 52—considerations on the effects of Britain being declared in a state of blockade, 53—amount of our revenue, exports and imports, 53, 54—influence of the Union on the commercial prosperity of Ireland, 54, 55—exports of Ireland, 56—increase of revenue, a proof of that country's prosperity, 56, 57—extraordinary increase in the consumption of foreign spirits, 57, 58—proofs that the Union has been highly beneficial to Ireland, 58—60—Mr. Newenham's opinion to the contrary discussed, 60, 61—general observations on Sir Francis D'Ivernois's work, 62.
- Divorce*, Chinese law of, 303.
- Drummond* (Sir Wm.)'s dissertation on Herculaneum, 4, 5—derivation of names of places in Campania Felix, 5—translation of a fragment of Epicurus, 12—14—remarks thereon, 15, 16.
- Duigenan* (Dr.) on Catholic claims, 114—his opinion on the nature and influence of the Roman Catholic religion, 115, 116—account of the negotiations relative to the veto, 117, 118—his opinion thereon, 119, 120.
- E.
- East India Directors*, conduct of, on the loss of several of their ships, 22, 23.
- Eau Médicinale*, a remedy for gout, discovered by M. Husson, 371—doses given, 372—effects produced by it, *ibid.*—successful cases of its exhibition, 373.
- Editions* of the New Testament, account of, 216, 217.
- Ennui*, observations on, 43, 44.
- Epicurus* on Piety, translation of a fragment, 12—15.
- Euripidis Troades, et Phænissa*, by Burges, 167—character of Porson, as an editor, 168—specimens of, and comments on, Mr. Burges's corrections, 169—inelegance of his Latin style, 170, 171—unsuccessful attempt to convert the monostrophic odes of Euripides into antistrophic, 171—173—specimens of such conversions, 174—180—observations on Mr. Burges's edition, 181—184.
- Evans' Old Ballads*, 481—remarks on the materials selected, *ibid.* 482—extracts from, 482—484—487, 488—general observations on, 489, 490—his edition of Aikin's Collection of Songs, 490.
- F.
- Fable-writing*, remarks on, 45.
- Fighting*, Chinese law concerning, 312.
- Fiscal laws* of China, 300.
- Fish*, experiments on the respiration of, 466. Flight

- Flagis (M.) Etat Politique de Russie, &c.* 69—division of his work, 70—
attempts of Catherine to civilize her subjects by introducing colo-
nists, 71—account of the first embarkation, *ibid.* 72—anecdotes of
the Russian character, 73—state of society in Russia, 75, 76—
strictures on the policy of Peter I. 76, 77—state of Russian juris-
prudence, 77—code of Peter the Great, 78—courts of justice in
Russia, 79—anecdotes of Russian law proceedings, 81, 82—state of
trade in Russia, 83, 84—its population and revenues, 85—naval and
military force, 86—strictures on the execution of the work, 87—89.
France, letter on the genius of the government of, 320—a system of
universal aggrandizement constantly pursued by, 321, 322—deve-
lopement of the plan, 323, 324—state of revenue, 325—system of
taxation under the old monarchy, 326—excise and stamp duties,
327—land tax, *ibid.*—*contribution mobiliare*, 328, 329—on the new
financial system of France, 331, 332—oppressive mode of collecting
taxes there, *ibid.* 333—exhausted situation of that country, 334.
Francis (Sir Philip) on paper circulation, and scarcity of specie, 153—
strictures on; 155.
French Embassy to Persia, account of, 161—departure from Constanti-
nople, 162—progress of the mission, 163, 164—arrival in Persia,
164, 165—frustrated in its objects by Sir Harford Jones, 166, 167.

G.

- Gardanne (General)* appointed ambassador from France to Persia, 162—
his designs frustrated by Sir Harford Jones, 167.
Gathering of the Clan described, 503.
Gay-Lussac on the expansion of gases, 465—abstract of memoirs read
to the Institute, 477—479.
Gout, habitual disposition to, accounted for, 368—rarely yields to me-
dical means, 369—370—discovery of Husson's *Eau Medicinale*, 371
—quantity of doses, administered, and effects of the medicine, 372—
cases of its efficacy, 373—the cataplasm of Pradier, 374.
Graham's British Georgics, reviewed, 456—observations on didactic
poetry, *ibid.* 467—remarks on the subject of the poem, 457, 458—
extracts from the work, 458—460—application of fire to the im-
provement of the soil, 460—general observations on the poem, 461.
Gregory's Advice to his Daughters, strictures on, 434—436.
Grenville (Lord's) Letter to the Earl of Fingal, 114—account of the
negotiations relative to the veto, 117—opinion thereon, 119—ob-
servations on his conduct towards the Catholics, 121—123—stric-
tures on his Letter, 124—129.
Grimbald (St.), extraordinary cost of the site of his monastery, 365.
Gunpowder-Plot, false statement of, corrected, 357.

H.

- Harrison's Life of Nelson*, 218—its character, 220.
Hayter (Rev. Mr.) employed to unravel the Herculean MSS. 3—ac-
count of his researches, *ibid.* 4.
Heat, produced by percussion, 466.
Herculanensia, or archæological and philosophical dissertations, review
of,

of, 1—paucity of MSS. found at Herculaneum, hitherto published, *ibid*—liberal encouragement of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, *ib.* 2—expectations raised by the discovery of the Papyri, 2, 3—Philodemus on music, the only one hitherto published, 3—Mr. Hayter appointed by the Prince of Wales to unroll the MSS. *ib.*—the Papyri fall into the hands of the French, 4—Sir Wm. Drummond's account of Herculaneum, 4—Mr. Walpole on Campania Felix, 5—on the knowledge of the Greek language, and art of painting among the Romans, *ib.* 6—Palæographical observations on the Herculanean MSS. 6—remarks on Latin inscriptions at Herculaneum, 7—extract from the MSS. with remarks, 8—12—fragment of a Treatise on Piety, according to Epicurus, 12, 13—Sir William Drummond's remarks thereon, 14—16—remarks on the best method of publishing the Herculanean MSS. 16—18—unsuccessful treatment of the papyri with the blow-pipe, 19—whether the MSS. were ever charred, *ibid.*

Herculaneum, size, &c. of, 4, 5.

Hindu Books, ancient, found in the temples of Fo, 293.

Hoadley (Bishop) a dissenter and socinian, 362.

Homicide, Chinese law of, 310, 311.

Horsley (Bishop)'s Sermons, 398—estimate of his character, as a literary man, mathematician and divine, *ibid*, 399, 400—pieces left by him for publication, 400—character of his sermons, 401—on his opinion relative to the coming of our Lord, *ibid.* 402—extract of his sermon on the harmony of prophecy, 403, 404—on the expectation of the Messiah, prevalent among the Samaritans, 405—on the love of Christ to man, 406, 407.

Hume's opinion of miracles controverted, 417, 418.

Husson (M.) discovers the *Eau Médicinale*, as a remedy for gout, 371—doses administered, and effects thereof, 372, 373.

Huygens's theory of light, remarks on, 475, 476.

I.

Incest, how punished by the law of China, 313.

India, religious intercourse with China, proofs of, 293.

Ireland, benefited by the Union, 54, 55—amount of her exports and imports, 55, 56—increase of revenue a proof of her prosperity, 56, 57—conjectures on the extraordinary consumption of foreign spirits there, 57, 58—proofs of the benefits resulting from the Union, 58—60—considerations on Mr. Newenham's opinion on this subject, 60—62.

J.

James II. remarks on his conduct towards the University of Oxford, 359—361.

Jones (Sir Harford) spirited conduct of, 166—frustrates the French embassy to Persia, 167.

Jones (Dr.) on the use of *Eau Médicinale* d'Husson, in gout, 368—habitual tendency to gout accounted for, *ibid.* 369—medicine rarely effectual in radically curing gout, 369, 370—discovery of Husson's *Eau Médicinale*, 371—extent of doses administered, and effects of the

the medicine, 372—cases of its efficacy, 373—cataplasms of Pradier, 374.

Jurisprudence, state of, in Russia, 77—82.

Justice, curious specimen of, as administered in China, 314—316.

K.

Kang-shee, (Emperor of China) extracts from his exhortations, 287, 288.

Kent, (Capt.) extract from his account of Port St. Vincent, 32, 43.

L.

Lady of the Lake, review of, 492—plan of the poem, with extracts, 496—512—strictures on its execution, 513—517.

Language (Chinese), difficulties in learning, 276, 277—remarks on, 278—286.

Laplace on the motion of light in transparent mediums, 471, 472.

Laws (penal) of China translated. See *China*.

Learning, necessary to the understanding of the scriptures, 208.

Leslie, Professor, remarks on, 470, 471.

Letter on the genius of the French Government. See *Walsh*.

Leu Lee, or penal laws of China, account of, 294, *et seq.*

Lichtenau, memoirs de la Comtesse de, 142—state of Prussia at the accession of Frederick William, *ibid.* 143—becomes his mistress, 147—is imprisoned in the fortress of Glogau, 149—enormous treasures lavished on her, 150—attempts to vindicate herself, 151.

Light, motion of in transparent mediums, 471—on a property of reflected light, and of the repulsive forces which act upon light, 472—476.

Literature, state of in China, 289, 290—292.

M.

M^r Arthur's and *Clarke's* Life of Nelson, 219—character of, 221—223.

Malte-Brun's French translation of Barrow's *Voyage to CochinChina*, 194—strictures on the art of book-making in France, 194, 195—observations on his corrections, 196—suppressions and alterations, 197, 198—additions, 199—expedition sent by Lord Caledon to explore the interior of Africa, 200—204—notice respecting the Barraloos, 201—on the existence of the Bohun-Upas, 202—anecdote of French barbarity, 203, 204.

Malus on some properties of light, 472—475.

Marriage, Chinese law of, 301, 302.

Marsh's Course of Lectures on Divinity, 205—remarks on the present state of theological science, *ibid.*—particularly among the clergy, 206, 207—inquiry into the grounds of religious belief recommended, 208—human learning necessary in the study of the scriptures, *ibid.* 209—reasons for preferring the church of England, 209, 210—strictures on his plan and arrangement, 210—213—sacred criticism, 214, 215—singular error detected in Percy's Key, 215, *note*—history of the editions of the New Testament, 216, 217—remark on dissent from the establishment, 217, 218.

Marshman. See *Carey*.

Memoires de la Physique, &c. de la Société d'Arcueil, 462—object of the society's researches, *ibid.* 463—analysis of the work, 464—466

—Biot's experiments on the propagation of sound in vapours, 467—
471—remark on Leslie on heat, 471—Laplace on the motion of light
in transparent mediums, *ibid.*—Malus on light, 472—477—Gay-Lus-
sac and Thénard's abstract of memoirs read to the Institute, 477—
479—Biot on the propagation of sound through solid bodies, 479,
480.

Military law of China, 306—308.

Milner, (Dr.) account of his conduct relative to the veto, 177, 118.

—review of his *History of Winchester*, 347—early history, under
the Belgæ, 349, 350—account of Arthur, 351, 352—fictitious mi-
racle of Birinus, 352—beneficial effects of Christianity on the Saxons,
353—strictures on clerical celibacy, and the character of Becket, 354
—on the doctrine of vows, as taught by Aquinas and the schoolmen,
ibid. 355—on his account of the reformation, 356—false statement of
gunpowder plot, 357, 358—Bishop Poinet not a rebel, 356, *note*
—on King James II's conduct towards the University of Oxford, 359
—361—reflection on entering the cathedral of Winchester, 362—en-
comium on Dr. Balguy, 362—reflections on modern English painters,
363, 364—extraordinary cost of the scite of St. Grimbald's monas-
tery, 365—on monastic institutions, 366.

Miracles, Hume's opinion of, controverted, 417, 418—strictures on the
pretended miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, 418—specimen of, 427,
428.

Missionaries, Roman Catholic, incorrect translations from the Chinese,
288, 289, 291—imperial edict against them, 305, *note*—residence of
a fugitive missionary at Tongataboo, 440—he adopts the manners of
the islanders, 441—marries and settles there, 442—446—method of
cultivating his estates, 446, 447—his establishment destroyed, 447,
448—subsequent adventures of, 448—452—escapes on board a Bri-
tish ship, 454.

Monastic Institutions, remarks on, 366.

Money, observations on the science of, 152, 153.

Murphy's Fatal Revenge, review of, 339—strictures on novels, *ibid.* 340,
341—abstract of the story, 342—344—remarks on its execution,
345, 346, 347.

N.

Nelson (Lord), *Lives of*, 218—causes of the imperfection of biography,
219—anecdote of, 221—his birth and juvenile years, 224—enters
His Majesty's service, 225—instance of his courage, 225, 226—goes
to India, 226—and to North America, 227—storms Fort St. Juan,
228—is stationed in the West Indies, 229—effectual services there,
230—is oppressed for preventing illicit trade, 231—233—marries,
233—is appointed to the Agamemnon, 234—reduces the fortress of
Bastia, 235—his services in the Mediterranean, 236, 237—battle off
St. Vincent, 238, 239—interesting letter to him, from his father, 240
—unsuccessful attempt on Teneriffe, 341—244—is re-employed in
the Mediterranean, 245—pursues the French fleet, 246—account of
the battle of Aboukir, 247—251—liberal honours bestowed on him,
251, 252—flattering reception on the continent, 253—infatuated at-
tachment to Lady Hamilton, *ibid.*—is sent to the Baltic, 254—battle
off

off Copenhagen, *ibid.* 255—negociates with Denmark, 256—appointed commander in chief in the Mediterranean, 257—arrangements previously to the battle of Trafalgar, 258—the battle, 259, 260—his death, deplored as a national calamity, 261, 262.

Newenham's (Mr.) opinion on the influence of the Union on Ireland, considered, 60, 61.

Newton's (Sir Isaac), works, character of Bishop Horsley's edition of, 399—a good edition still a desideratum, *ibid.* note.

Norfolk Agricultural Society, remarks on, 375—curious fraud practised on them, 376, 377.

Novels and novel writers, strictures on, 340, 341—remarks on those of the Radcliffe school, 344, 345.

Nowell (Dean), *Memoirs* of, 111—his character, 113.

O.

Orders in Council, observations on their effects on British commerce, 52—54.

Oxford University, conduct of James II. towards, considered, 359—361.

P.

Pacific Islanders, observations on their character, 39.

Painters, modern, reflections on, 363, 364.

Paper-Credit, remarks on, 155, 156.

Papyri found at Herculaneum, account of efforts made to unfold them, 2—4—best probable method of publishing, 16—18—unsuccessful treatment of them with the blow-pipe, 19—whether they were charred, *ibid.* 20.

Paring and Burning, influence of, on land, 460, note.

Penal Law of China. See *China*.

Percy's (Bishop), key to the New Testament, singular error in, detected, 215, 216, note—remarks on his reliques of ancient English poetry, 481, 482.

Perouse sent on a voyage of discovery, 21—Dentrecasteaux dispatched in search of him, *ibid.*—departure and progress of his expedition, 26—40.

Persia, account of the French embassy to, 162—departure of the mission from Constantinople, *ibid.*—progress of, and arrival in Persia, 163, 164—character of Abbas Mirza, 164.

Peter the Great (of Russia), strictures on his policy, 76, 77—his code of laws, 78.

Peyrard's (F.), *Œuvres d'Archimede traduites*, &c. See *Archimedes*.

Philodemos on music, the only Herculanean MS. hitherto published, 3.

Philostratus's Life of Apollonius of Tyana, translated, 417—materials whence he drew his history, 420—422—apparent temper of the biographer, 425—anecdotes of Apollonius, 426—429—character of the translation, 430.

Pocris, sanguinary conduct of, 203.

Poetry and painting, analogy between, 512, 513.

Poinet (Bishop), his character vindicated, 356, note.

Porson, character of as an editor of Euripides, 161—singular dedication to, 181—remark on his corrections of *Æschylus*, 390.

Port St. Vincent, account of, 32, 43.

Pradier's cataplasm for gout, 374.

Prince of Wales, liberal encouragement of, in order to unfold the Herculean papyri, 2—appoints Mr. Hayter to that office, 3, 4.

Property, Chinese laws concerning, 303.

Prophecy, harmony of, illustrated, 403, 404.

Publications, quarterly lists of, 263, 518.

Punishments imposed by the penal laws of China, 297.

Pursuits of Agriculture, review of, 374—remark on the Norfolk Agricultural Society, 375—plan of the work, 376—extracts therefrom, 377—379.

Q.

Quarrelling, Chinese law concerning, 312.

Quarterly lists of new books, 264—518.

R.

Radcliffe, (Mrs.) remarks on her novels, 344.

Ramayana of Valmeeki, a Hindu poem, translated, 379—its antiquity, 380—general remarks on, *ib.* 381—analysis of, 382—extracts from it, *ib.* 383—387—industry of the translators, 387, 388.

Reynolds (Sir Joshua) poetical character of, 414.

Ricardo on bullion, 152—observations on the science of money, *ib.* 153—remarks on, 156—strictures on paper credit, 157.

Ritual Laws of China, 304, 305.

Romans, dissertation on their knowledge of the Greek language, and the state of the art of painting among them, 5, 6.

Roscel, (M.) strictures on his account of Dentreasteaux's voyage in search of Perouse, 24, 25—29—41—43.

Russia, attempt of Catherine to civilize her subjects, 71—account of the first colonists, *ib.* 72—anecdotes of the Russian character, 73—state of society in Russia, 75, 76—observations on the policy of Peter I. 76, 77—state of Russian jurisprudence, 77—codes of Ivan IV, and Alexis, *ib.*—code of Peter the Great, 78—courts of justice in Russia, 79—specimen of Russian law proceedings, 81, 82—state of trade in Russia, 83, 84—population and revenues, 85—naval and military power, 86.

S.

St. Juan, fort of, stormed by Nelson, 228.

St. Vincent, (Port) described, 32, 43.

— (Cape) battle of, 233.

Schoolmen, doctrine of, relative to vows, 354, 355.

Scott's Lady of the Lake, 492—remarks on his poetical powers, and choice of subjects, 493—495—plan of the poem, and extracts, 496—512—portrait of an ancient minstrel, 499—the gathering of the clan described, 503—analogy between poetry and painting, 512, 513—remarks on Mr. Scott's poem, 514—the measure of the verse unhappily chosen, 515, 516—concluding strictures, 516, 517.

Shée's Elements of Art, 407—strictures on his preface, 408—invocation to taste, 409—apostrophe to the spirit of Greece, 411—strictures on his commendations of Rubens, 412—character of Vibratio, 413—poetical

- etical character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 414—character of Curioso, 415—general remarks on the work, 416.
- Smith*, one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, found on Pitcairn's Island, 23, 24.
- Smith's* (Sydney) Visitation Sermon, 185—effects of former criticisms on his productions, *ib.* 186—general character of his sermon, 186—vindicates himself from the charge of Socinian principles, 187, 188—his opinion on the authenticity of 1 John, v. 7, 189—strictures on his opinions relative to the Catholic claims, and the veto, 190—192 salutary advice to, 193, 194.
- Sound*, experiments on the propagation of, in vapours, 467—471—on its propagation through solid bodies, and through the air contained in very long pipes, 479, 480.
- Speculators*, humorous address to, 378.
- Spirits* (foreign) extraordinary consumption of, in Ireland, accounted for, 57, 58.
- Songs*, collections of, 481—remarks on Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, 481—483—observations on Evans's *Collection of Old Ballads*, 483, 484—pathetic ballad, 485, 486—remarks on Dr. Aikin's *Collection of Songs*, 491, 492.
- Stanley's* edition of *Æschylus*, remarks on, 389.
- Staunton's* (Sir G.) translation of the penal laws of China. See *China*.
- Storms*, Bay of, described, 30.

T.

- Taxation*, system of, pursued under the old government of France, 326—excise and stamp duties, 329—land tax, *ib.*—*contribution mobilière*, 328, 329—oppressive method of collecting taxes there, 331—333.
- Teneriffe*, unsuccessful attempt on, by Nelson, 241—244.
- Testament* (New) notice of the principal editions of, 216, 217.
- Theology*, present state of, as a science, 205—especially among the clergy, 206, 207—inquiry recommended, into the grounds of religious belief, 208.
- Thornton's* present State of Turkey, review of, 129—remarks on his style, 130, 131. See *Turkey*.
- Tongataboo* (island) account of, 36—character of the inhabitants, *ib.* 37—authentic narrative of a residence there, 440—adventures of a fugitive missionary there, *ib.* 441—he adopts the manners of the islanders, 441—marries a native, 442—domestic customs of that island, *ib.* 443 singular breakfasts, 443—preparation of kava, 444—amusements, *ib.* 445—rat-catching, 445—dances, *ib.*—settlement of the missionary in Tongataboo, 446—his mode of cultivating his estates, *ib.* 447—his establishment destroyed by a conspiracy, 447, 448—account of the dugonagaboola or priest, *ib.*—civil war in Tongataboo, 448—452—escape of the fugitive missionary, 454.
- Trafalgar*, battle of, 259, 260.
- Turkey*, present state of, 129—progress of the Turks, 131, 132—population, 134, 135—character of the Turks, 135—138—government, 138—administration of justice, 139—capital punishments, *ib.*—revenue and its administration, 140, 141—miscellaneous customs, 141—

considerations relative to their supposed degeneracy, 142—military force, 143.

U.

Union of Ireland with England, beneficial to the former, 54, 55—further proofs on this subject, 58—60—Mr. Newenham's opinion on, discussed, 60, 61.

V.

Vabnecki. See *Ramayuna*.

Veto, negotiations concerning, 117, 118—Dr. Duigenan's and Lord Grenville's opinions thereon, 119, 120—strictures on Mr. Smith's opinions on, 191, 192.

Vows, doctrine of Aquinas and the schoolmen concerning, 354, 355.

Voyage à la recherche de Perouse. See *Dentrecasteaux*.

Voyage à Cochinchine. See *Malte-Brun*.

W.

Wallace; or the fight of Falkirk, review of, 63—considerations on imitative poetry, 63, 64—plan of the poem, 64, 65—strictures on its execution, 66—69.

Walpole (Mr.) on the *Campania Felix*, 5—on the knowledge of the Greek language, and the state of the art of painting among the Romans, 5, 6—Paleographical observations on Herculean MSS. 6—observations on Latin inscriptions found at Herculaneum, 7.

Walsh's letter on the genius, &c. of the French government, 320—his peculiar opportunities of acquiring information, *ib.*—facilities afforded to France, of acquiring universal empire, 321—323—development of the plan, 323, 324—state of the revenue of France, 325—system of taxation under the monarchy, 326—excise and stamp duties, 327—land tax, *ib.*—*contribution mobiliare*, 328, 329—remarks on the new financial system of France, 331, 332—oppressive mode of collecting taxes in France, *ib.* 333—exhausted situation of that country, 334—situation of America towards France, 335—337—remarks on some of Mr. Walsh's reasonings, 337, 338.

Winchester, history of, 347—state of under the Belgæ, 349, 350—fictitious miracle of Birinus, 352—beneficial effects of Christianity on the Saxons, 353—reflection on entering the cathedral of Winchester, 362—extraordinary price given for the site of St. Gimbald's monastery, 365.

Worgan's poems, 431—anecdotes of his life, 432—coincidence between him and Kirke White, 433—remarks on his memoir of himself, *ib.* 434—on his opinion relative to theatres, 435—strictures on Dr. Gregory's advice to his daughters, 435, 436—remarks on his poems, 437, 438—extracts from them, 438, 439.

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